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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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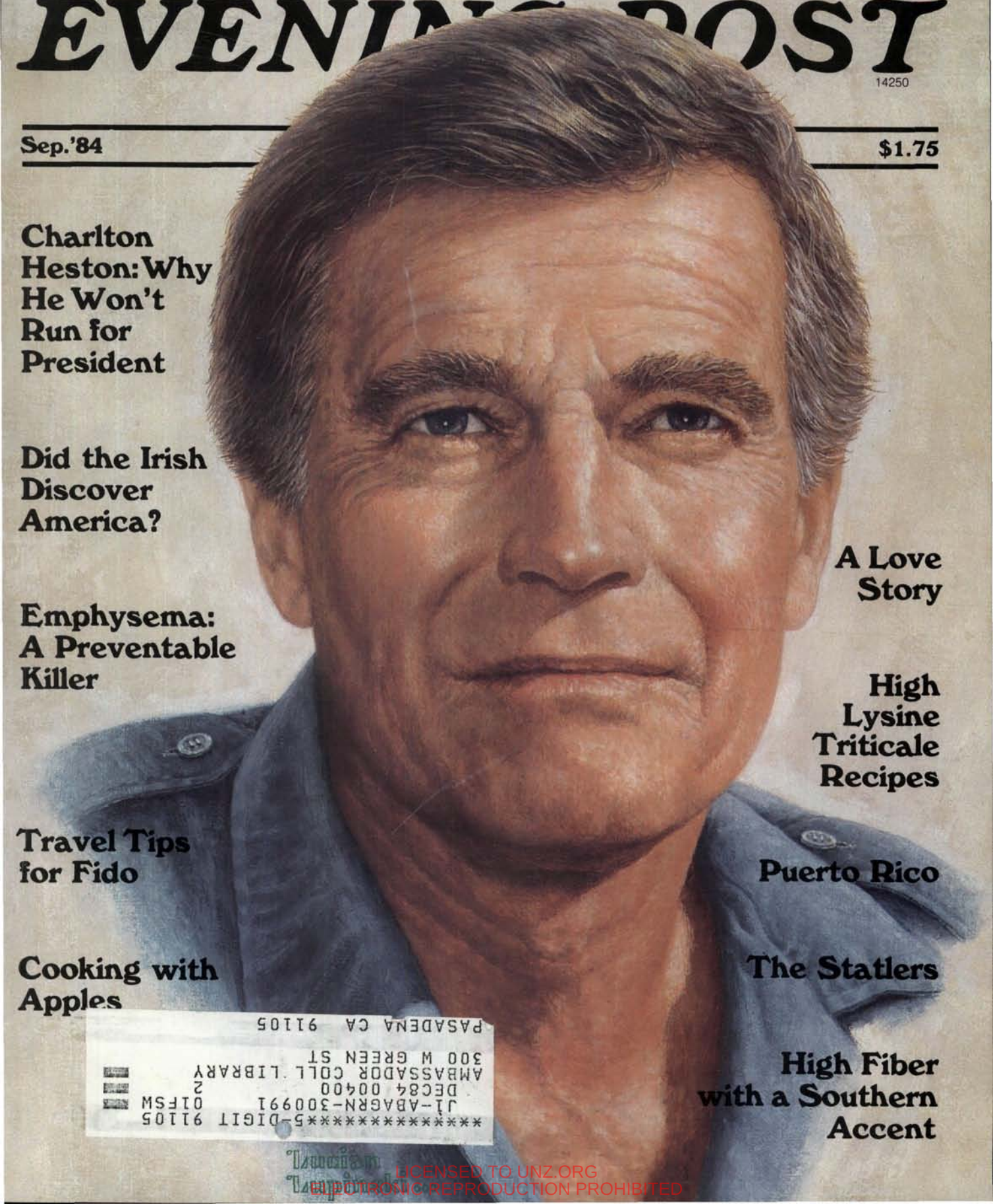

Charlton Heston: Why He Won't Run for President

Did the Irish Discover America?

Emphysema: A Preventable Killer

Travel Tips for Fido

Cooking with Apples

A Love Story

High Lysine Triticale Recipes

Puerto Rico

The Statlers

High Fiber with a Southern Accent

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The kids run their hands along the fenders and beg for a ride. Your wife savors the perfume she calls "new car smell." The neighbors come over but they don't say much. You can sense their envy in the air.

You turn the key and feel the quiet heartbeat of a young car, ready and anxious to please. The new car makes you feel better than almost anything. And to protect the car and that feeling, you have Nationwide on your side.

Your Nationwide representative knows the new car is special to you, and knows how to protect you and your car with a policy specially designed for your needs. Auto Insurance from Nationwide. It's all part of Nationwide's blanket protection.

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THE COUNTRY STORE THIMBLES

Americana — in a warm and wonderful tradition

© 1984 FP

Thimbles shown approximately actual size.

A collection of twenty-five fine porcelain thimbles, each hand-decorated with 24kt gold.

There was always a wood-burning stove, a cracker barrel, and a long counter piled high with bolts of calico and flannel . . .

It was the Country Store, symbol of some of the most carefree years America has known. The center of social life all across the nation.

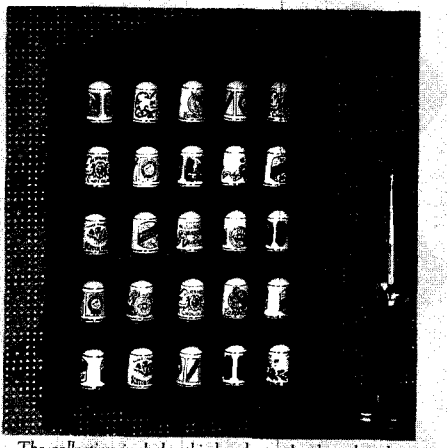
Now you can recapture the simple pleasures of that time—with a collection of fine porcelain thimbles, bearing original artwork based on the trademarks of companies whose names were household words around the turn of the century.

Here are the *"Campbell's Soup kids"* . . . the girl with the umbrella from *Morton Salt* . . . the little chickadees on the *Bon Ami* box . . . even the bewhiskered *Burma-Shave* man—with each design based on the actual packages and ads our grandparents grew up with.

Indeed, The Country Store Thimbles provide a fascinating trip back in time—adding a new dimension to a uniquely American collecting tradition. For American companies saw thimbles as an excellent way to advertise, so they happily provided them to customers.

Every thimble bears an *original* design—not just a reproduction of an early package or advertisement. And each design has been approved by the company involved.

These finely detailed designs will be fired onto porcelain thimbles encircled top and bottom with *hand-painted* bands of *pure 24 karat gold.* And each thimble will be meticulously crafted by the master artisans of Franklin Porcelain.



The collection includes this handsome hardwood rack.

To acquire the collection, simply mail your subscription application by October 31, 1984.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by October 31, 1984

Franklin Porcelain
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The Country Store Thimbles, consisting of 25 fine porcelain thimbles, each hand-decorated in 24 karat gold. My thimbles will be sent to me at the rate of one per month, and a custom-designed hardwood display rack will also be sent to me without additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will be billed $12.50* for each thimble in advance of its shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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Announcing the first definitive and comprehensive collection of Norman Rockwell plates ever issued . . .

THE NORMAN ROCKWELL FOUR SEASONS

Miniature Plate Collection

Shown actual size of 3¼ inches in diameter.

Limited Collectors Edition in fine porcelain and 24 karat gold.
Original issue price, just $9.95 per plate.
Advance subscription deadline: November 15, 1984.

NORMAN ROCKWELL is the best-loved of all American artists. And the most widely collected. Yet never, till now, has there been a complete and comprehensive, *definitive* collection of Norman Rockwell plates.

In the great legacy of art that Norman Rockwell left as his gift to the world, the "Four Seasons" paintings which he created over a 17-year period are considered by many to be his finest work. Each is a masterpiece of gentle humor and loving insight, capturing the deepest feelings of the human heart in unforgettable images.

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A historic, incomparable series

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The plates are American-made, by prestigious Fairmont China, winner of the "Plate of the Year" award in 1982 for a collector plate which increased in value by 234% in a single year. Yet the collection is most affordably priced, at just $9.95 per plate.

A handsome, custom-designed étagère of hand-finished hardwood will accompany each collection at no extra charge. This étagère is specially crafted to hold all 68 plates in the complete collection in appropriate "seasons of the year" groupings. And each collection will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity.

A limited edition

The collection is available by subscription only. The plates are not sold separately, nor are they sold in even the finest stores. There is a limit of one collection per subscriber, and the subscription rolls will be permanently closed at the end of 1986, after which this edition will never be issued again. As a subscriber, you will receive your collection on a convenient and systematic acquisition plan, at the rate of one plate each month. And when your collection is complete, it will be a joyous treasure for you and your family . . . a prized and cherished heirloom for future generations.

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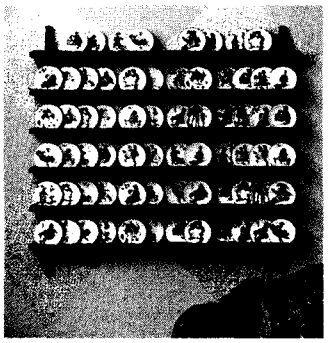

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Arlington Collectors Society
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Newfane, Vermont 05345

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Please accept my subscription to *The Norman Rockwell "Four Seasons" Miniature Plate Collection*, consisting of 68 plates in fine porcelain and pure 24 karat gold.

I need send no money now. I will receive my collection at the rate of one plate per month, at $9.95* per plate billed in advance of shipment. I will also receive a custom-designed étagère of hand-finished hardwood, at no additional charge.

*Plus $1.00 per plate shipping and handling. Vermont residents add 4% sales tax.

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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All subscriptions subject to acceptance

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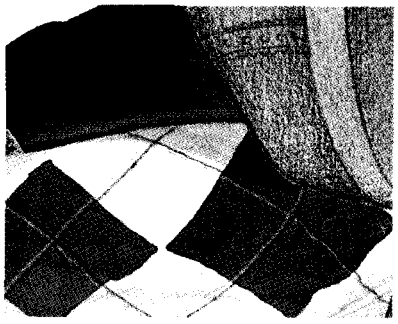

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Letters

Seeking a Survey

I just read your article on Burkitt's lymphoma in the March '83 *Saturday Evening Post*. I am very interested in knowing as much as I can find out about Burkitt's, as my 16-year-old son, Kevin, on March 16, 1984, died of Burkitt's lymphoma.

We found out in September that he had Burkitt's when he had a bowel obstruction due to enlarged tumors in the abdomen the size of a watermelon.

He underwent chemo and was getting along. In February they found cancer cells in the spinal fluid. So, we went to Cleveland, Ohio, for a bone-marrow transplant, which they said was his only hope. On March 16, 1984, the day after he had his last complete body radiation, he was to receive the transplant from his 11-year-old sister. While she was in the operating room and as they finished harvesting the marrow, they received word that Kevin had died. They said that Kevin died of cardiorespiratory arrest because of all the chemo and radiation damage done to his heart and lungs.

I was wondering if a survey has been done on case histories of other patients having Burkitt's. If there is a survey of questions that I could fill out and a list of things that they have found to be similar in patients that have Burkitt's I would like to read and compare them with Kevin's life history.

Thank you very much for, I hope, taking time to read this letter and I hope a reply.

Janet M. Stone
Oak Harbor, Ohio

Thank you for your suggestions. As a result of your letter and others like it, the Society has formed a small Burkitt's lymphoma group who want to study this strange cancer. Any readers who have had Burkitt's lymphoma or who have lost a relative or friend to the disease are invited to join this effort.

Carole Holt, former Burkitt's lymphoma patient, is heading up the volunteer group. We will put the case histories into our computer to see if we can find any associations, as yet not

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Introducing the NECK-PIL-O.™

The new shape of a good nights sleep.

Over 30 million Americans agree: going to sleep should not be a pain-in-the-neck.

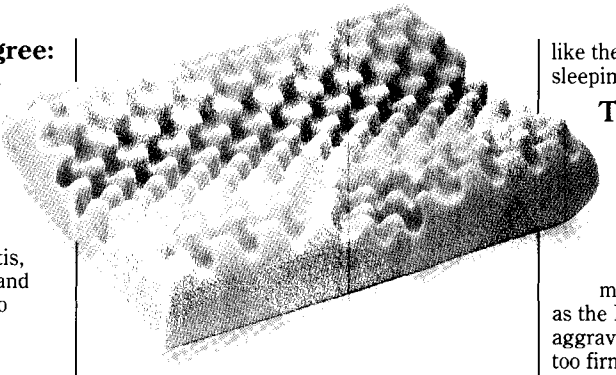
Yet the facts are painfully clear: most people with neck pain from any cause find it difficult to sleep soundly and comfortably. So consider this: if you suffer from the discomfort of neck pain, cervical discs, old whiplash injury, arthritis, neck and shoulder muscle spasms, arm and even some types of jaw pain—it's time to switch to the NECK-PIL-O.

More comfort, support and protection.

The NECK-PIL-O offers not only superior comfort and support for your head and neck but as you'll see, protection for your skin, too. By choosing one of the two different comfort levels provided by the NECK-PIL-O's patented design, you can be confident that your neck is supported in its natural, gently-curved contour—the way Mother Nature intended.

Anatomically correct sleep posture.

The NECK-PIL-O's anatomical "central groove" both stabilizes and supports your head, as well as your neck. This is important because your head weighs over 10 pounds and the NECK-PIL-O will keep your head and neck protected from abnormal positions such as twisting to one side while you sleep.



70% of people sleep on their side.

If you're one of them, and wake up with neck and shoulder pain from supporting your head with an arm—the NECK-PIL-O offers permanent relief because it effectively eliminates the cause of the suffering. Proper height and firmness help shape the NECK-PIL-O's exceptional level of comfort, to let you sleep on your side and wake up relaxed and well-rested.

No ordinary pillow comes close.

Run your hand across the surface of the NECK-PIL-O. You will feel dozens of tiny "hills and valleys." The NECK-PIL-O's "Sof-Skin," convoluted foam surface not only assures you of a comfortable night's sleep, it protects the circulation to your face and scalp. The result: no more wake-up creases or wrinkles like the ones you experience with ordinary sleeping pillows.

The NECK-PIL-O solution to sleep problems.

Because the most common cause of neck and shoulder pain is incorrect posture during sleep, over 80% of people studied with persistent or occasional neck pain reported an improvement with use of a cervical pillow such as the NECK-PIL-O. Ordinary pillows can aggravate neck pain if they are too soft—or too firm. The NECK-PIL-O provides the best possible alignment of your neck while you sleep.

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discovered, that might shed light on what triggers this malignancy. Many believe it is viral in origin, and the Epstein-Barr virus has been identified in the tumor. We will send a questionnaire on Burkitt's lymphoma to any who are interested in helping and who know or are present or former Burkitt's sufferers.

Another Texas Triumph

I am 84 years old. I eat bacon and eggs every morning for breakfast and drink about five cups of coffee. At noon I have a fried hamburger with french fries. For supper I have a drink of 100 proof sour-mash whisky and a rare T-bone—sometimes pork chops or fried chicken. No salads. No vegetables—don't like them. I have been doing this for 60 years. Am in perfect health. Take no medicine. Blood pressure perfect; heart, kidneys same. So—what's wrong with it? I am 5'8", weigh 126—have for 60 years.

Mr. Norman Cousins is wrong about a lot of his figures. Two thousand chemicals in a cigarette. Baloney. Three hundred forty-five thousand people died last year from smoking. How did he find that out? Doctors are too busy to furnish that kind of information.

Seventy million dollars for tobacco subsidies. Has he checked up on the federal and state tax on cigarettes?

Thirty million men have quit smoking. Now they are dipping snuff. Swallowing most of it or chewing tobacco. They still get nicotine in their bodies.

If Bob Hope eats all that stewed fruit, especially apricots and rhubarb, he gets an awful amount of sugar.

Santa Claus used poor judgment sending me the *SatEvePost* for a year. It's half over with, thank goodness.

It's none of your business who smokes. Get off of people's backs and mind your own business.

If you want to check on whether I am telling you the truth, I'll send you my doctor's address. I have a complete check-up once a year. Had one last week.

Ethel C. Gurberson
Rhome, Texas

Congratulations!

You must be the "Winston Churchill" among ladies, one able to survive a lifestyle that is hazardous to many of us.

Nothing personal, Mrs. Gurberson, but out of many litters of laboratory rats there will occasionally appear one rat that will thrive on all carcinogens and noxious materials offered it while hundreds of others like him have long since perished. These critters are invariably dubbed the "Winston Churchill" rats.

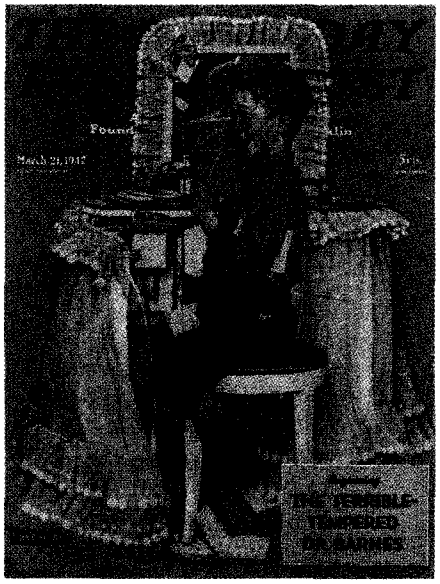
You failed to tell us whether you are also a smoker. We didn't mean to imply you are consuming carcinogens.

Honestly, we hope you make it to 105, in good health all the way.

Rockwell Has Taste

The day after I came home from Indianapolis, we had lysine cornbread for supper, and though I can't judge if it was good for me, it tasted so much better that we're not going to have any other kind from now on.

Thomas Rockwell
Poughkeepsie, New York



Tom Rockwell, Our Cover Boy

Tom Rockwell has his father's whimsical wit and lovable grin. We forced some high-lysine corn meal on him as he was catching his plane, and it looks as if we have a new convert.

Our apologies to Tom. This wasn't a "letter to the editor" but was lifted from his thank-you note.

Liturgical Lesson

Dr. Robert Schuller, in his inspiring article, "I Am the American Flag," encompassed all of mankind's beliefs and struggles. I am afraid, however, that were he to attend Mass in a Roman Catholic Church on Sunday or any day, he would not hear the people repeating "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." This prayer of honor, love and respect for the mother of God is not a part of the Mass. Instead he would hear, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." He would also hear people repeating in unison the "Our Father" and observe people listening to Scripture—the word of God. The purpose of the Mass is to acknowledge Christ's great sacrifice for our salvation and to acknowledge the Triune Godhead. Prayers to Mary are said either privately or during special services or gatherings.

Naomi E. Cosgriff
Lake Mary, Florida

Helped by Lysine

I was one of the fortunate people to receive two pounds of free high-lysine corn meal. I have never enjoyed cornbread as much as that made with the high-lysine corn meal. I also have taken high-lysine pills since reading your informative articles.

I have had severe rheumatoid arthritis for 14 years and I believe the lysine has helped me in several ways. My hair is now soft and shiny—it used to be brittle and dull. The dry skin on my hands has markedly improved. I can now mow grass for almost an hour at a time. I am 78 years old.

If there is any place from which I can order high-lysine corn meal, I will appreciate the information as I would like to keep a supply on hand. I not only use it for cornbread, but also in pancakes, waffles and even cakes.

Carolyn W. Bookwalter
Unionville, Indiana

Ego Booster

I'm a new subscriber to *The Saturday Evening Post* and really benefited from reading your May/June letters to editor on stop-smoking allergies.

When I was a two-pack-a-day for 25 years person, I never had any reaction to a smoke-filled room. Now, after one year "on the wagon," I can't even stand in a checkout line near someone with a cigarette without my throat tightening, my nose immediately plugging up and a resulting choking sensation. When I had to recently sit in a smoke-filled room, my face swelled up, my nose started to drip and my eyes began to water. After a while I actually had to go stand

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outside and listen to the discussion through an open door as an alternative to leaving.

I have no other allergies, either before or after I quit smoking. But up until I read your letters, I thought my reaction to cigarette smoke was the same as everybody's, but they were braver than I was. Thanks for telling me I have a medically-based reaction. It helps my ego.

Pat Kite
Newark, California

Overlooked in Ohio

In regard to the "Letter" in the May/June '84 issue of *SEP* that asks for a response from former smokers now allergic to smoke:

I must begin with the statement that I myself did not smoke, but my father did when I was a child, as did my husband after we were married, and being around them was much the same as smoking myself. About 12 years ago I had a bout of "walking pneumonia" which left me with a severe allergic reaction to leaf smoke, the worst culprit being tobacco leaf. I have all the classic symptoms, which begin within five minutes of my first whiff—severe headache, swollen raw throat, red eyes, etc. Doing just my routine chores such as grocery shopping, drugs, post office, etc., is becoming a struggle. And, of course, all social events are totally out.

Also, in regards to the article "Smoke Alarm" in the same issue: The comment is made that 46 states now have laws restricting smoking in public places. Ohio is one of those states. *However*, I have never seen this law enforced. Smokers are ignored and when pointed out to personnel are still allowed to smoke as "they become so belligerent." A law is only as good as its enforcement, and Ohio at least is poor in this respect as other states we have traveled into.

We have noticed that the 50-plus age women seem to be the worst offenders. Personally, I feel the only answer will be total prohibition in *all* public places.

Mrs. D.E. Crawford
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Can't Stand Smoke in Atlanta

In our last issue Robert Taylor wanted to know of a hotel in the Atlanta area with nonsmoker rooms. A reader provides:

Days Inn motel chain has a new motel in downtown Atlanta that has 'no-smoking' floors. The hallways and rooms are smoke free. It really made a difference for my husband and me because we have suffered horribly at other establishments from stale smoke. Thank you for bringing this to the attention of your readers.

Tracey Elder
Tignall, Georgia

F(ir)ed Up

I was pleased to read the letter you included in your May/June issue regarding the allergy conditions experienced by smokers after they give up smoking. I gave up smoking over 20 years ago and now suffer from bad frontal sinus headaches when I am exposed to cigarette smoke in a car, plane or enclosed room. My friends and family who smoke do not seem to think this is reason enough not to smoke while I am around, and neither do other smokers. I find it hard to imagine such an attitude on the part of smokers. It takes about ten minutes to smoke a cigarette but days to get over a frontal sinus headache. It is in-

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teresting that I get a similar reaction from our wood-stove smoke on very windy days that sometimes cause the stove to "puff" in and not out!

I would still rather have the headaches on occasion than to be still smoking. I should also tell you that I work in a physician's office, and your magazine is the most popular one we have. When I hear a patient giggle, I know just what they are reading—you all have a great sense of humor as well as intelligence!

Pat MacDonald
Waterville, Maine

Allergy All Along?

Re your editor's note in the May/June issue following the letter of Edgar M. Shaw, Jr., and his allergies that developed after he stopped smoking: I am not unsympathetic to his problems, nor those of the other ex-smoker you spoke of; however, there are many nonsmokers, including me, who have never smoked, yet suffer from the same symptoms for the same reasons.

William Lee Allen
Jacksonville, Florida

I just received my first copy of your magazine in over ten years. I was pleased to see a magazine that did not have glamorous advertising about cigarettes. I would like to suggest to the people who claim they developed allergies after they quit smoking had the allergies all along but were not aware of them as they were "feeding their allergy and did not have the same symptoms." They could probably get more information by seeing an ecologist allergist who could explain it to them in more detail.

Also for the Kentuckian who complained about you attacking his state's source of income: I would be more proud to try to change my state's growing of tobacco (the country's No. 1 killer) and produce other and better farm crops for the benefit of the people here without nourishing food.

Thank you for listening.

Betty Lynn
Gurnee, Illinois

O-posing View

In your April 1984 issue, you have a magazine cover entitled "The Gossipers," March 28, 1948. The article accompanying it says the gossiping lady is said to have left town after this was issued. Well, that so-called "Gossipy Lady" was my late husband's cousin and was a very friendly, witty person with a great sense of humor.

She was born, raised and lived her whole life in the village of Manchester Center, until her death this past fall at the age of 87. She was no more a gossip than the rest of the characters depicted, most of whom I knew well. If I recall correctly in the following issue of the *SEP* of that year, 1948, there was a real picture of her called "Gossip," on I believe its editorial page, explaining the cover. If you look back in your files, you will find this is true. I just couldn't let this pass without writing and trying to remove this blot from the life of a very nice, friendly, well-liked person.

Lucille Moore
Chester, Vermont

Slow Burn

I just received my *Post*, May/June '84. Upon reading "Letters," I came across the letter concerning allergies to cigarette smoke. It still seems so hard to believe but I have gone through this myself.

Having been a smoker for 20 years, I stopped smoking 9 years ago. At first I didn't realize it was the cigarette smoke that was the problem. I discovered each time I was in a room full of people smoking, I would get worse. My eyes would burn and water, my head would hurt and I would also get dizzy. I would start coughing and it was very hard to breath. Then my husband realized each time he would smoke in the house, especially if there were no air circulating, I would go through this all over again. It would even wake me up if he was smoking; I would start coughing until I could get fresh air in. So he decided to smoke outside and it was unbelievable the difference it made. I just could not believe that it would affect me like that, especially since I smoked all those years.

And since I've been both ways I can understand and be sympathetic to others. I never realized how it could affect other people when I was smoking. And I do feel guilty of putting others through this pain while I was smoking. Especially our daughter. I can fully understand now. I'm just so thankful my husband has been so kind during this trying time.

I'm happy to know there are others that are aware of this situation. And I'm not by myself, wondering why after all those years of smoking.

I enjoy your magazine so very much. I always look forward to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Mrs. Virginia Madison
Leesville, Louisiana

In Praise of Burkitt

Today I was delighted while going over my last three copies of the *Post* to find the articles on religion and the man of fiber. I've spent my whole day reading and rereading these two articles and will give my *Post* copy to my doctor. In 1977 I was given a biopsy and came up with lymphoma. In a couple of days I was put on Cytoxen and in only a few months all my lumps had gone. Now in 1984, I take one cytoxen every other day, as the surgeon says, in case it might come back. Now I get a herpes once in a while—so I'm changing my diet to lysine. I understand now why I didn't receive a package of lysine corn meal. So I pray this time I will get the trials—I'm 81 now and quite thin—97 pounds—so I need help. Denis Burkitt, M.D., is quite an interesting person. He makes living an adventure, and dying just a going on. May he have more articles in the *Post*—my

continued on page 11

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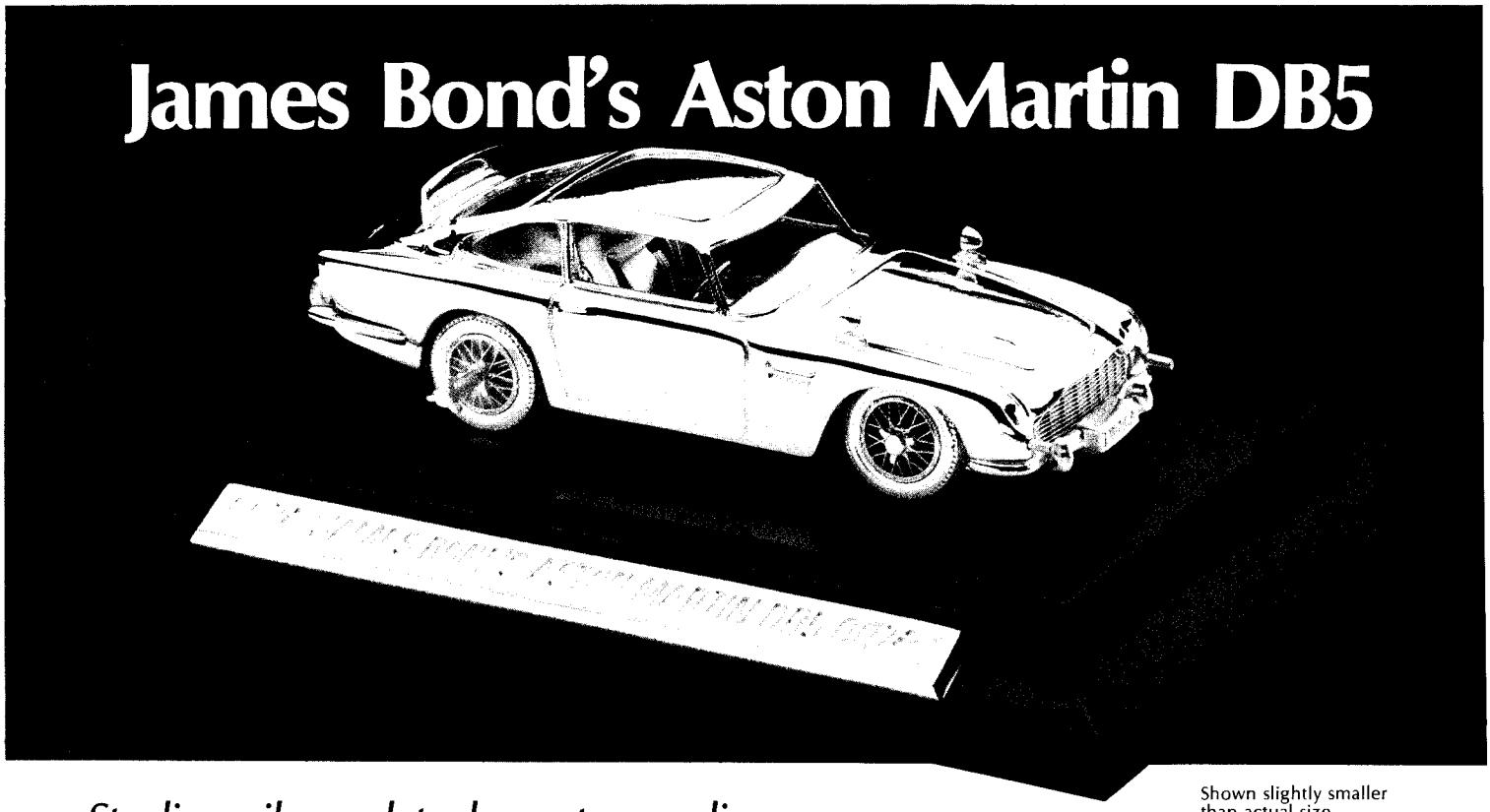
James Bond's Aston Martin DB5



Shown slightly smaller than actual size.

Sterling silver plated pewter replica of Agent 007's famous sports car

When it comes to adventure, nobody does it better than Bond. James Bond. Cool and clever, outracing villains from the breathtaking slopes of Switzerland to the exotic back-alleys of the Orient. 007 has done it all in his sleek, unforgettably elegant Aston Martin DB5.

Now you can share in the adventure and excitement of James Bond by owning a sterling silver plated pewter replica of 007's phenomenal sports car!

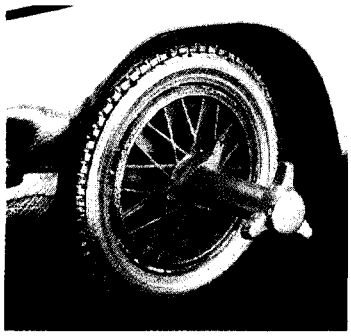
Authentically scaled — modeled according to offical blueprints of the actual James Bond sports car

The Bond legend virtually comes to life with the extraordinary detail of this replica. Crafted with meticulous artistry, the authentically scaled model is complete from the realistically sculptured machine guns, rear wheel scythes and bullet shield down to the *operational* roof hatch for the ejector seat. It even bears 007's license plate number: BMT 216A!

To achieve such authentic detail, the Danbury Mint had access — through the courtesy of MGM/United Artists (the people who bring you the world renowned James Bond movies) — to the official blueprints of the actual James Bond Aston Martin DB5.

Hand-crafted from pewter and plated with genuine sterling silver

Your replica will be hand-crafted from fine pewter. Indeed, pewter is forever — as classic and enduring as the legendary James Bond himself. And just as Bond will only clothe himself in the finest Saville Row suits, the James Bond Aston Martin DB5 could only be plated in the finest of metals, precious sterling silver. (Appropriately, the original James Bond Aston Martin DB5 was silver colored.)



Highlighted above is the painstaking attention to authentic detail representative of this extraordinary replica.

Sterling silver is admired and valued by collectors everywhere for its elegance and magnificent luster. This striking, sterling silver plated pewter replica of 007's famous sports car is certain to bring looks of admiration from friends and family alike.

Complete with official blueprints and hardwood display stand — both at no extra charge

A full-size copy of the official blueprints of the actual James Bond car will accompany your replica. These blueprints graphically illustrate each and every fantastic feature of this incomparable sports car.

Your replica will also come with a fine-grained hardwood display stand. The smooth, rich finish of the hardwood is a wonderful complement to the luxurious sterling silver of the Aston Martin DB5. Like Bond himself, this extraordinary replica and display stand are at home almost anywhere, and can't help but add even more excitement and distinction to any room in your home or office.

Available exclusively from the Danbury Mint

Privately commissioned, this remarkable collectible is available exclusively from the Danbury Mint and will not be available in stores. The price is $120 — payable in four monthly installments of $30 each. You need send no money now. Simply complete the reservation application and return it to the Danbury Mint.

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RESERVATION APPLICATION

JAMES BOND'S ASTON MARTIN DB5 F3

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5280
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return by October 31, 1984.

Please accept my reservation to *James Bond's Aston Martin DB5*, an authentically scaled, sterling silver plated pewter replica of James Bond's famous sports car. I will receive a hardwood display stand and official blueprints at no extra charge.

I need send no money now. I will pay for the replica in four convenient monthly installments of $30.

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☐ Check here if you want each installment charged to your:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

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Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for shipment.

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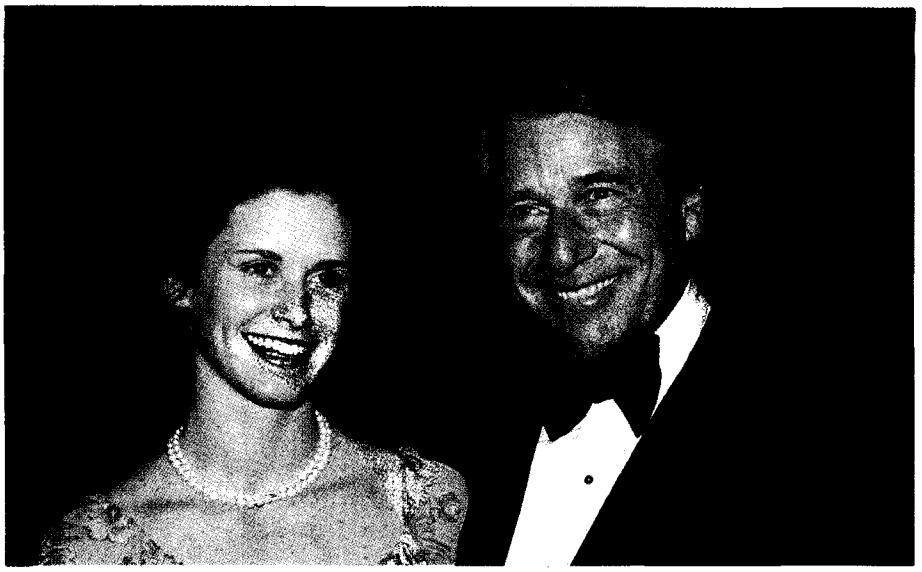
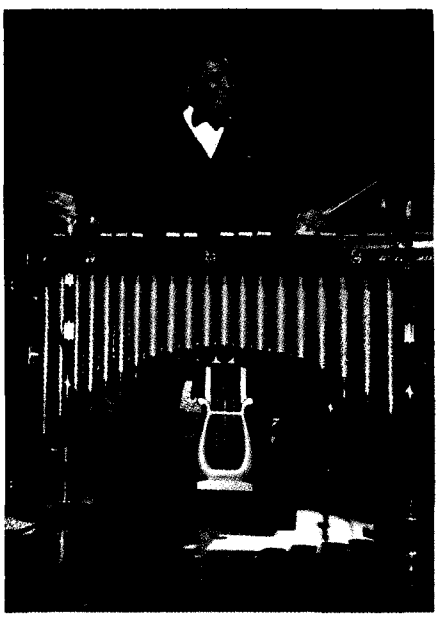
Post People



Anyone who has watched NBC's detective series "Remington Steele" has seen ***Stephanie Zimbalist***. As Laura Holt, she is a first-rate investigator, while Steele can't find his way around a corner. "The strong female character of Laura is why I took the show," she says. "And I'm troubled when the script writers forget that I'm in charge." Of course, one might also recognize this versatile actress from her 12 movies and two miniseries. The handsome face of her escort may be more familiar. He's Stephanie's proud dad, actor Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.



Holly Coors

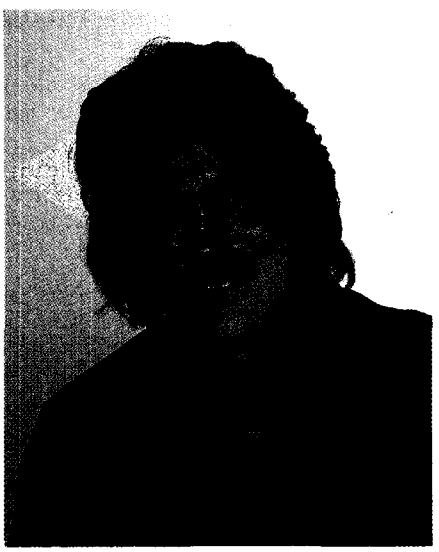
For 45 years the vibrations of ***Lionel Hampton***, playing the vibraphone and drums in front of his big band, have shaken the world of jazz music. Today, without benefit of a hit record in the last several years, the Hampton band still manages to perform 50 weeks out of the year. The entertainer is proud to number U.S. Presidents and many world figures among his fans and personal friends.

Holly Coors

Senator Paula Hawkins, a Republican who became known as "the battling Maitland, Florida, housewife," is still battling to right the wrongs in America. Besides chairing two Senate subcommittees, she is a member of the Senate Children's Caucus. At the National Conference on Sexual Victimization of Children, Senator Hawkins shook up the 1,300 listeners by recounting how she herself had been molested by a neighbor at age five and how he was freed because the judge decided she was lying. "It's bothered me all this time," she says, "that that 'nice old man' got off and went on abusing children."

Holly Coors

When it comes to knowing the vastness of our country and to understanding its people, no two people are better qualified than ***Peter Jenkins*** and his wife, Barbara, who have walked the length of our land, every foot of it. The Jenkins' two books, *A Walk Across America* (now used as a textbook) and *The Walk West*, have been praised by President Reagan as a "significant contribution."



Michael Landon has moved from "The Little House on the Prairie" and is now traveling the "Highway to Heaven," an inspiring new TV series to be aired on NBC. In it, Landon not only stars—he's also the writer and the director. For the big screen, he makes his debut as a feature film director with *Sam's Son*, which some have already labeled "Movie of the Year."

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one and only magazine. Thank you.

Frances M. Lorenz
Santa Monica, California

"Enlightened" Reader

I am a recent subscriber to your magazine and am thrilled to read so many articles concerning high-fiber diets. I have been on a high-fiber diet for the past five years due to the insistence of my doctor as a means of treatment for my irritable bowel. When people ask me what I can eat, I begin to list the whole-grain bread, bran cereals, etc. I also tell them what I can't eat such as fried or spicy foods. They think I'm weird and want to know when I can start eating "normal" again. Thanks to your articles I consider myself "enlightened" and am encouraged to stick with a high-fiber diet even if my irritable bowel ever decides to stop being irritable.

Susan E. Urfer
West Liberty, Illinois

No Northern Lights

As one who suffered severely from the cigarette smoke of others over the years, I want to praise your efforts to educate the public about this tragic and costly health menace.

Twelve years ago I quit my moderate smoking habit when I developed a persistent, productive cough. My physician diagnosed chronic bronchitis and asthma. I developed sinus problems and other irritants through the years.

The cigarette smoke of others has not only aggravated my pulmonary condition, it has had a refractory effect on any treatment attempted and has produced irreversible damage to my lungs. I wish I had never started smoking. I long for the "smoke-free society" the U.S. surgeon general calls for by the year 2000.

As for so-called "smokers' rights," if they want to continue to risk their own health despite all the scientific evidence, by puffing away in private offices, homes, cars, etc., that is indeed their business. *But*, when their noxious fumes threaten our health, comfort and financial security also, then that is *our* business. Considerate smokers are very much the exception rather than the rule.

John B. Wilkerson
Indianapolis, Indiana

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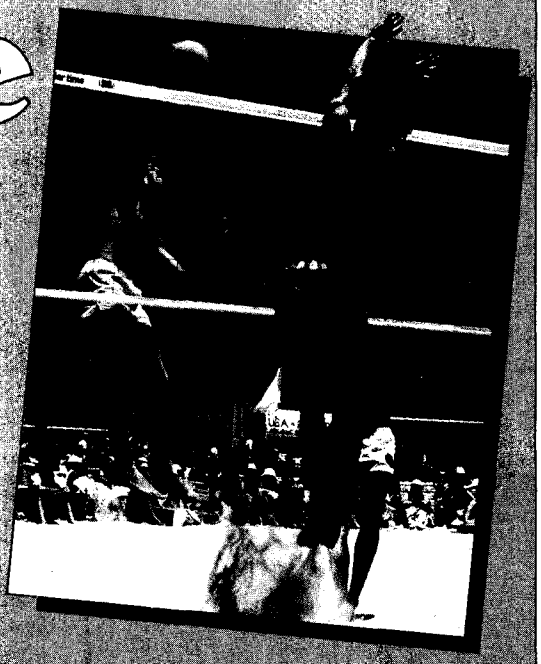

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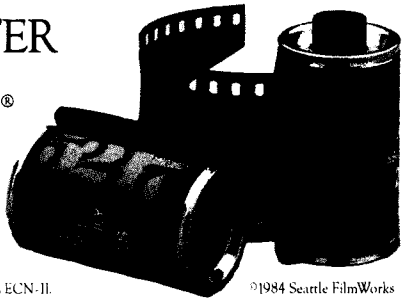

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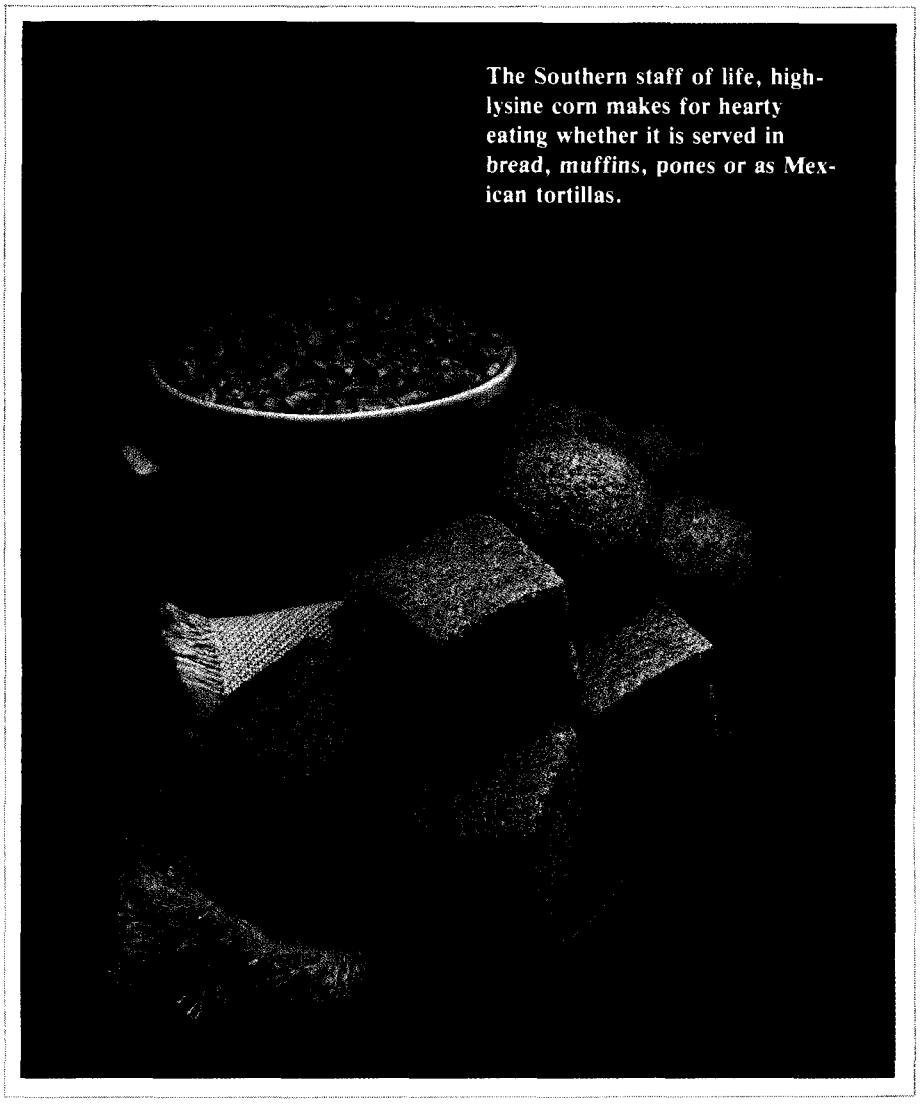
HIGH FIBER WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT

Post food editors have headed south, even south of the border for some high-fiber and high-lysine triticale recipes your family will love.

by Allen Simon

At one time, adding fiber to the diet meant having to ladle spoonfuls of sawdustlike unprocessed wheat bran onto otherwise low-fiber dishes. Wheat bran may not be the tastiest of delicacies, but at 50 percent pure crude, it's what our bodies need to stay healthy. Large cereal companies have made it their business (and a good business, too) to make bran both presentable and palatable. Their high-fiber breakfast cereals are, to be sure, tasty, but no one wants to eat breakfast three times a day.

Fortunately, scientists have learned more in recent years about fiber in food. They can now measure total dietary content, rather than just crude fiber, and what they've found revolutionizes our views of some fruits and vegetables. Peas, for example, are extremely high in fiber; so are carrots, grapefruits, spinach noodles, kidney beans, pinto beans, broccoli, garbanzos, corn and baked potatoes —such a list (far from complete) could actually make a person hungry. Obviously, getting fiber into the diet isn't as dry and dusty a proposition as one might think—it can be quite delicious.



The Southern staff of life, high-lysine corn makes for hearty eating whether it is served in bread, muffins, pones or as Mexican tortillas.

Wheat bran is of course still very important, but researchers have found evidence that other brans contain a different type of fiber that also contributes to health. Oat bran has a soluble form of fiber that helps the body reduce excess cholesterol. The crude fiber of wheat bran, on the other hand, adds bulk and avoids the need for stool softeners or laxatives, and prevents bowel problems.

How much fiber do we need? It varies. But authorities believe most Americans, whose fiber consumption is generally quite low, would benefit by raising their fiber intake by 35 to 50 grams a day. Such an increase is not difficult to attain and maintain for those who eat "the right stuff."

By continuing to enjoy bran cereals for breakfast and by switching to low-fat dishes with high vegetable-fiber content for all our meals, we can not only stay healthier but lose weight as well. Many people who have switched to high-fiber diets for health reasons discover they can eat more, feel more satisfied and still shed excess pounds. The high-fiber diet may become the diet of choice for all who want to stay slim. One might say it is the diet of the future—except that it is available right now.

Post food editors have not been idle in their quest to find tasty high-fiber recipes your family will like. They've traveled south, even south of the border, to bring back some dishes with true ethnic flavor. And they've included corn and triticale, but have improved them—quite a bit—by using high-lysine corn and triticale hybrids that unlike the regular grains, are high in protein. They're also good sources of fiber. So, head south with us on a trip to better eating and better health by trying some of the following recipes. Once you taste them, you may want to take your old recipes and throw them away.

continued on following page

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Eye-catching and taste-tempting South-of-the-Border Pie, filled with chilies and refried beans, combines favorite flavors from Old Mexico in a whole-wheat, corn-meal crust.

Millet Chili Pie
(Makes 4 servings)

Crust:

1 cup millet
¼ cup high-lysine corn meal
4 cups water
1 teaspoon onion powder
½ teaspoon chili powder

Combine above ingredients in a double boiler, and cook 25-30 minutes or until thick and stiff. Set aside ¾ cup for topping. Line sides of a 2-quart casserole with the rest of the mixture.

Filling:

Francesca's Chili Con Carne (recipe follows)
1 can corn (8 oz.), drained
1 cup olives, sliced and divided
1 cup Weight Watchers® cheese, grated
½ cup Monterey jack cheese, grated

Add corn, ½ cup of olives and Weight Watchers® cheese to chili con carne. Stir until cheese melts. Pour into millet-lined casserole. Top with the Monterey jack cheese and spread remaining millet on top, sealing edges. Bake in a 350° F. oven about 30 minutes. Garnish with the remaining olives.

Francesca's Chili Con Carne
(Makes 4 servings)

1 cup onion, chopped
½ cup green pepper, chopped
1 cup mushrooms, sliced
1 tablespoon corn-oil margarine
¼ pound extra-lean hamburger
1 can kidney beans (15 oz.), drained, rinsed and drained again
1 can (28 oz.) low-sodium tomatoes, drained
1 can (4 oz.) low-sodium tomato sauce
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 teaspoon cilantro, optional
½ teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon curry powder
½ teaspoon blackstrap molasses
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
Quaker® or Mother's® oat bran (use to thicken if necessary)

Sauté onion, green pepper and mushrooms in margarine until tender. Add hamburger and cook until light brown. Discard fat. Add drained kidney beans, drained tomatoes, tomato sauce and rest of ingredients. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes. If using with Millet Chili Pie, and there is too much liquid after simmering for 30 minutes, thicken with Quaker® or Mother's® oat bran. Stir in a teaspoon at a time until almost no liquid is left.

"It may not really be fresh, but you have to admit they put on a darned good show."

Cornbread Bean Bake
(Makes 6 servings)

4 cups pinto beans, cooked
1 small onion, diced
2 cups Taco Sauce (recipe follows)
2 cups Weight Watchers® cheese, grated
Cornbread Batter (recipe follows)

Spread the beans in the bottom of a 9"x13" baking dish. Follow with a layer of onion, then Taco Sauce, then Weight Watchers® cheese. Drop the Cornbread Batter evenly on the top by spoonfuls. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes.

Taco Sauce

1 or 2 whole tomatoes
2 cups low-sodium tomato sauce
4 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon basil
1 can (4 oz.) green chilies, chopped
Dash of Tabasco sauce (optional)
1 hot, dried pepper, crushed (optional)

Process tomatoes in blender. Put all ingredients in a saucepan and heat. Freeze leftover sauce.

Cornbread Batter

1 cup whole-wheat flour
¾ cup high-lysine corn meal

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2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg plus 1 white
1 cup milk, skim
2 tablespoons safflower oil
Mix dry ingredients well. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into dry mixture. Can be used to top the bean bake recipe or for cornbread. For cornbread, pour into an oiled 8-inch pan and bake at 425° F. for 20 minutes.

Tennessee Vegetable and Rice Skillet
(Makes 6 servings)

1 medium onion, chopped
1 cup mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine
1 package frozen okra (10 oz.), thawed
2 tomatoes, cut into eight sections each
½ cup Uncle Ben's® converted rice
1 cup hot water
1 teaspoon blackstrap molasses
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
¼ teaspoon allspice
Dash Worcestershire sauce
Sauté onion and mushrooms in margaine for a few minutes. Add okra. Stir well, cover and simmer for five minutes. Add tomatoes, rice, hot water, blackstrap molasses and seasonings. Bring to boil. Turn heat to low, cover and simmer for 20 minutes or until rice is cooked.

High-Lysine Corn Meal Waffles
(Makes 4 waffles)

1 cup high-lysine corn meal
1 cup whole-wheat flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1⅓ cups buttermilk, low-fat
1 egg plus 1 egg white
2 tablespoons margarine, melted
Blend the corn meal, flour and baking powder together in mixing bowl. Make a well in the center and add buttermilk, egg and egg white. Beat just to moisten the flour. Beat in melted margarine. Five rounded tablespoons make one waffle.

***Post* Triticale Date Muffins**
(Makes 12 muffins)

1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon honey
1½ cups skim milk
¼ cup safflower oil
1 cup triticale flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
¾ cup miller's unprocessed wheat bran
¾ cup Quaker® Oat Bran
⅔ cup dates, chopped
Combine egg, honey, skim milk and oil. Mix flour, baking soda and wheat and oat brans together. Stir in dates until well coated. Stir liquid ingre-

continued on page 16

Fiber lost.

We don't always get all the fiber we need to help our digestive systems work properly. It gets set aside. Left behind. Lost. And if we lose too much, we may become irregular. That's why doctors recommend Metamucil more often than any other laxative brand. Metamucil is made with gentle, natural fiber. Enough natural fiber to help replace the fiber that may be missing in your daily diet. And gentle enough to use every day.

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dients into dry ingredients. Stir only to blend. Fill muffin tins ⅔ full. Bake at 400° F. for 20-25 minutes.

Our food editors received the following letter from a reader:

Dear Ms. Briskey:

Would you please write me where high-lysine corn and high-lysine triticale can be purchased?

So much copy is given to these two products and I subscribed to obtain a sample but not one word since in the *Post* about availability, etc. What's the benefit if the product is not available and how can I prepare the recipes without the *corpus delecta*?

Frank Jenkins
Columbus, Ohio

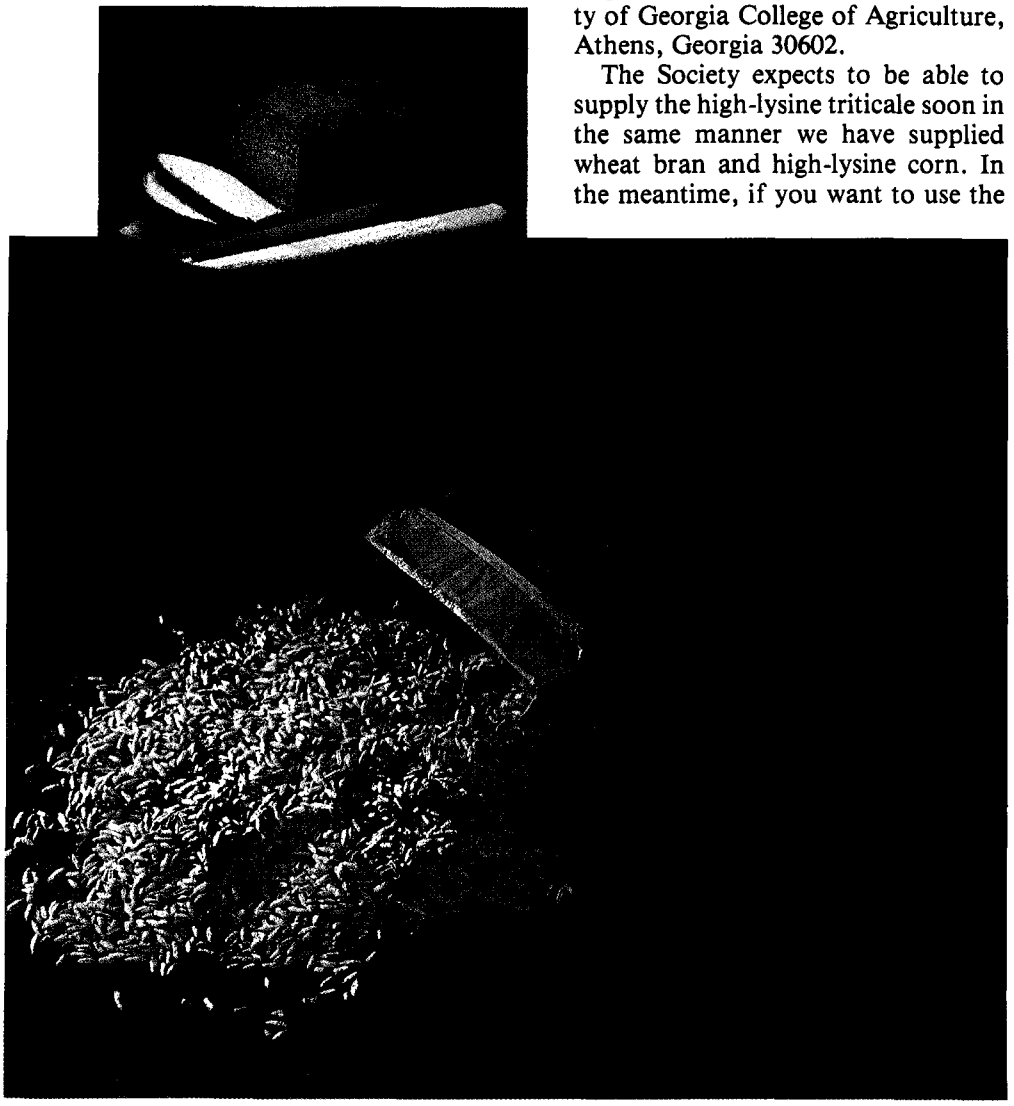
Since others may have the same problem we'll refer you to page 24 or page 88 in this issue for the source of high-lysine corn meal.

Until we can popularize this product sufficiently to interest the large cereal packagers, the Society is bagging it for our members and supporters. We obtained our high-lysine triticale from a reader, Eric Cleveland of the University of Georgia College of Agriculture.

We have started growing our own high-lysine corn for the Society and as soon as possible we are going to plant high-lysine triticale as well. You could write to Eric Cleveland to ask him about the availability of high-lysine triticale seed. His address is: Cooperative Extension Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, University of Georgia College of Agriculture, Athens, Georgia 30602.

The Society expects to be able to supply the high-lysine triticale soon in the same manner we have supplied wheat bran and high-lysine corn. In the meantime, if you want to use the recipes calling for high-lysine triticale in this issue, you can substitute regular triticale temporarily until the high-lysine product is available.

We would like to generate enough popular demand so that food packagers will soon begin distributing it in regular retail outlets.



Triticale, an exciting grain, is formed by combining *Triti*cum, the botanical name of wheat, with Se*cale*, the botanical name of rye. The new high-lysine variety is great for baking and even for a bowl of delicious cooked cereal. Cook the whole grain as you see it with stewed apricots, figs or prunes. Add paprika or other seasoning to taste. We like it because it provides an easy high-fiber, high-lysine, low-fat breakfast.

Honeycomb Triticale Cake
(Makes 1 cake)

⅓ cup honey
¾ cup skim milk
2 eggs, beaten
⅓ cup safflower oil
2¼ cups whole-wheat flour
1 cup triticale flakes
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt (optional)
¼ cup pecans, chopped
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Stir all liquids together and add to combined dry ingredients except for the pecans. Stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Spoon into a well-oiled loaf pan and sprinkle pecans on top. Bake at 350° F. for 45 minutes. Allow triticale cake to cool for easier slicing.

Three-Flour Granola Cookies
(Makes 4 dozen)

1 cup safflower oil or corn-oil margarine
1 cup honey
2 eggs
1 teaspoon pure vanilla
½ teaspoon sea salt
2 teaspoons orange peel, grated
1½ cups unbleached flour
¼ cup soy flour
1½ cups whole-wheat flour
1 cup triticale flour
2 teaspoons low-sodium baking powder
1 cup maple-nut granola or mixed seeds and nuts

In mixer bowl, cream the oil, honey, eggs and vanilla. Add the flours, baking powder, salt, orange peel and granola, stirred together. Blend until thoroughly mixed. Drop by teaspoonfuls 2 inches apart onto greased cookie sheets. Bake in a 350° F. oven for 8 minutes or until golden brown. Cool 2 minutes before removing from cookie sheets.

South-of-the-Border Pie
(Makes 4 servings or 16 appetizers)

Corn-meal pastry (below)
1 can (16 oz.) refried beans

continued on following page

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1 can (4 oz.) green chilies, drained and chopped
2 to 4 drops red-pepper sauce
1 avocado
¼ cup dairy sour cream
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tomatoes, chopped
½ cup onion, chopped
¼ cup Weight Watchers® cheese, shredded
¼ cup green pepper, chopped

Heat oven to 475° F. Prepare Corn Meal Pastry. Bake until light brown, 8-10 minutes; cool. Reduce oven temperature to 400° F. Mix beans, chilies and pepper sauce; spread over crust. Mash avocado. Mix in sour cream and lemon juice; reserve. Arrange tomatoes in ring around edge of pan. Arrange onion in ring next to tomatoes. Spoon reserved avocado mixture into ring next to onion; sprinkle avocado mixture with cheese. Place green pepper in center. Bake until hot and cheese melts, about 15 minutes.

Corn Meal Pastry

6 tablespoons corn-oil margarine
½ cup white flour, unbleached
½ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ cup yellow corn meal
½ teaspoon salt substitute
6 tablespoons ice water, approximately

Cut margarine into flour, corn meal and salt substitute until particles are size of small peas. Sprinkle in water, 1 tablespoon at a time, tossing with fork until all flour is moistened and pastry almost cleans side of bowl. Gather pastry into a ball; shape into flattened round on lightly floured board. Roll pastry 1 inch larger than inverted 12-inch pizza pan. Fold pastry into quarters; place in pan. Unfold and ease into pan, pressing firmly against bottom and side. Trim overhanging edge of pastry 1 inch from rim of pan. Fold and roll pastry under, even with pan; flute if desired. Prick bottom and side thoroughly with fork.

Flaky Baking Powder Biscuits
(Makes 12 biscuits)

2 cups whole-wheat flour, sifted
3 teaspoons low-sodium baking powder
½ teaspoon sea salt
⅓ cup unrefined corn germ oil
⅔ cup fresh milk

Sift dry ingredients together. Rub in the oil. Add the milk. Stir until dough cleans the bowl. Knead lightly 15 times. Roll out ½-inch thick on floured board. Cut with biscuit cutter. Place the biscuits touching each other on an oiled cookie sheet. Bake 12 to 15 minutes at 400° F. Yogurt may be substituted for the milk.

Triticale Yeast Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

1 tablespoon active dry yeast
1 cup warm water
2 tablespoons honey
1 teaspoon salt (or salt substitute)
¼ teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons unrefined safflower oil
2 tablespoons noninstant milk powder
2¼ cups whole-wheat flour
1¼ cups triticale flour

Dissolve the yeast in the warm water along with the honey. Add the salt, ginger, oil, milk powder, whole-wheat flour and beat well. Add

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triticale flour and beat with a wooden spoon until a stiff dough forms. Turn out onto a lightly floured board and knead gently 5 to 7 minutes. Shape into a loaf. Place in a greased loaf pan and let rise until double in size. Preheat oven to 375° F. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes or until done.

Variation: Triticale Sprout Bread: Add 1 cup chopped triticale sprouts to the dough while kneading it.

Note: The gluten in triticale is extremely delicate. Handle as little and as gently as possible. Let bread rise only once.

Millet Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

1 cup plain yogurt
½ cup corn-oil margarine
1 tablespoon honey
1 package dry yeast
¼ cup warm water
2 eggs
2 cups millet flour
½ cup soy flour

Combine yogurt and margarine in saucepan, heating slowly to melt margarine. Dissolve honey and yeast in the warm water; add yogurt mixture and blend. Beat in eggs; add flours and beat well. Pour into well-oiled loaf pan and let rise for 45 minutes. Bake at 375° F. for 40-45 minutes or until done.

Prophet's Porridge
(Makes 3 large servings)

3 cups cold water
*½ cup Ezekiel® flour**
½ cup oat bran or oatmeal
Pinch of salt (optional)
2 tablespoons honey (optional)
¼ cup raisins or other dried fruit
Cinnamon or nutmeg to taste

Put water in cooking pot and stir in all other ingredients. Cook over medium heat until porridge bubbles (boils). Reduce heat and cook for 3 or 4 minutes more. Serve right away with milk, applesauce, apple butter or any other topping you fancy.

The history of Ezekiel flour goes back to around 600 B.C. when Ezekiel the prophet first made it. It is made by grinding together a precise blend of hard western wheat, rye, barley, lentils, millet, white beans, kidney beans and pinto beans. Dishes made from Ezekiel flour provide quick and lasting energy because it is about 78 percent unrefined carbohydrates, 13 percent protein and 9 percent fat. *Available from Rayma Foods, Box 2094, Bayfield, Ontario N0M 1G0.

Ezekiel Muffins/Loaf
(Makes 12 large muffins or 1 loaf)

4½ cups Ezekiel flour
2 tablespoons active dry yeast
1 teaspoon coarse sea salt, or pickling salt (optional)
2 tablespoons apple-cider vinegar
¼ cup oil
¼ cup honey (or less to taste)
2¾ cups warm water

Combine flour, yeast and salt in mixing bowl. Combine vinegar, oil, honey, water and flavor variation in a second bowl. Add liquid mixture to dry and mix thoroughly. Batter will become quite stiff, but should not be dry. If dry, add a *little* water. Put batter in a warm place to rise for 15 minutes. Stir the batter down, and then spoon into muffin cups or 9"x5" loaf pan. (Don't use paper liners—

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Ezekiel is too sticky.) Bake in 350° F. oven 30 minutes. The loaf requires 50 minutes. Cool on rack. Store covered in refrigerator or freezer.

Flavor Variations

Cinnamon-raisin: 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup raisins.
Pumpkin-spice: 1 cup cooked pumpkin, fresh or canned, spice as for a pumpkin pie. (Reduce water to compensate for additional liquid in pumpkin.)
Applesauce-spice: 1 cup applesauce, spice as for an apple pie. (Reduce water to compensate for additional liquid in applesauce.)
Orange-raisin: grated rind of ½ orange, 1 cup raisins.
Date-nut: 1 cup dates, chopped fine, ½ cup walnuts, pecans or almonds, chopped.
Applesauce-carob: 1 cup applesauce, ½ cup unsweetened carob chips. (Reduce water to compensate for additional liquid in applesauce.)

Aunt Hilda's Health Muffins
(Makes 12 muffins)

2½ cups raw wheat bran
2 cups milk, fresh or sour
2 eggs
¼ cup oil
½ cup honey (or less to taste)
2½ cups Ezekiel® flour
2½ tablespoons baking powder
1 teaspoon coarse sea salt, or pickling salt (optional)
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1½ cups raisins
¾ cup chopped walnuts or pecans (optional)

Combine the bran, milk, eggs, oil and honey in a large mixing bowl. In a second bowl combine all the remaining ingredients. Add the dry mixture to the liquid and mix thoroughly. Use muffin liners. Fill to slightly rounded. Bake in 350° F. oven for 30 minutes, or until tops are lightly browned. Cool on a rack. When thoroughly cooled store covered in refrigerator or freezer.

Oat Bran Variation: To make Aunt Hilda's oat-bran muffins, follow the wheat-bran recipe (above) with these simple changes: (a) substitute 2½ cups of oat bran for the wheat bran (b) increase the honey to ¾ cup.

Ezekiel Pancakes
(Makes 2 servings)

1 cup Ezekiel® flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon coarse sea salt, or pickling salt (optional)
1 egg
1 tablespoon oil
1 tablespoon honey
1¼ cup milk, fresh or sour, or buttermilk
Flavor variations: raisins or other dried fruit, nutmeats, blueberries or other fresh fruit

Combine flour, baking powder and salt in mixing bowl. Combine the liquids and flavor variation in a second bowl. Add the liquid mixture to the dry. Mix well. Make sure the batter is fairly thin, adding a little milk if necessary. Cook on lightly oiled or nonstick pan at moderate heat (makes a drop of water sizzle). Cook slowly until bubbles appear all over and the edges look dull. (A peek underneath should show a golden brown.) Turn once to cook second side. Serve with your favorite topping. Try just a little honey and yogurt.

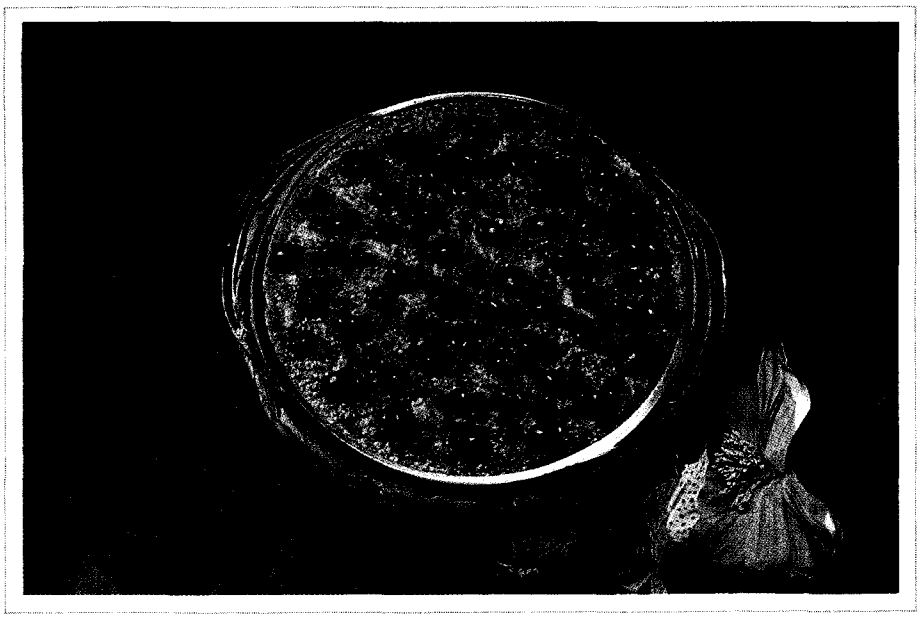
Ezekiel Yeast Pancakes

To make yeast pancakes, follow the recipe above except for the following change: Substitute 4 teaspoons of dry active yeast for the baking powder. Put the batter in a warm place for 25 minutes to let the yeast work.

Bethel Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

4 cups Ezekiel® flour
1 tablespoon coarse sea salt, or pickling salt (optional)
4 tablespoons of dry active yeast
3 cups warm water (or potato water)
½ cup honey (or less to taste)
2 tablespoons oil
¼ cup apple-cider vinegar
5-5½ cups unbleached white (or sifted) hard wheat flour

In a large mixing bowl combine the Ezekiel flour, salt and yeast. In a second bowl combine the water, honey, oil and vinegar. Pour the liquid mixture into the dry, and mix thoroughly until thick and creamy. Put in a warm place for 15 minutes for the yeast to work. (A barely warmed oven is good for this.) Stir in white flour, a cup at a time, mixing thoroughly each time, until too thick to mix. Turn out on floured kneading board and gradually work in the rest of the white flour. When finished the dough should be slightly sticky, not dry. Oil the inside of the bowl. Then press the dough onto the oiled surface to coat the dough. Turn the oiled side up, cover with a clean damp cloth, and put in a warm place to rise. When dough has doubled in size, punch down, divide in two and form into loaves. Place in oiled or nonstick 5"x9" loaf pans and let rise again. When loaves have increased by about half or so, bake in 350° F. oven for one hour or until nicely browned. (Test for doneness by tapping bottom of loaves for hollow sound.) Cool on rack. Store covered when thoroughly cooled.



Millet Chili Pie has it all—the texture of millet, the protein of high-lysine corn and the irresistible taste of the best chili con carne this side of the Rio Grande.

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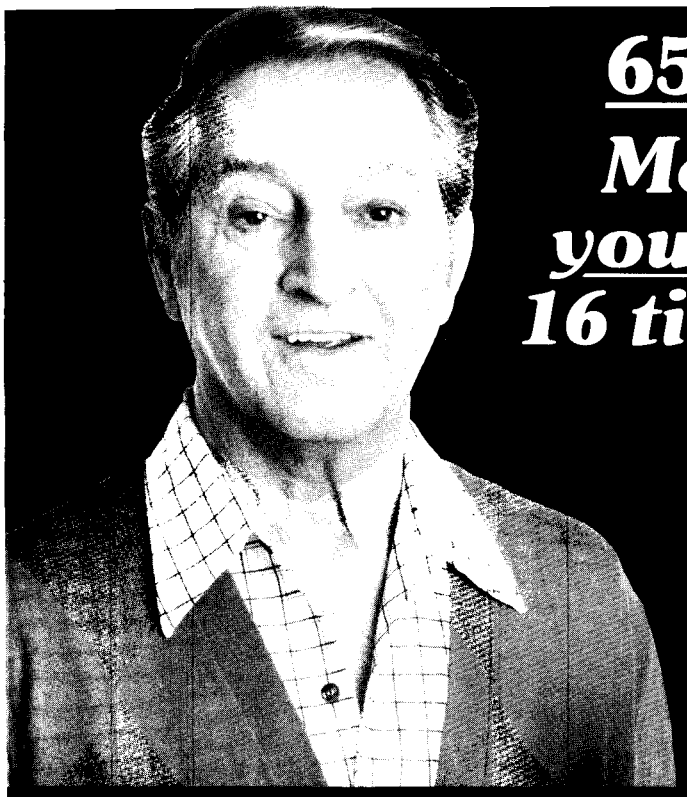

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Danny G. Thomas

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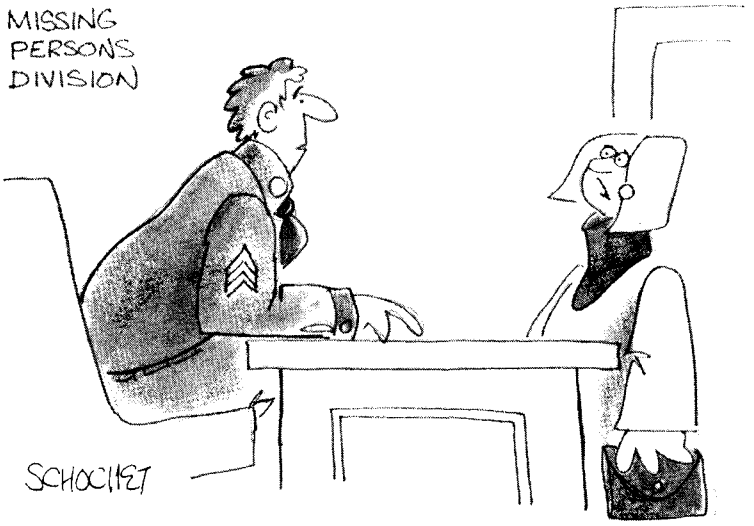

"I haven't seen him since I rearranged the furniture."

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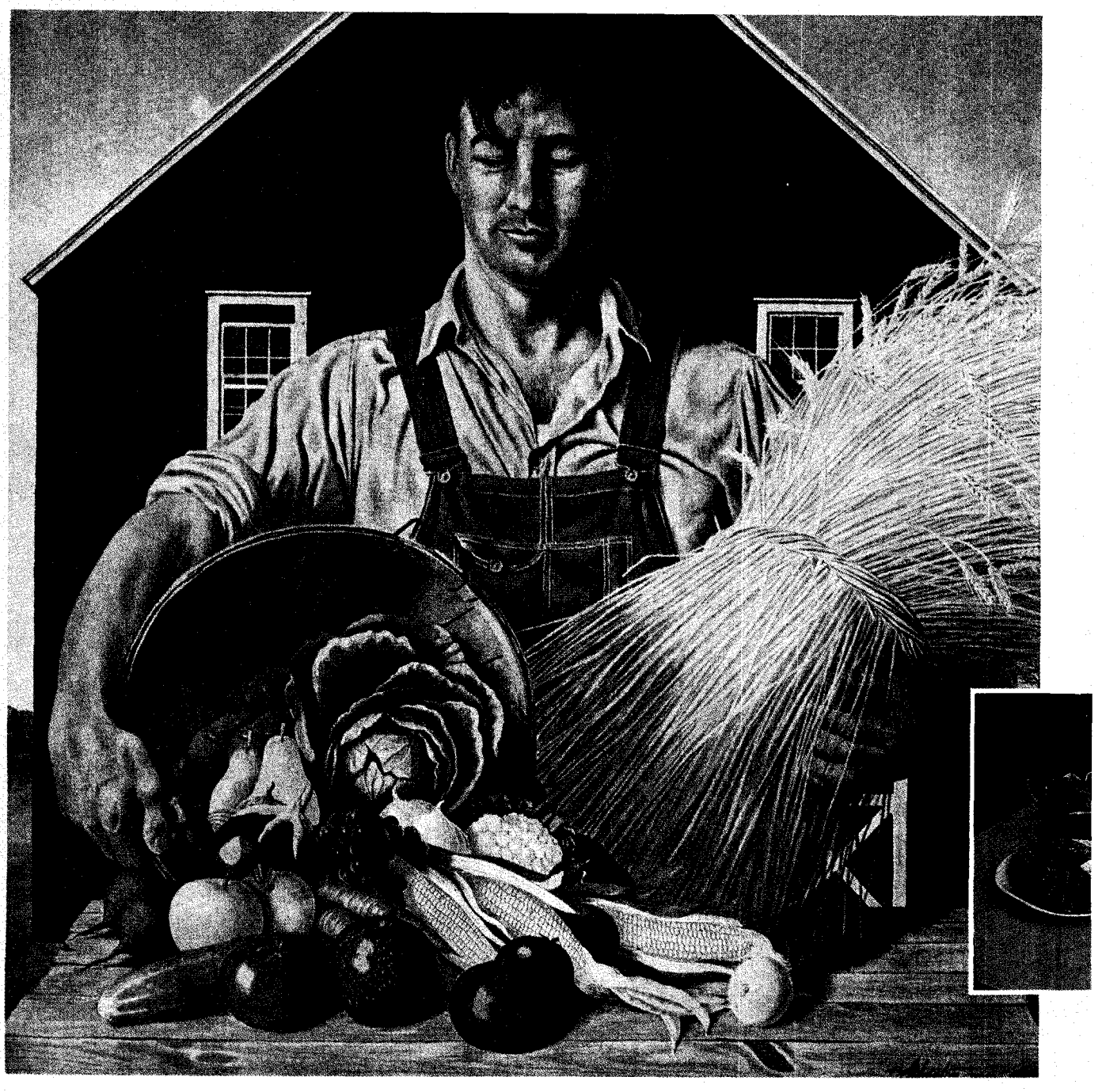

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We want you, our subscribers, to be healthy as well as well read. That's why we're again offering a free bag of high-lysine corn meal with any new or renewal subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

When farmers use high-lysine corn to feed their animals, they don't have to buy as much expensive lysine supplement to keep their stock healthy. The farmers who feed high-lysine corn say they have fewer vet bills.

We don't think it should all be fed to the animals. If it is so important in their nutrition, we believe it is important in human nutrition, too.

We want farmers to grow more high-lysine corn for human consumption. . .for corn meal and corn cereals. We hope large cereal manufacturers will soon package it. In the meantime, we're grinding the high-lysine corn in the Society's coffee grinder so that the whole-grain corn meal will arrive fresh in your mailbox. The whole-grain ground corn doesn't have a long shelf life.

If you already have a subscription to the *Post*, then we urge you to support our research and sign up for a bag of fresh corn meal every other week (see page 89 for details.)

We'd like to get a large population, our readers' population, on high-lysine rations.

Lysine, a basic amino acid, is essential to the nutrition of man and animals. High-lysine corn offers the best of two worlds—fiber as well as lysine. It also offers one of the tastiest ways to get this amino acid into your system.

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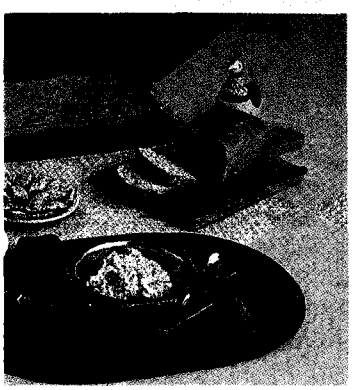
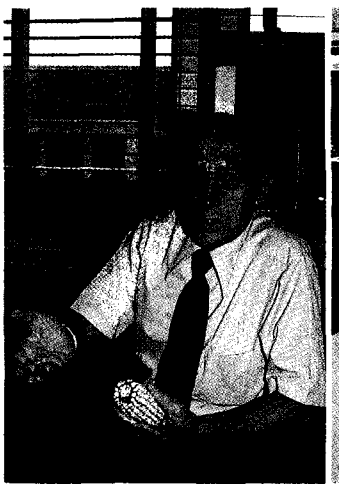
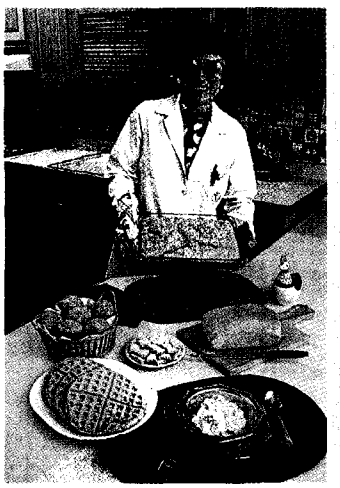


An Iowa farmer who grows lysine corn for his pigs likes to chew it himself. "It's softer and more like eating peanuts," he says. And if you don't find that this corn meal makes tastier cornbread, corn pudding, soufflés, pancakes, corn pies and waffles, send it back to us. We'll use it ourselves and give you a full refund for your cancelled subscription.





Purdue University's Dr. Edwin Mertz (left) deserves a Nobel Prize for his work in developing the high-lysine corn. Its higher lysine content has the potential of saving millions of children from starvation in Third World countries. (Right) Post *research kitchens are busy turning out high-lysine corn recipes and readers contributions are welcomed.*

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VETS ON PETS

FIRST-CLASS FOR FIDO

If your dog is a hound for traveling, these pointers may help it enjoy a safer, more comfortable journey.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

On a recent trip to Germany, I discovered that dogs are important family members in Europe and are included on visits to the finest restaurants and most picturesque sites.

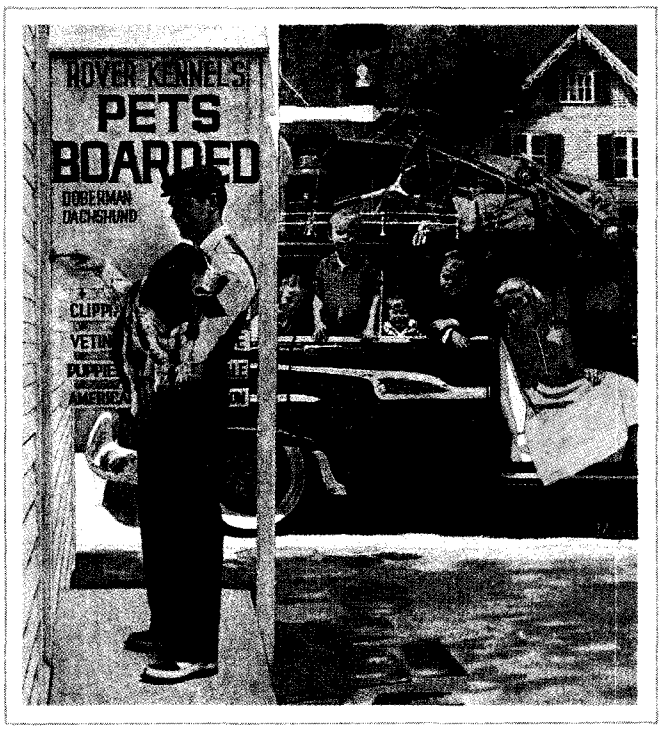
I shared my first close view of the fortress at Würzburg with a French poodle, and my gasps of appreciation for the Bavarian Alps with an Old English sheepdog. I discovered dogs of all descriptions lying quietly at their owners' feet at restaurants, varying from the small rest stop on the autobahn to chandelier-adorned castles in Bavaria. Well-behaved and quiet, each dog appeared intent on earning a "doggy bag" by its good behavior.

However, my experience back home with the traveling dog has been that, like people, some dogs like to travel while others like the security of home. You know very quickly the kind of dog to which you belong.

Spotty, my fox terrier, hated the car. After crouching at my feet until we were out of the garage, he'd sprinkle my legs and then proceed to shift from the front seat to the rear seat and back again, using the over-and-under route. I vowed each trip would be his last, one way or the other.

One boxer I know of spends more time in a pickup-truck camper than in his doghouse; he's afraid that he might be left behind and doesn't seem to care if it's a trip to the corner gas station or the annual excursion to grandmother's in Arkansas.

However, whether you are traveling with your dog out of necessity or for the pleasure of its company, there are certain factors to consider.



As this old *Post* cover tells us, it's doggone hard to sentence a pet to a kennel while you're away. But it's harder on the dog if you take him along and forget about his comfort.

Most states require entering dogs to have a health certificate and rabies vaccination by an accredited veterinarian. If your dog will be traveling to another country, allow plenty of time to have the necessary papers completed. Requirements for countries of destination can be obtained by contacting the United States Department of Agriculture.

Air travel must be coordinated with airline officials. Shipping cages should be large enough for the dog to stand up and to turn around. Breed characteristics and acclimation of your dog should be considered when shipping during extremely cold or hot weather. For example, brachycephalic breeds such as the bulldog are especially susceptible to heat stroke.

You would be wise to contact motels or hotels about the availability of kennel space and the policies for dogs staying in the same room with you. Certain amusement parks, such as Six Flags over Texas, have excellent kennel facilities, but advance reservations are a must.

Again, when traveling to hot climates, remember that dogs are much more susceptible to heat stroke than humans—so don't leave your dog in a closed car without air circulation or water for any length of time.

Don't overfeed your dog before or during the trip, especially if he tends to suffer from motion sickness. Antimotion drugs such as Dramamine or tranquilizers to decrease anxiety may be prescribed for your dog by your veterinarian. The dosage for these drugs must be adjusted for the individual animal; what is too much for one may be too little for another. Therefore, it is a good idea to test tranquilizer effects before departure and to pack an adequate supply of any medication that your dog takes routinely.

Your dog's vaccinations should be current before starting on the trip. If you will be traveling to mosquito-infested areas of high heartworm intensity, contact your veterinarian about heartworm preventive. The house dog that might rarely be bitten by a mosquito at home will be vulnerable on a camping trip. Extra tick, fly and flea control with collars, sprays or powder should also be considered.

Identification tags with your name, address and telephone number are a good idea for both the stay-at-home or the traveling dog.

Traveling with your dog can be a pleasurable event, but as with traveling with small children, adequate preparation makes the trip more enjoyable.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

We would like to take Gretchen, our Maltese, on vacation with us this fall, but we always have problems

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finding motels that will allow her to stay in the same room with us. This is especially a problem in small towns. What do you suggest?

Flo Yarbrough
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Flo:

I recommend a book called *Touring with Towser*, which is a directory of hotels and motels that accommodate guests with dogs. The directory can be obtained by sending $1.25 to Gaines, TWT, P.O. Box 1007, Kankakee, Illinois 60902. Be sure to call for reservations in advance.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

My 1½-year-old beagle, Barney, has a most peculiar habit. Barney eats everything within his reach. Last spring he had a close call because he swallowed a medium-sized staple and ended up with pancreatitis. Barney eats rocks, dirt, sticks, berries, dust, bird droppings and his own feces. He has tried to eat a nail file, puzzle pieces, ink pens, etc.

We have to watch Barney like a baby. He sleeps in an adequate-sized dog cage, and we can't allow him to run free even in his own fenced-in yard. Barney has done this almost his entire life. I am at my wit's end with him. I had him neutered, hoping that might help. He is a very affectionate, lovable, smart beagle with AKC registration. He has so many redeeming qualities—he was completely housebroken at eight weeks!

Please let me know if you have any suggestions for our constant ordeal. I'd like to know if it is behavorial or a vitamin deficiency. Thank you for any help you can give me.

Vicki L. Malick
Rockville, Maryland

Dear Vicki:

Barney's vice of eating things is certainly a health hazard. It has been suggested that this type of behavior involves puppies that are orally oriented either naturally or through early action with owners during play (tug of war).

Behavior modification involves command-response obedience training. Stop all petting of Barney. Before giving affection, direct Barney to respond to a command, then praise

continued on following page

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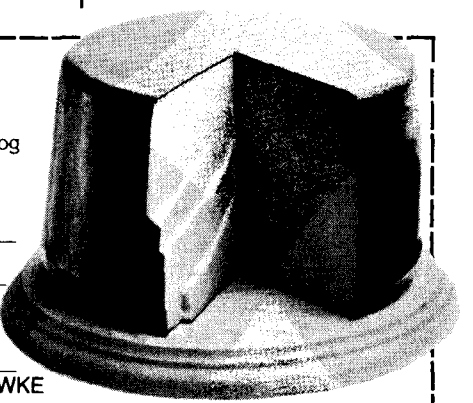

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him or pet. Establish routine patterns of feeding and taking him out for elimination. Offer a chewing substitute such as a nylon bone.

I suggest that you buy a good book about canine behavior and training. Investigate as well the types of obedience-training classes available in your area.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have a four-year-old cat that persists in wetting on the rug. She is the sweetest, dearest little cat to me—but to all others she is ferocious. She is a lynx Siamese and looks just like a lynx. When she gets angry at anyone she looks like a wild animal, but she never, never bites or scratches me. I do not know how she grew this way—she had not been hidden away from anyone. She just slowly became unfriendly, but at night she sleeps on my shoulder and looks like an angel.

I had heard that this type of cat is bred from a distant relative of a wild cat. Is this true?

And also, how do you train kitties not to potty on carpets? I have five others that never, never do this!

Thank you for any consideration given my letter.

V.J. Parker
Hayward, California

Dear V.J.:

There are many people who claim that most cats are relatives of wild cats and are the least domesticated of our companion animals. The undesirable behavior pattern exhibited by your cat may be influenced by its (wild) nature.

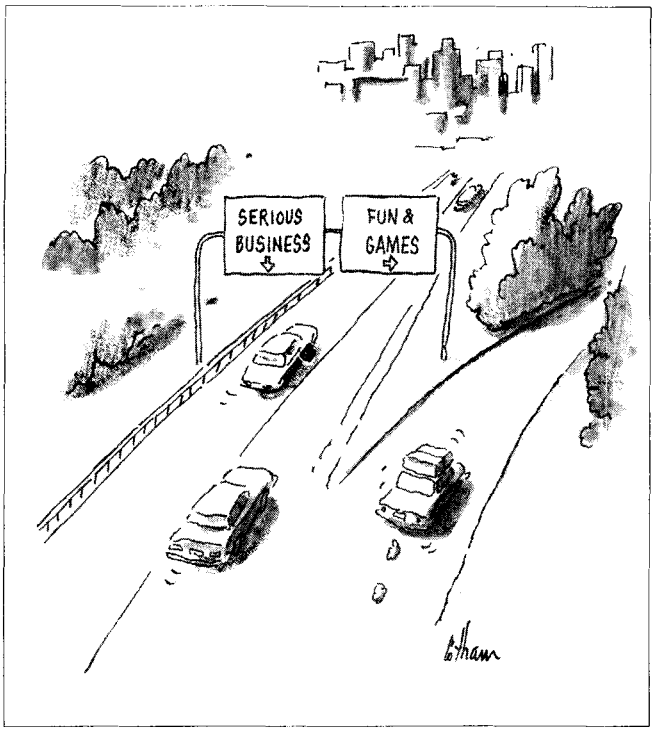
Bruce Fogle, in his book *Pets and Their People*, says house cats that have returned to the wild often use the same places repeatedly to urinate and defecate as a type of territorial marker. Cats can also use this type of behavior for sexual communication.

Have you had this cat checked by a veterinarian to eliminate cystitis, or bladder infection, as a cause of this problem? Once health problems are eliminated as the cause, the next step is behavior modification, difficult at best. The cat should be restricted to a room in which it has not previously eliminated except in its litter box. If this cat is allowed out of the restricted area and starts to urinate on the carpet, negative reinforcement such as squirting with water should be used. The negative event must be associated with the place of undesired urination. Each of your cats should have its own litter box located in a place that offers some privacy. Empty litter boxes frequently. Good luck.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have recently read, with great interest, your article in the January/February '84 *Saturday Evening Post* regarding the value of pets, especially for the handicapped.



I grew up with horses and dogs, not to mention all other animals, on the family farm in County Galway, in the west of Ireland. Last October I had the good fortune to become involved with the weekly riding program for the autistic at Pineland Stables, on John's Island near Charleston, run by Bob and Alicia Story.

I expect to be living in Paris for the next school year and was wondering if you would know of an organization similar to the North American Riding for the Handicapped Association there. You mentioned the work of Dr. Boris Levinson and Dr. Leo K. Bustad and I wondered if they might have any information that would be helpful.

I would greatly appreciate any suggestions and help you can give me. Thank you for contributing such an interesting and worthwhile article.

A. Burke
Sullivan's Island, South Carolina

Dear Ms. Burke:

I suggest that you contact the Delta Society, which is an international resource on the relationships between people and animals. That address is 212 Wells Ave. S., Suite C, Renton, Washington 98055, telephone (206) 226-7357. The Delta Society is engaged in discussions with the North American Riding for the Handicapped Association and riding groups in Europe about extending an invitation for the 1988 International Congress for Therapeutic Riding to be held in the United States.

A copy of *The Educational Use of Pets with the Handicapped Youth* by Dr. Jama Jacobsen of the Family Support Center, Inc., Indianapolis, is available from the Delta Society for a postage and copying charge of $2.85.

Thank you for writing, and best wishes for your study in Paris.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have a little poodle. He is five years old and his right leg in back is giving out. The vet says it's common in poodles. My heart aches when he tries to walk. And he sits on it. I'd surely be grateful if you could let me know what to do for him. I give him a cod-liver-oil pill every day. I'll be waiting to hear from you and would be very grateful to you.

Mrs. Joe Montague
Englewood, Colorado

Dear Mrs. Montague:

I am guessing from the description of your poodle that the problem may be the stifle joint, which is the same as our knee joint. If the patella (kneecap) luxates (moves out of its proper position) due to weak ligaments, ruptured ligaments or a malformed joint, the poodle may experience problems such as you describe.

Surgery may be an option to consider. Of course, this suggestion is

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made without benefit of examination and radiographs. Therefore, you should heed the recommendations of your veterinarian. The College of Veterinary Medicine, Ft. Collins, Colorado, has resident orthopedic specialists available.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have long been interested in being a veterinarian, but I have been informed that I will have to perform vivisection—the cutting open of live animals to study them—or other forms of painful experiments on living animals. I have no wish to torture an animal, so I would like to know if vivisection is required as a student and a licensed vet, and what sort of experiments are performed. I would appreciate your help. Thank you.

Marie Perey
Alhambra, California

Dear Ms. Perey:

I am concerned about your fears of vivisection in veterinary school. A veterinarian takes an oath to alleviate the suffering of animals and to temper pain with anesthesia.

The United States Department of Agriculture enforces the Animal Welfare Law at all institutions, including veterinary schools, that utilize animals. These laws ensure that animals receive adequate shelter, food, water and veterinary care.

Many veterinary-school curriculums include student surgery on animals. In all cases, animals receive anesthesia and pain-relieving drugs. Veterinarians can only obtain the skills needed to alleviate the pain and suffering of other animals by experience gained in such classes.

Although much controversy rages about the use of animals in research, I cannot begin to list the miraculous medical cures for both humans and animals that have been obtained by research conducted with animals. Modern heart-valve (bypass) surgery for humans was perfected first in animals. Again, these animals receive anesthesia, proper care and pain-relieving drugs.

Much has been done in recent years to replace animal experimentation with tests that can be performed in the test tube. However, certain results can only be obtained by monitoring effects on a living person or animal.

H.E.W.

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THE HARMONIOUS STATLERS

After spending ten months a year in the cramped quarters of a bus, they still get along like brothers—although they aren't.

by Holly G. Miller

It's another banner year for the Statlers—their hit record "Elizabeth" topped the charts this spring. The newest member of the group, who wrote the hit, is comfortably "settled in," and their Las Vegas debut was a sellout.

But some things never change.

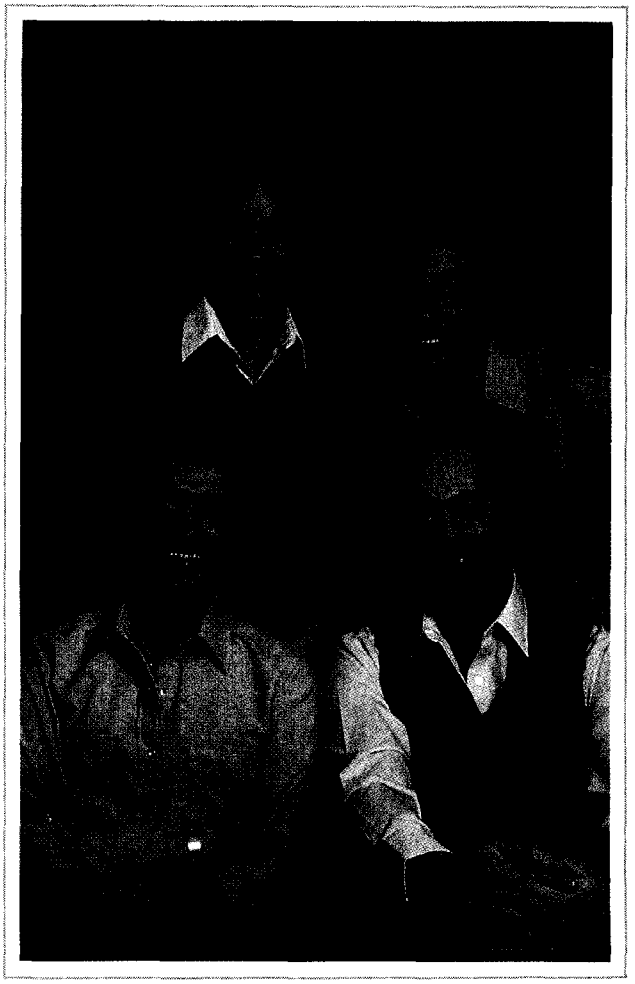
The good old boys from Staunton, Virginia, still work the state-fair circuit, stay after each performance until the last fan has the final autograph and always plan their tour around the star-spangled "Happy Birthday, USA" tradition they established 15 years ago back home in Staunton.

"It was a joint idea," says Statler Harold Reid, explaining the patriotic party the group plays host to every Fourth of July. "When we started to sing professionally and were doing a lot of traveling, people around home would still call us and say, 'Hey, c'mon over and sing for the Rotary Club tonight.' We literally didn't have time; if we had, we would have worked 365 nights a year. So we came up with the idea that once a year we'd invite anyone who wants to raise money for a charity to participate in one big show on the Fourth of July. We decided to call it 'Happy Birthday, USA.' The first year it was bigger than we ever expected and it's grown ever since. In 1983, we had 72,000 people there. Not bad for a town of 24,000."

Not bad at all.

Fans stream to Staunton partly to enjoy the arts-and-crafts booths, games, gospel sing, parade and free concert, but mostly to trace the roots of the group that author Kurt Vonnegut once dubbed "America's poets." All four of the Statlers—Harold and Don Reid, Phil Balsley and Jimmy Fortune—live in the area and often are seen around the town's elementary school, which now serves as Statler headquarters. Buying their alma mater, jokes Harold, was the only way the boys could get out of school. But school was never this popular. Thousands now tour the facility to purchase souvenirs, to marvel at the gold and platinum albums on display and to snap pictures of the 300 music awards that dot the walls.

"It depends on how much privacy you want," Don Reid says of town residents who knew the boys "when" and still like to relive the memories at every chance meeting. "I can't say to my family, 'I'm going to run into town and I'll be right back,' because it takes an hour to do a 15-minute errand. Before I get back, 30 people might stop me. But that's okay; if I'm in a hurry I send my kids."



Since they took their name from a hotel-room tissue box years ago, the Statler Brothers have really cleaned up. In a 20-year career, they've sold 10 million albums, played the White House four times and made perennial Top Ten hits.

Their career was launched in earnest in 1963, just a few miles from home, when Johnny Cash saw them perform and asked them to open one of his shows. Two years later they won their first Grammy award by nosing out such heavyweights as the Beatles and Supremes. The song that thrust them onto the national music scene was "Flowers on the Wall."

"We were the darkest of dark horses," recalls Harold. "Everyone resented the fact that a bunch of ignorant upstarts had come along and beaten the Beatles."

"We got a lot of offers to do rock tours because we won in a category called 'Best Contemporary Performance by a Group,' " adds Phil Balsley. "We said no, that we didn't want to go on the road with a bunch of rock acts for 30 days."

They preferred country audiences and decided to concentrate on that segment of the business. The next five years were lean, but they clung to the belief that "Flowers on the Wall" had crossed over to the pop charts by chance. . .one of those once-in-a-lifetime flukes that never happen

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twice.

"During that time we sometimes wondered if we had made the right decision or if we should have taken the quick money," says Don. "But we were determined to stay in the country field, so after a few years of struggling we switched labels and cut a record that was 100 percent country. It was called 'Bed of Roses'—a big hit for us—and the first thing it did was cross over to the pop charts."

These days they don't worry about pop vs. country vs. middle of the road. Their appeal spills over from one genre and generation to the next, and their audiences are as enthusiastic in New York City as they are in Nashville. The boys no longer try to analyze their success but are content merely to enjoy it.

"We used to think our fans were young adults, ages 20 to 45," says Don. "But we're seeing more and more teen-agers in the crowd. Then little kids come up to us—four and five years old—and we wonder, what do they see in us? We sing about memories they never had, but I guess you can take those memories and transpose them to any place in time you want. Maybe that's one of the reasons we've been around as long as we have."

Another reason for their staying power is the total control they maintain over their career. They're quick to emphasize the "business" half of show business, and each member of the group has assigned duties. Don handles publicity, Harold oversees travel arrangements, bookings and wardrobe, Jimmy is in charge of the audio-video departments at Statler headquarters in Staunton and Phil keeps the books.

"He's probably cheated us out of more money than any other person," teases Harold. "But he does it with such grace."

"A regular Mr. Nice Guy," agrees Phil, on cue.

Their constant bantering is another clue to their longevity. They genuinely like each other, and that's a plus for a group that travels together ten months a year in the close quarters of a bus. When they conducted auditions to fill the spot of retiring Statler Lew DeWitt, they were as concerned with hiring a compatible partner as a competent tenor. They found both in Jimmy Fortune. And, yes, Fortune is his real name.

"Actually, it gets worse," admits the new recruit. "It's really 'Lester James Fortune.' "

The rest of the boys call him the elf and tease him about his age—young—and his size—small. The on-stage jokes have helped endear Fortune to Statler fans, but the ribbing doesn't stop with the final encore.

"You could almost lay a blueprint of Jimmy's background on top of ours and they'd match," says Harold. "He grew up only 35 or 40 miles from us, and the way he got started in the music business is almost identical to our start. We were bored with him the second day."

Not really. In more serious moments, Phil credits Jimmy with bringing a fresh point of view to the group, and Don marvels at Jimmy's quickness to learn Statler harmony and to fit in as one of the four cogs in the well-oiled Statler machine. Jimmy ac-

continued on page 71

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HENRY AND THE GOLDEN MINE

Somewhere in the West lies a mountain with a heart of gold where the vein runs as wide as a street, and only a fool can find it.

by Stephen Vincent Benét

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Synopsis

Henry Pink wasn't really a fool. Just an innocent and eager and enthusiastic young man who'd come around the Horn from Laertes, New York, to the gold fields and was bound to make a pile because of a girl named Hester he wanted to marry. Hester expressed herself in poetry-filled letters, and her father was editor of the Laertes Item. *By a stroke of fortune, Henry met up with an experienced older miner who showed him the ropes, but not before the eager young novice had incurred his wrath by digging for gold right outside the startled miner's cabin door. The two worked as partners until word came of a big strike up at Puma. Henry, impatient to become rich, set off alone for the new field, but soon became lost in the mountains. After wandering for days and hallucinating about Hester, he came upon a man at a campfire. The man was brown and looked like a Mexican. He was old, but his eyes were young, alive and black as coal, and he told Henry he'd been expecting him.*

Conclusion

It came upon Henry, for a minute, that he mightn't be so harmless as he looked and that maybe this wasn't such a good place to be. But then he found his own eyes were shutting and, before he knew it, it was day.

When he woke up, the pack was already on the burro and the coffee hot on the fire.

"We have a long way to go," said the old man. "You had better eat, my friend."

"Excuse me," said Henry Pink, "but I don't know just where we're going."

"Why, to find the gold, of course. Is that not what you have come for?" said the old man, and after they'd had their victuals he led the way.

It was pretty country, but lonesome, there in the high ranges. Henry felt the loneliness all day, like a weight on the back of his neck. He didn't mention it to the old man because he felt, somehow, that the old man was part of the loneliness and it suited him. He went ahead leading the burro, and he was perfectly real, and yet he made Henry wonder. That night they camped on the slope of Lost Mountain itself. No, I can't tell you where it was, though I know the range.

"Now, this gold you were talking about," said Henry, kind of shyly. "I don't want to seem inquisitive, but since you mentioned the fact——"

"You will see it soon enough," said the old man, and sighed. "I know how you feel; I, too, have been young and greedy. It is for that reason that I am not allowed to die."

"I don't think I quite caught what you were saying," said Henry Pink.

"It is very simple," said the old man. "We were all strong, greedy men, from Hernando Cortés himself to yellow-haired Alvarado. We meant to have the gold, and we got it—600,000 marks of pure gold we wrung from Montezuma at one blow, besides the precious stones. Yet we loaded him with irons and burned his servants alive. No, the wrong was not all on our side—we had seen the human hearts smoke on the altars of the city. But one does not repay wrong with wrong."

"I can't understand what you're talking about," said Henry Pink, with a cold sweat beginning to break out upon him. "At least I hear the words, but they don't make sense to me. Because if you're talking about what I think you're talking about——"

"I am talking about the men who took the city Tenochtitlán and survived the *Noche Triste*—the Night of Dolor," said the old man. "You are new conquistadores, you *yanquis*. But we were conquistadores before."

"But you can't—I mean it can't be—I mean I've heard about it and it was centuries ago," said Henry.

"Three hundred and thirty years and more since we burnt the ships," said the old man. "I remember how bright the flame was—bright under a blue sky."

"You couldn't—it ain't in nature," he said, but he said it in a whisper.

"It is not in nature, no—wolves and bears do not tear each other for pieces of bright metal. But it was in our hearts," said the old man, with a fearful smile. "If we had not been

continued on following page

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bold, greedy men, we would not have won an empire. And I, my friend, I was as bold as Alvarado—as bold and greedy as he, and as good a sword. I did not have his luck—he had the luck of the devil—but in all other ways we were equal. I remember those days; no gold we got was enough for us; if the whole round earth had been turned into a ball of gold, we would have beaten upon it with our fists and cried, 'More, more!' Yet was I no worse than the rest—not till the torture of Guatemotzin."

"Who was he?" said Henry Pink.

"He was a man," said the old man, and his eyes glowed. "Yes, heathen or not, he was a man—even upon the rack. Have you ever seen a man upon the rack, my young friend? It is a curious experience. The cacique we tortured with Guatemotzin groaned and cried aloud. 'Do you think I am lying upon a bed of roses?' said Guatemotzin, the emperor, and that was all that he said, no matter how we tightened the cords."

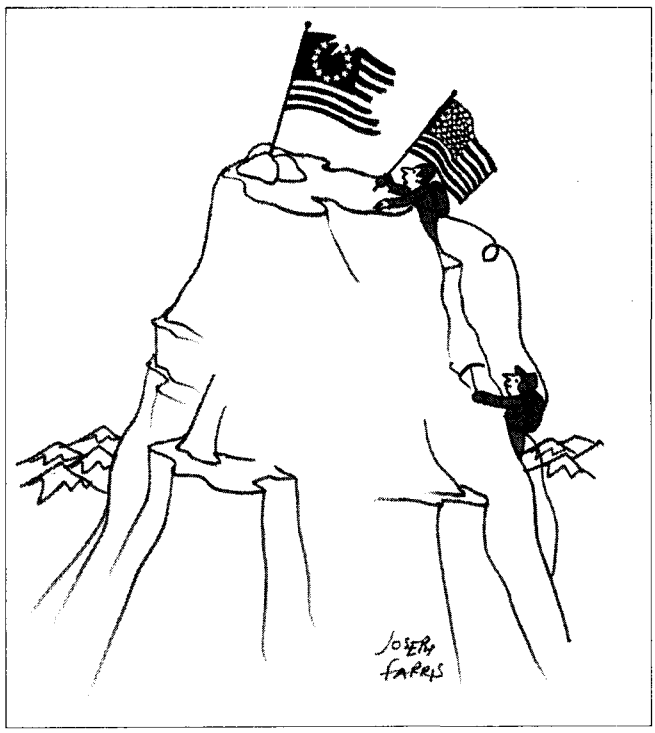
"I thought you said Montezuma was emperor," said Henry Pink.

"He had been," said the old man. "If Guatemotzin had been emperor when we landed, not one of us would have survived the *Noche Triste*. Montezuma was a woman, but not this man. But we caught Guatemotzin at last, and it was I who struck him across the face and bade him tell us where the gold was. Yes, I did that, even as he lay upon the rack. And for that our little priest rebuked me. He called on my blood and my honor, and said it was shame in a conquistador to strike a tortured man. A bold man, that little priest. Then he held up the cross in front of me to stay me, but I struck the cross to the ground."

There was a long silence then, and Henry Pink didn't say anything.

"Yes, it was so," said the old man. "I shall not forget it. For the tortured man writhed his own lips then, and I could hear him speak words. 'The white man denies his own God,' he said to the little priest, and the priest picked up his cross silently from the dust. 'Do you claim this man for your God?' said the tortured man again, and again the priest kept silence. I felt the others fall away from me then—yes, even the roughest and the wildest, who had marched and fought at my side.

" 'Then I claim this man for our gods,' cried Guatemotzin, emperor of Mexico, from the rack where we had stretched him. 'I claim him for the gold he worships, that he look for it continually, wishing to die, but unable to die, as I wish to die today—until he can find a man of another race who will accept his gold and its burden.' There was no more



said than that, and I laughed in his face. But when the torture was over and Guatemotzin dead, men began to look upon me strangely. Yes, even Alvarado, who had been my friend till that time."

"Well, sir, that's a mighty queer story," said Henry Pink. "And I don't say you done right. But still, if you got the gold——"

"That was what I thought," said the old man. "It seemed to me a good bargain. It seemed so, indeed, till I found that I could not die. Oh, I had many escapes, but the arrow would not pierce nor the ball strike. I was with Alvarado in Guatemala; I have searched for the cities of Cibola, the golden cities; I have wandered the length of the land. For, always, I must look for the gold, as Guatemotzin, the emperor, had said. And the men I knew died, and their sons died, and their sons' sons, but still there was no death for me. So, at last I came here, for here, surely, was a land without gold and the curse of gold—a pleasant, smiling land, where a man might live in peace till death tapped him on the shoulder."

He shook his head.

"And so it was," he said. "So it was, for many years. Nor was it I who unloosed the secret, though I knew of it. You *yanquis* think you know California, but it is not the California I know. Oh, the good, lazy, sun-warmed land, the fine horses, the grapes on the vine! But now that is over."

He rose.

"We will look at the gold now," he said. "You scrabble in the streams like children for a pennyweight here and there. But here is the lode and the treasure—the mother of it all. I have kept the secret a long time—that I have done, at least, for the sake of the sun-warmed land. But now it matters no more and it is time I had rest."

He picked up a pine torch and led the way to a heap of logs and underbrush. They worked for two hours, cleaning the stuff away; and when they'd done, there was a big, black hole in the side of the mountain. Don Felipe held up his torch.

"The shaft is a natural one," he said. "It was covered by a rock slide when I found it. Let us go in."

They went in, and the air was sweet, so there must have been some sort of vent in the mountainside.

"Where's the gold, old man?" said Henry, trembling all over.

"You are walking over it and under it; you are walking through it and around it," said the old man, in kind of a singsong, waving his torch. And as he waved it, the red flame lit up the walls of the big rock chamber till they seemed all in a sparkling fire.

Henry took one look around. He wasn't educated or a geologist, but he could believe his own eyes. And this wasn't a placer or a pocket. It was Golconda. The veins ran wide as

continued on following page

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"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed"

An Interview with Frank K. Wood, President, F C & A

(Atlanta, GA) —

FC&A, a nearby Peachtree City, GA, company announced today the release of a new $5.99 research book, ***"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed".***

It reveals surprising side effects and other secrets about vitamins . . . facts that aren't generally known by the public. Read on through this interview with FC&A President, Frank K. Wood.

Question: Can vitamins cause side effects like drugs do?

Answer: Yes, two vitamins can actually be harmful in high doses. Other vitamins can sometimes cause diarrhea, dizziness, sleepiness, depression, upset stomach, cramps, high blood pressure, fear, ringing sounds or poor heart function.

Even so, the good effects of vitamins outweigh the bad effects. But you must know what vitamins you need and how much to take. That's why you need my new research book.

Questions: What other vitamin secrets are revealed in this new research book?

Answer:

- How you can get vitamins for free.
- Not one but two vitamins which can help fight hardening of the arteries, and coronary heart disease.
- Two minerals that help protect against cancer.
- A vitamin that helps protect against schizophrenia.
- Two minerals and a vitamin that can combat osteoporosis, which causes the collapse of the backbone in older women.
- Two minerals that can help lower high blood pressure.
- A mineral that helps regulate blood sugar levels.
- A vitamin that helps heal wounds or surgical incisions.
- A vitamin that helps increase fertility.
- A vitamin that protects against sunburn.
- A vitamin that helps fight viruses.
- A vitamin that helps prevent kidney stones.
- A mineral complex that may slow down aging.
- An amino acid that combats cold sores and Herpes infections.
- A vitamin that helps increase circulation in the legs.
- A vitamin that helps alcoholics control their drinking.
- A vitamin that helps control premenstrual tension and fights depression.

Question: What else is in the research book?

Answer: Complete descriptions of every vitamin. What each does for you . . . How much you need to take . . . What foods contain different vitamins . . . How prescription drugs, alcohol, and smoking can destroy certain vitamins . . . How particular vitamins can fight many diseases . . . How much of each vitamin you can safely take . . . How long your body stores each vitamin . . . Deficiency symptoms for each vitamin.

Questions: How can readers get a copy of *"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed?"*

Answer: It's easy. Simply cut out and mail the coupon today. There's a no time-limit guarantee of full satisfaction or your money back.

Don't wait to order ***"Vitamin Side Effects Revealed."*** If you don't get this new book . . . you'll never know all the things different vitamins can do for you — and their side effects.

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a street and they seemed to go down forever—quartz rotten with gold, moth-eaten with gold, loaded and crammed with pure gold. Henry caught his breath.

"The Mother Lode—the thing that could not be true," said the old man. "And nobody has ever seen it but you and I."

"Can I—do you mind if I——" said Henry, and his voice was shaking now.

"That is why you are here," said the old man sadly. He passed Henry a little hammer. "Strike where you will," he said. "It is all the same."

"Oh, Laertes, Laertes, New York!" said Henry, kind of prayful. "Oh, Hester, and won't you be proud of me!"

Then he went about with his hammer, tapping the walls. He knocked off a sample here and a sample there, and when he had the stuff in his hand he didn't believe it. And then he did believe it, and it made him feel queer. He was standing there, in dirty pants and a ragged shirt, and yet he was a millionaire. He was richer than Astor or the Barings or anybody in the world. He was richer than a body could be and still stay reasonable. And the joy of it flooded through him till he thought it would stop his heart. But then, being quite a sensible youngster, he calmed down and began to consider.

Naturally the old man would want half of it, but, even so, he'd still be rich. He didn't take any stock in the old man's story about living 300 years and being one of the conquistadores. That was just the loony ramblings of a half-crazy Mexican prospector. But, after all, the old bezabor had found the claim, and Henry meant to deal square with him. It seemed an awful lot, when you started thinking about it—half the biggest treasure on earth for a crazy old coot who wouldn't know what to do with it. But Henry had always been an honest boy. He wondered how much stock in the Laertes Mining and Development Company he'd have to give the old fellow. Then he looked at the samples in his hand again and wondered if he couldn't buy him off with a flat cash payment.

When you thought of it, $5,000 would be a whale of a lot of money for an old man like that—more than he'd ever seen in his life, probably. Only Henry didn't have the $5,000.

"Are you satisfied?" said the old man. He had his back turned to Henry, but his voice kind of boomed against the rocks.

"Why wouldn't a man be satisfied?" said Henry in a queer voice. He scraped a flake of gold from the quartz with the edge of his fingernail—it was as easy as that. And the old man still had his back turned. He hadn't said a thing about relatives,

but then, he wouldn't have any—not if he was 300 years old. And 300 years was a long enough time for anybody. Henry picked up the the hammer from where he'd dropped it. It felt good and solid in his hand. He could see the old man falling, and then it would be finished, and Henry Pink would be the richest man in the world.

"Are you satisfied, Guatemotzin, my enemy?" said the old man, as if he were talking to himself. "It has been a long, weary time."

And then, with the sound of the voice, Henry knew he couldn't do it. He knew he couldn't do it at all. He felt the hammer fall out of his hand and heard it clatter on the rock.

"Say," he said, "if I could interest you in a first-rate, straight proposition. I don't mean to jump anybody's claim—I did that once, but that was because I didn't know. But this is the Laertes Mining and Development Company and I'm president and treasurer. I've got to keep 51 percent of the stock, you see, because of Hester. In spite of her writing poetry. But I guess we could come to an arrangement."

"You are young and strong," said the old man. "It would be so much easier for you to kill me."

"Oh, a whole lot easier, not to speak of more convenient," said Henry earnestly. "But, you see, I don't think Amy Frothingham would like it. She's a flirt and she's fickle, and I don't know why I'm thinking of her instead of Hester, but I figure she wouldn't like me to do a thing like that. And then there's my friend Reb Plummer, son of the town undertaker. Well, you might think an undertaker——But Reb's a sensitive fellow, and I don't think he would either. And I'd certainly hate to ruin Reb's opinion of me—he's one of the best-thought-of people in Laertes. And then there's Judge Hannafield—not that I care so much what the judge thinks, but still ——Oh, for God's sake!" he said. "Will you come out of this cave? It's rich as all get out, but I don't like one thing about it!"

The old man looked at him and smiled. Henry always said it was a wonderful thing, that smile.

"You may go, my son," said the old man. "For that was the second thing that was said to me. I was to live till I found a man who would take my burden of guilt, and with it the gold, or a boy who would refuse them both. I thought it would be the first way. But I was wrong. Oh, my California!" he said. "My fine, lazy, high-hearted land! They will dig in your entrails for the gold that ruins them, but I shall be at peace. Yes, my young friend, go!"

Even so, right until he'd got back to the campfire, Henry thought the old man was following him. But when he woke the next morning, there was only his own burro, cropping and the ashes of the fire.

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At least, that's the way he told it when he got back to Lone Tree. I hardly recognized him at first, to tell you the truth. He'd gone out a boy, but he'd come back a man. And he told his story like a man, in spite of the wildness.

"No, I wouldn't believe it myself," he said in the end. "But, you see, I've got evidence." And he fished out a leather bag.

"That's real color," I said, looking at the samples. "But I thought you said it was a quartz formation."

"That's right," he said, and then a curious expression came over his face. "But that isn't the bag," he said.

"It isn't the what?" said I.

"It isn't the right bag," he said. "The one I brought from the mountain was canvas. I ought to know. This here's just that worthless dirt I scrabbled up behind the cabin the first day you took me in. I can't tell you why I kept it—sort of souvenir, maybe."

"Worthless dirt!" said I. "Oh, for God's sake, where's my pan?" Well, it didn't take two minutes to show us what we had. And I hadn't even bothered to stake the place. But when I got through we were protected, even if I did have to warn Horse Mason off with a shotgun. We took $16,000 in dust right out of that back yard, and it nearly drove the old man crazy. Well, don't ask me what I did with mine. But a year or so later I paid my last $2 for a letter at the express office. And worth it, at that, because it said:

LAERTES, N.Y.
January 18th, 1852.

Dear Friend: I hope this finds you as it leaves me, in the best of health and spirits and also a married man. Not to Hester, however, my dear friend, though I know this will surprise. But on returning to Laertes, I found out that a sympathy had sprung up between Hester and my friend, Reb Plummer, due chiefly to a mutual interest in graves. In such circumstances there is nought for a man to do but bow his head to the inscrutable decrees of destiny, which is just as well. To tell you the truth, it was a misunderstanding with Amy Pink, nee Frothingham, that drove me to Hester in the first place. Amy sends her warmest regards to "my old friend and partner" and extends, as do I, the most cordial of invitations to visit us in our home when you come east. With which, wishing you every success and lots of "dust," I remain,

Your true friend,
HENRY PINK.

Ex-President, Laertes Mining and Developing Company, at present ed. and prop. of the *Laertes Item*, having bought out Hester's father.

P.S.: We intend to call our first offspring after my old partner.

Well, that's the story—and you can believe it or otherwise, but I've talked to men who've got lost in those ranges. They all say there's something queer about them, once you start going in and in. And there was a sheepherder once; he got lost and his sheep got lost, and finally he got to a place where everything was very still and quiet. Well, then, he got raving about how spirits came out of the mountain and warned him away. But he did bring something back with him. It was an old Sunday-school medal, all rusted and tarnished. But you could still make out some of the letters and they said "—OR G—OD —ONDUC—, H——RY —INK." When I asked him where he'd found it, he didn't make a word of sense.

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Chicago, Ill.—A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid of its kind will be given absolutely free to anyone who sends for this free model now.

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These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. All hearing problems are not alike and some cannot be helped by a hearing aid but many can. So, send for your free model now. Thousands have already been mailed, so be sure to write today to Department 4058, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 West Victoria Street, Chicago, Illinois 60646.

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MEDICAL FILE

concise up-to-date information on effective treatment of common medical problems

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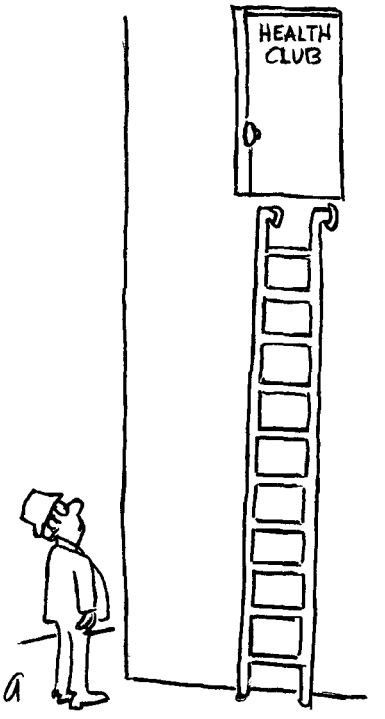
SIGNS OF THE TIMES

THIS IS NOT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL DEPICTED IN THE POPULAR TV SERIAL. HOWEVER, IN ORDER TO HEIGHTEN THE SENSE OF DRAMA, HOSPITAL PERSONNEL ARE STRIVING TO MAKE YOUR STAY HERE MORE GLAMOROUS AND ROMANTIC.

"Hey!...'Department' is supposed to go in between there!"



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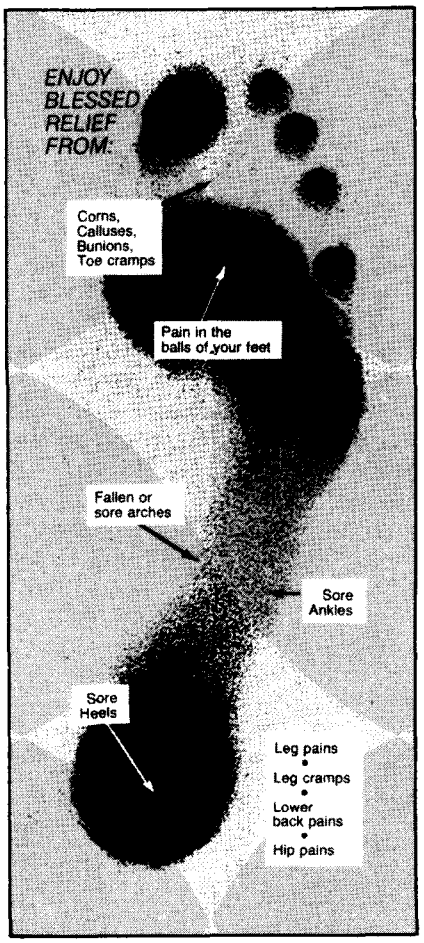
"Because of My Feet I Just Couldn't Go On!"

"Thanks to Featherssprings,® I can continue making my living playing golf..."

"My feet were so painful that I could barely walk 18 holes in any tournament. Then, I read about Featherssprings. Since I tried everything else, I thought I might as well give them a chance. Now that I wear Featherssprings, I'm back on the tour and my feet are absolutely pain-free! I'd recommend them to anybody." **Jon Ebert**
(Touring Golf Pro) Naples, Florida



73% of all Americans over 18 have foot problems.
Anybody can develop foot problems . . . no matter what your age or walk of life. A young person with foot pain shouldn't be surprised, because there are over 300 types of perplexing problems your feet can develop.

Natural support breaks down and problems begin.
Each of your feet is made up of 26 bones, 56 ligaments and 38 muscles, joined in such a way to provide springy foundation for the whole body. Foot problems begin and multiply as soon as something happens to destroy nature's built-in support mechanism.

Featherssprings replace nature's support system.
It's true! Featherssprings, which are made in West Germany, actually restore the balanced, elastic support nature intended your feet to have. That's why Featherssprings have already brought instant, lasting relief to over 3,000,000 people of all ages, with all types of painful foot problems.

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We're so certain Featherssprings Flexible Foot Supports will relieve your pain that if they don't, we'll refund your money in full with no questions asked.

Don't needlessly suffer pain and discomfort for another day. Although most people think that foot pain is normal, the fact is that it's not. And you don't have to live with it. Write for our FREE Fact Report. There's absolutely no obligation and no salesperson will call. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

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". . . I have thoroughly enjoyed the comfort Featherssprings have provided me. You would not believe the difference they have made my feet feel—before I had such pain when walking because I have severe callus' on both of my feet."
M.W.R./Richmond, VA *

"I am probably one of your worst customers as far as being difficult because of my various peculiarities, but I am more than pleased and for the first time in my life I feel like really walking. I am wearing my Featherssprings and they are everything you said they were!"
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"I want to thank you for refunding to me the full amount of what I ordered. I admire your company for this with no strings or red tape."
G.K.M./Warwick, R.I.

*Actual photos of customers who sent us these letters

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When in Seattle visit the Featherspring Foot Support Clinic.

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POST SCRIPTS

Going to Betty

"Betty," I told myself, "you've got to put a stop to all these interruptions."

It was another of those frustrating days that beleaguer every secretary. Deadlines, other employees and a ringing telephone simply melted time away. One more interloper and I would surely throttle him.

When I heard the door open once again, I kept my head down and gritted my teeth.

"Where's your boss?"

I ignored the intruder and hoped he'd take the hint. After several seconds the polished shoes at the edge of my desk had not moved, and I said flatly, "Gone to the john."

No movement before me, and I glared up—into the face of the company's president, first name John! A hot flush strangled my apology. Except for the twinkle in his eyes, his face did not change.

"I call it the betty, myself," he said as he turned toward the door.

—Betty C. Hatcher

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made
Das Blackenschmidt

Der spreadisch nutten tree beneath
Das loafen schmidt ben sitten,
Gnawen nailers mit der teeth
Und mit der fire unlitten.
Ist der brow ben steamisch hot
Und wet mit drippisch beaden?
Ist ein horse ben on der lot
Mit newisch shoes geneeden?
Nein! Der cars gezoomen fast
Ben passen mitout stoppen.
Ach, der horse ist aus-gepast
Und gone der clippencloppen!

—Dave Morrah

As Per Instructions

"Never state as fact anything you're unsure of," said the editor to the cub reporter. "Avoid having the newspaper retract stories by using the stand-bys 'rumored,' 'reputed,' 'claimed,' 'alleged' and the like, unless everything is true as stated."

Soon thereafter, the following paragraph by the cub reporter appeared in the society section by the cub reporter:

"It's rumored that a bridge party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Elma Jones, it is said, was hostess. The guests, it is alleged, with the exception of Sarah Green, who says that she comes from Boston, were all local people. Mrs. Jones claims to be the wife of Jake Jones, who is doing a thriving business in town, it is rumored."

—James Curnane

Fire Assurance

The patient awakened after the operation to find herself in a room with all the blinds closed.

"Why are the blinds drawn?" she asked her doctor.

"Well," the surgeon responded, "they're fighting a huge fire across the street, and we didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had failed."

—Lane Olinghouse

Biting Back

During an intense scene in a scary movie, the elderly lady was searching under the seat for something and disrupting the enjoyment of the man next to her. "What have you lost?" he asked in annoyance.

"A caramel."

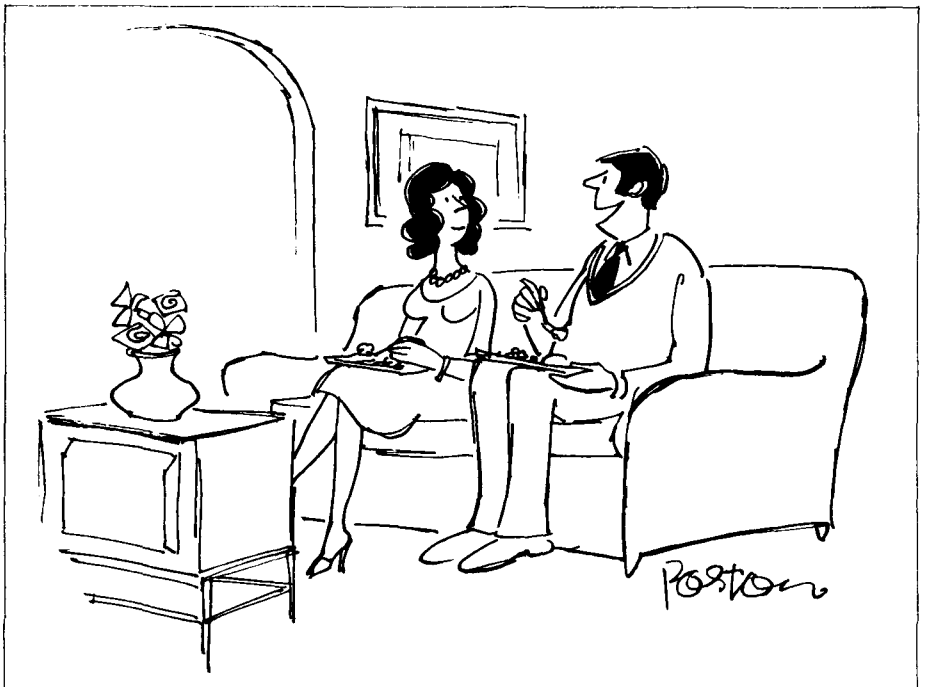
"You're going to all of this trouble for one lousy caramel?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she said. "My teeth are in it."

—William L. Kreifeldt

Starting Off with a Bang

Some brand-new members of a hunting club were coming in from their first day's hunting. Since all were unused to handling guns, the casualty list was extensive. One had his arm in a sling. One was hopping along on one foot. One looked liked the drummer boy in the Revolution-



"Where did you learn to thaw and heat like THIS?"

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ary War picture.

"Cheer up," an old member urged. "Judging by the bulge in that bag, you're not coming in completely empty-handed."

"That," said the bag carrier, "is our hunting dog."

—G.G. Crabtree

It Costs to Advertise

Two businessmen were comparing notes. Said the first man: "Is your advertising getting results?"

"It sure is!" groaned his companion. "Last week, we advertised for a night watchman—and the next night we got robbed!"

—Henry E. Leabo

No Overtime Here

The couple stood at the girl's doorway after their first date. After successfully resisting his affectionate advances, at last she relented and gave him a quick good-night kiss.

"That's your reward," she told him, "for being a gentleman."

"That's no reward," was his reply, "that's workman's compensation."

—Rose Sands

Rx: Indigestion

The clinic doctor gave the man who limped into the office a huge pill and then turned to another patient. The first man got a glass of water and swallowed the pill. "Now," the doctor said, turning back to him, "let's drop the pill in this bucket and soak that foot of yours."

—A.H. Berzen

One Size Fits Her

An office manager asked his employee why he was late for work again.

"It's not my fault," the man said. "It's that woman across the street. She's so particular that when she goes skiing she wears a complete ski outfit; when she goes jogging she wears jogging clothes; and when she leaves for work she wears a business suit."

"So what?" asked the office manager.

"Well, today was her birthday."

—Nora Leigh

Hindsight

Blue-jeans commercials show,
In ev'ry skin-tight pair,
Suggested ways to stow
A person's derrière.
The advertising trend
In merchandising jeans
Makes good use of the end
To justify the means!

—Bill Schaffstall

Get Lost!

Wouldn't this be a wonderful world if folks who lost their tempers never found them again?

—B. Bader

Traitor's Trouble

A condemned traitor was being led out to be shot. It was raining fiercely. On both sides was a line of soldiers, and the condemned traitor shouted bitterly, "What beasts you all are to march me out to be shot in a rain like this."

One soldier replied with equal bitterness, "What are you complaining about? We have to march back."

—J.L. Kuo

A Real Turn-Off

A man had been following a woman driver. At the intersection her left turn indicator came on, but she turned right.

Still following her at the next intersection, he saw her right turn signal start blinking; however, she turned left.

Finally, at the third intersection, he pulled alongside her as they stopped for the traffic light and hollered over: "A typical woman! Why don't you go in the same direction as your turn signals?"

She kept her cool and cheerfully smiled as she called back: "Wouldn't you know?...A typical man hooked them up backward at the factory."

—Lawrence E. Miller, Sr.

Divine Calling

The clergyman's telephone rang shrilly at 4 a.m. Sleepily, he made himself get out of a warm, comfortable bed to answer it.

"Is this Reverend Smith?" a woman's voice asked sharply. He confirmed that it was. "Well, this is your new neighbor, Mrs. Crabtree. Your dog has been barking for almost an hour and it's driving me out of my mind!"

The clergyman said he was sorry and that he hoped it wouldn't happen again. At 4 a.m. the next morning, Mrs. Crabtree's phone rang insistently.

"Hello!" she said grumpily. "Who the devil is this?"

"This is the Reverend Smith," she was informed. "And madam, I think this is a good time to tell you that I don't own a dog!"

—Kenneth E. Hall

Explosive

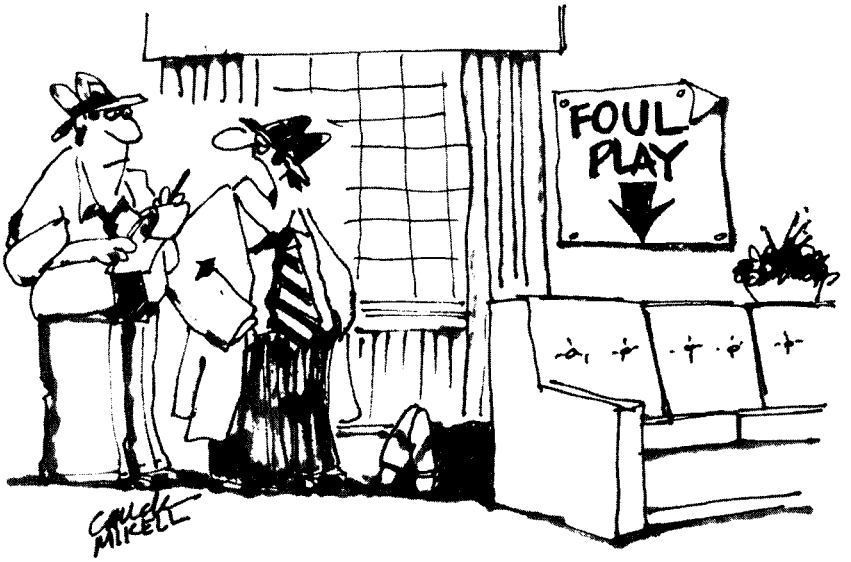
Husband: "Honey, if you had to choose, would you rather be in a collision or an explosion?"

Wife: "I think I'd rather be in a collision."

"Why do you say that?"

"In a collision—there you are. But in an explosion—where are you?"

—Kenneth E. Hall



"Looks like foul play...."

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CHARLTON HESTON: HE'D RATHER PRETEND THAN BE PRESIDENT

The shy boy who began a life of "make-believe" in Michigan's backwoods says, "I've already been President three times."

by Maynard Good Stoddard and Cory SerVaas, M.D.

In a presidential election year, a prominent actor is always fair game for this question:

Charlton Heston, if you were drafted to run for President, would you? From where we sit, you've already played all the most coveted roles to perfection. What's ahead?

Would you be President?

His answer is short, a quick "No."

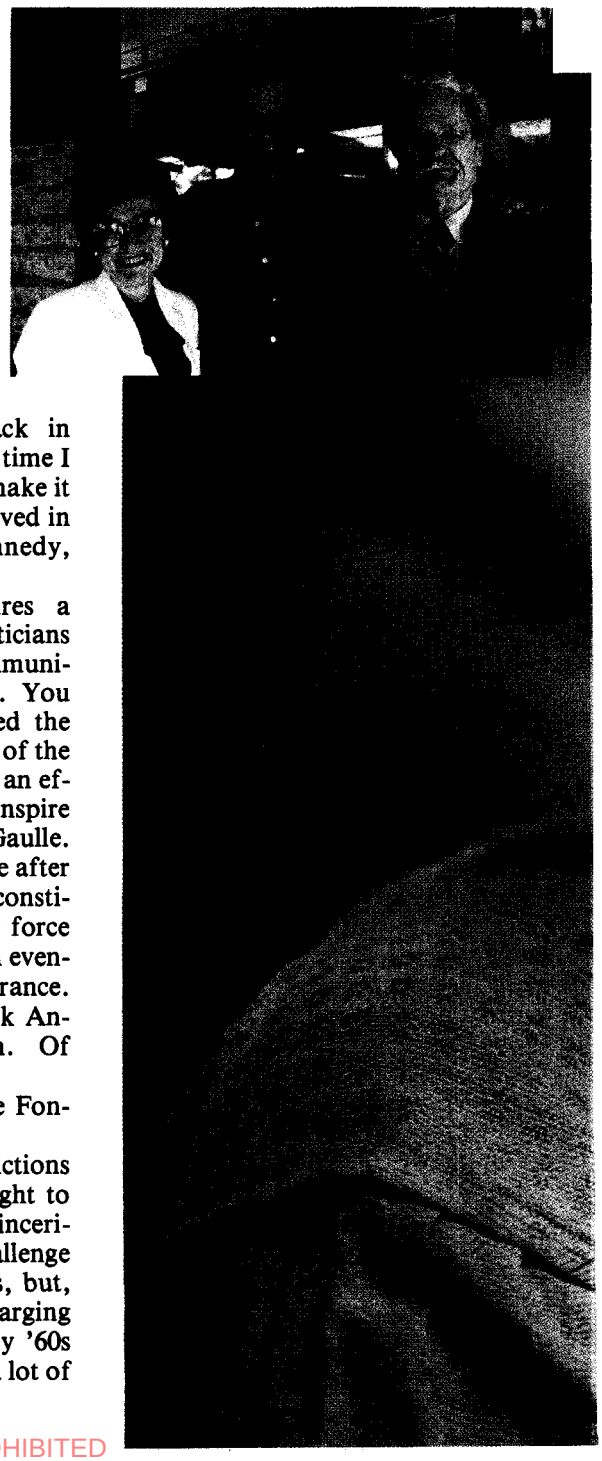
Would you ever be active in politics at all?

"I have been President of the United States three times!" he says with a laugh.

"I have been approached about running for the Senate, I believe, for both parties. I guess they call that the hat trick. The reason for that is that I have never been a member of either party. I have always been an independent. And so I can answer the question after consideration, because I went through this whole process some time ago. I don't have what politicians call the 'fire in the belly' about doing that kind of work. You have to have it to do that kind of work. I recognize the importance of the U.S. Senate, the vital role the men sitting in it play in our country's government. But I don't have that kind of commitment. I like pretending to be other people. I would rather play Andrew Jackson again or Thomas Jefferson than be President."

You don't think that you are concerned enough about the country to believe that your services could be crucial?

"Well, I think I play my part in the public process. Heaven knows, I shoot my mouth off all the time and have, as do all the performers and actors, an unusual, if you like unfair, access to the public forum. If I want to talk about some public issue I get to go on television. I have taken a very public part in the political process on behalf of candidates from both parties all the way back to Adlai Stevenson back in 1952, which was about the first time I had enough public identity to make it worth my while, and I have served in appointive offices for Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Reagan.



We stopped for a view of the tennis court around which the Hestons' masculine dwelling is built. The wall behind us is mostly hidden by tennis memorabilia—a playing schedule, trophies and photos of favorite people from tournaments past.

"Political leadership requires a performance," he says. "Politicians are comfortable calling it communication, but it is performance. You think Winston Churchill rallied the world in World War II because of the force of his ideas? No—he was an effective performer. He could inspire people. The same is true of de Gaulle. De Gaulle was a minority of one after the fall of France. He had no constituency whatever, but the sheer force of his personality propelled him eventually to the presidency of France. The same thing is true of Mark Antony, Caesar and Napoleon. Of course it is performance."

How do you feel about Jane Fonda's political activities?

"Well, she has political convictions which she as a citizen has a right to promote. I can't challenge the sincerity of her convictions. I can challenge the accuracy of her statements, but, you know, when I was charging around the country in the early '60s demonstrating for civil rights, a lot of

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people got sore about that, too—not so many, though. But you in this country have a right to do that. It is true that actors and athletes have an unfair shot at having their voices heard. And if you disagree with what they are saying, why not get sore at them? But that is the kind of country we have. And thank goodness for it! I disagree strongly with almost all the positions, but old Voltaire had it right, you know. You only get a chance."

What do you think of the prayer-in-school controversy? That's something we haven't heard you voice an opinion on.

"Well, I understand the theory behind the opposition," he says. "But at the same time the United States Senate opens each session with a prayer. The Pledge of Allegiance refers to a nation under God, and though our cultural and religious diversity has been expanded enormously in 200 years, we still were founded as a Christian country. I think some more effective compromise could be arrived at than the impasse that we seem to be dealing with now."

* * *

When we had arrived for our nine o'clock appointment, Charlton Heston had flung open the door and said, "Hello, I'm Chuck Heston." There was no mistaking this lithe, commanding figure in open-neck blue shirt and faded jeans, or the face that Heston himself has said "belongs to another century." The deep, resonant voice suits the figure well, although he told us that the voice was tired from having done a matinee and an evening performance of *Detective Story* (with Mariette Hartley) the night before.

The Heston's stone-and-glass house straddling a high ridge in Cold Water Canyon has been called foreboding. Heston describes it as "medieval modern" and refers to it as "the house that *Ben-Hur* built."

Perhaps the huge doors with knobs come from the sets of *Ben-Hur*, and the inside is all baronial wood, and

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the sword from *El Cid* hangs on a wall. We wouldn't know. Nor can we confirm that, for two years after the Hestons moved in, it was impossible to avoid the *Ben-Hur* sound track piped through ten miles of wiring to every point in the house and grounds, including the steam room.

One of Heston's friends, after looking down at Los Angeles from the Hestons' vantage point, is said to have observed, "It's a hell of a place to pour boiling oil on them from."

We got no farther than the wall of old prints and meticulous pen-and-ink sketches by our host than he ushered us down the hall, out the door, past a carport shielding two sports cars from the California sun and into an adjoining glass-front building facing the tennis court. Is it on the court that the actor maintains the trim figure that belies his 60 years?

"Well, my Scotch-Protestant background tells me that anything that is fun isn't good for you," he said with a laugh. "So I don't count tennis, although I do play a lot. How do I keep in shape? Endless work. And I work out every morning. I jogged for an hour before you got here."

Then we were out on a wind-swept boardwalk leading to still another structure. While Heston returned to the main house to find the right key, we looked out across the unpopulated valley. The Hestons need not be concerned that the neighborhood will go to pot. Their house *is* the neighborhood.

Heston maintains his 6′3″ frame at a trim 207 pounds by a morning workout, swimming and jogging at every chance—such as a break in filming.

"We are surrounded by 800 acres of water-development property," Heston said upon his return. He opened the door to a room whose ambience smacks of relaxation, hobby and stolen hours of togetherness.

Heston gestured toward the well-lighted lower level of the split-level structure: "That's my wife's studio down there." A glance around the more somber, somewhat cluttered upper section and he added, "We can talk down there."

Looking at Heston across the coffee table, we could easily identify the lean, 6′3″, 207-pound frame with the many movers and shakers of history he has brought to life upon the stage or screen. What challenges the imagination is that the man who to us is John the Baptist, Andrew Jackson, Ben-Hur, the Cid, Michelangelo, Thomas Jefferson and Moses actually grew up a shy little boy in the backwoods settlement of St. Helen, Michigan.

We said that we had fished Lake St. Helen many times.

"You have? For gosh sake! I haven't fished there in years. I own one of those lakes now. Russell Lake. It was one of the first things I bought with my movie money. But I don't get up there much.

"I lived there until I was ten. This was all a rustic community then. We didn't have a church. And our school was only one room," he said.

How many children?

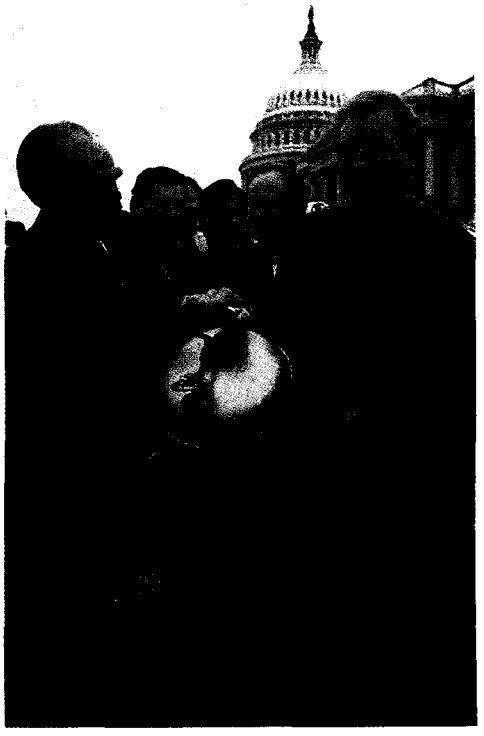
"Thirteen pupils in eight grades, three of whom were my cousins. I was the only child in my grade."

Was there running water?

"No indoor water. There was a pump in the front yard. I remember I had one of those folding aluminum cups, a telescopic cup. I'm not certain everybody did that, but I had one."

And did he skip some grades by being able to listen to the older kids?

"I didn't skip any grades," Heston said. "But in retrospect, I do think there were two things that were



Tenor Luciano Pavarotti and fellow actor Kirk Douglas (left) join Charlton Heston in one of his many nonacting activities, which include publicizing a motor fuel that will reduce air pollution (above).

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valuable about that experience. On the one hand you could say it was very depriving to be in such a primitive educational environment. On the other hand, there were no distractions. In my case, I had 1/13 of the teacher's time. There are few schools where you get that. The teacher, of course, was a man. He had to chop wood for the stove and carry out the ashes, and there was a lot of snow to be shoveled. I remember two different teachers in the time I was there, although nothing special about them.

"But another advantage of that school experience—the class seldom had more than two students, three at most. Say, sixth-grade geography would go sit on the bench in front. The whole building, you know, wasn't much bigger than this room. About this big, I guess. And the rest of us sat at our desks. So if I wasn't drawing cowboys in my geography book, I listened to what they were talking about. I guess some of it just rubbed off."

Did the drawing of cowboys mean that there were daydreams even then about a character outside the real-life role of the nine-year-old Charlton Heston?

"Well, I had almost no playmates," Heston said. "Of course, there was no television then. There were movies, but the nearest movie was 25 miles away. I remember going to it, but it was not something I did frequently. That was a very special experience. And there was certainly no theater. I remember going to the theater in Chicago, and sometimes when we would go down to visit my grandmother at Christmas, but that was *very* rare.

"There were books, hunting and fishing and pretend games. When you are nine years old and you are hunting rabbits and you are not seeing any rabbits, it really becomes more interesting to be hunting Blackfeet instead. And Davy Crockett is a more attractive personality than a little nine-year-old boy with his nose running. All kids play pretend games. Or they used to. I imagine they just sit and watch TV now. Children are instinctive actors. And because of the isolated nature of my boyhood, I went on doing it longer than most kids. Which, in a sense, was compounded when we moved to an affluent, very sophisticated city suburb like Winnetka [Illinois].

"I mean, it compounded my shyness. Because when I went to high school, I was certainly not equipped for it socially. Not even physically, especially in sports terms. I went out for football when I got big enough, but that wasn't until my junior year. I had no background for it and I wasn't particularly good at it. The rifle team I could make, because I knew about shooting. And the theater and the acting were there, where I could pretend to be other people; and I had a marvelous time."

So marvelous, in fact, that work in the community theater led to a scholarship to Northwestern University, which has one of the country's better acting schools, one that would have been well beyond the reach of one of its most illustrious alumni without financial help. Here, in a particularly fertile period for the school, he came under the tutelage of an outstanding acting teacher and found himself in the company of such promising talents as Patricia Neal and Tony Randall.

Those early years of isolation, are they all behind him now?

"You could say that they are one of the reasons why I play so many biographical parts and, in effect, character parts where I put on false noses and rubber wrinkles and wear wigs and stuff," he said.

Does he, then, hide behind his characters?

"That is not as uncommon as one might think," he said. "That is why a lot of actors act. At least that is why *I* act."

Before going on, Heston picked up the phone and asked for coffee. He told us he can't make plays or movies without it—it's the lifeblood of those undertakings. This observation led to the question of smoking. He doesn't smoke, yet he claims no virtue as a

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Heston's 1944 marriage to Lydia Clarke, a fellow drama student at Northwestern, was not the typical Hollywood variety. They are still married. Son Fraser is a screen writer and director, Holly Ann a student.

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THE ODD SOCKS CONTROVERSY

Scientists may unravel the mysteries of the Bermuda Triangle, but in the case of the missing socks, the facts just don't match up.

by D.W. Roberts

Illustrated by Phil Smith

Since the beginning of time (and maybe even before then) man (and to a lesser extent, woman) has begged, pleaded. . .*groveled*. . .for an answer to the most baffling question ever to face personkind:

"What the heck happened to the sock that's supposed to match the one I got on my foot, huh?"

The latest Harris-Douglas Poll confirms that every man in the United States has at least five mateless socks in his dresser. The national average is actually 9.3 unmatched socks per adult male!

Startling? Unbelievable? Depressing?——By 1990 (probably sometime in June) the average will climb to 15.6, unless something is done immediately to reverse the trend.

And more is at stake than simple tidiness. Scientists now believe that if the mystery of Odd Socks Syndrome (OSS) could somehow be solved, all the secrets of the universe would be unlocked within a matter of weeks—maybe hours.

"We'll be able to zip from planet to planet in seconds. . .understand why water pipes only break on weekends. . .discover Michael Jackson's other glove. The possibilities are limitless!" exults Dr. Paul Linus, a leading space scientist who acts as consultant to leading aerospace firms such as MacDouglas International. "The origin of man and his universe, and woman and her universe, too, is irrefutably linked to missing socks."

Where do unmatched socks come from? Where do they go? Who sent them? What do they want?

Dr. Linus and other scientists are devoting most of their spare time to answering these questions but are frustrated by having to spend their normal workdays on less important studies. "If we could just quit wasting time on the theory of relativity and stuff like that, we could unravel the OSS mystery in, oh, 35 years or so," the doctor laments. "As it is, it will take us at least 100 years, and by then it may be. . .*too late*."

What Dr. Linus and his colleagues have uncovered thus far is intriguing indeed. They have learned, for instance, that OSS is as old as the world itself. Even the most ancient literature contains references to it. One example is a recently discovered apocryphal account of Genesis, wherein odd socks are shown to be the source of the First Marital Disagreement.

Anthropologists, however, are more convinced than ever that socks were even somehow involved in the creation of the universe. One radical new theory says that life on earth began when a visitor from another planet accidentally dropped a sock on the earth's surface, probably while doing his laundry. This view is supported by ancient Mayan ruins, which look like stupidly built condominiums until they are seen from the air. The outlines of these communities look distinctly like socks with holes in them.

"This would explain the appearance of UFOs over clotheslines and dryers in recent years," says Dr. Noah Bedford, chief of research for the Institute of Unexplained Phenomena. "UFO sightings are particularly prevalent on Monday—America's traditional wash day. Anyone who has ever lost a sock can understand why that spaceman is so determined to find his. The fact is, every time he sees a human being, our extraterrestrial friend is, in effect, finding the sock he lost so many millions of years ago."

In more recent history, the great Odd Socks Dilemma (OSD) is the motivating force behind many of the great wonders of the world. For example:

—King Tut's tomb contained 1,111 gilded socks, most of them unmatched. (The 1,112th has never been located.)

—The Great Pyramid, according to hieroglyphics found at the structure's base, was built primarily to attract mystically disappearing socks so that they could be restored to their owners. (Modern proponents of pyramid power say the triangular design does indeed attract odd socks, but not their own. Thus they are stuck with not only their own unmatched socks, but someone else' as well, demonstrating the folly of dabbling in the occult.)

—The American Revolution began not with the Boston Tea Party (a legend fostered by the country's powerful tea interests) but with the New Jersey Socks Massacre, a murderous affair during which hundreds of American socks were seized and mutilated by drunken British soldiers. (For a detailed account, read Smithson Wagner's *Give Me My Socks Back or Give Me Death!*)

—General Lee finally surrendered to Grant not because the South was defeated but because the Confederate army ran totally out of matching socks, a condition "completely unacceptable for Southern gentlemen" (in General Lee's words).

Today, the tragedy of OSS has grown to such proportions that it dominates nearly every American home. The 1982 Lippencott Poll showed that "Worry Over Mismatched Socks" was the leading cause of anxiety among 87 percent of Americans; "Fear of Nuclear War" ran second (11 percent) and "Fear of Fear Itself" ran third (1.5 percent).

"No one knows where they go, or what they do when they get there," said a typically hysterical respondent in Lippencott's survey. "No one is safe from OSS. It isn't even hereditary or confined to perverse subcultures, such as the Democratic party. I wish it would go away. I wish *you* would go away."

Exactly how and when do socks disappear?

"We have pretty much established that socks disappear somewhere between the actual washing and the sorting processes," explains Dr.

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Linus. "During controlled experiments we have actually tied socks together from the time they come off the foot and go into the laundry basket until they go into the washer. Thus we know the socks do not escape at least until they reach the washer."

Researchers are still unable to determine, however, if the phenomenon occurs during washing, drying or transport from laundry room to bedroom. Dr. Margaret Masters believes it occurs during the second spin cycle on Permanent Press. "We hardly ever have sock disappearances when we wash on the 'Normal' setting, which has only one spin cycle," she explains. "It seems clear to me that some kind of metaphysical transference takes place only during the second spin cycle."

Many researchers, however, maintain that socks do not just disappear but are somehow transmigrated into another world.

Dr. Grant Mello, head of the socktheology department at Harvard University, believes that disappearing socks have gone to A Better Place.

"Do socks have souls?" he asks rhetorically. "Shoes have soles, so why not socks? Certainly, socks are capable of great holiness, particularly as they mature. Not to appear self-righteous, but I myself am wearing a pair of holy socks at this very moment."

While the world awaits a breakthrough on the mystery of OSS, practical steps can be taken to minimize the trauma caused by Odd Socks Syndrome.

1. *It's 10 p.m. Do you know where your socks are?* Sure, you *think* they're safe and secure in their little drawer. But when was the last time you checked on those blue argyles you hardly ever wear? Are you *sure* your six pairs of black stretch socks are correctly matched? Do you honestly believe your wife's story that she doesn't know where that size-12 sock came from?

2. *Start an OSS network.* Heartbroken neighbors have drawers filled with unmated socks. Invite them over, throw your socks in a pile and see how many you can match up. About 10 percent of all lost socks are reunited in this way. And, you will find out who owns that size-12 sock.

3. *Don't be afraid to report missing socks to the police.* Many police departments now have a special Odd Socks Division. Remember, police are people too, and they

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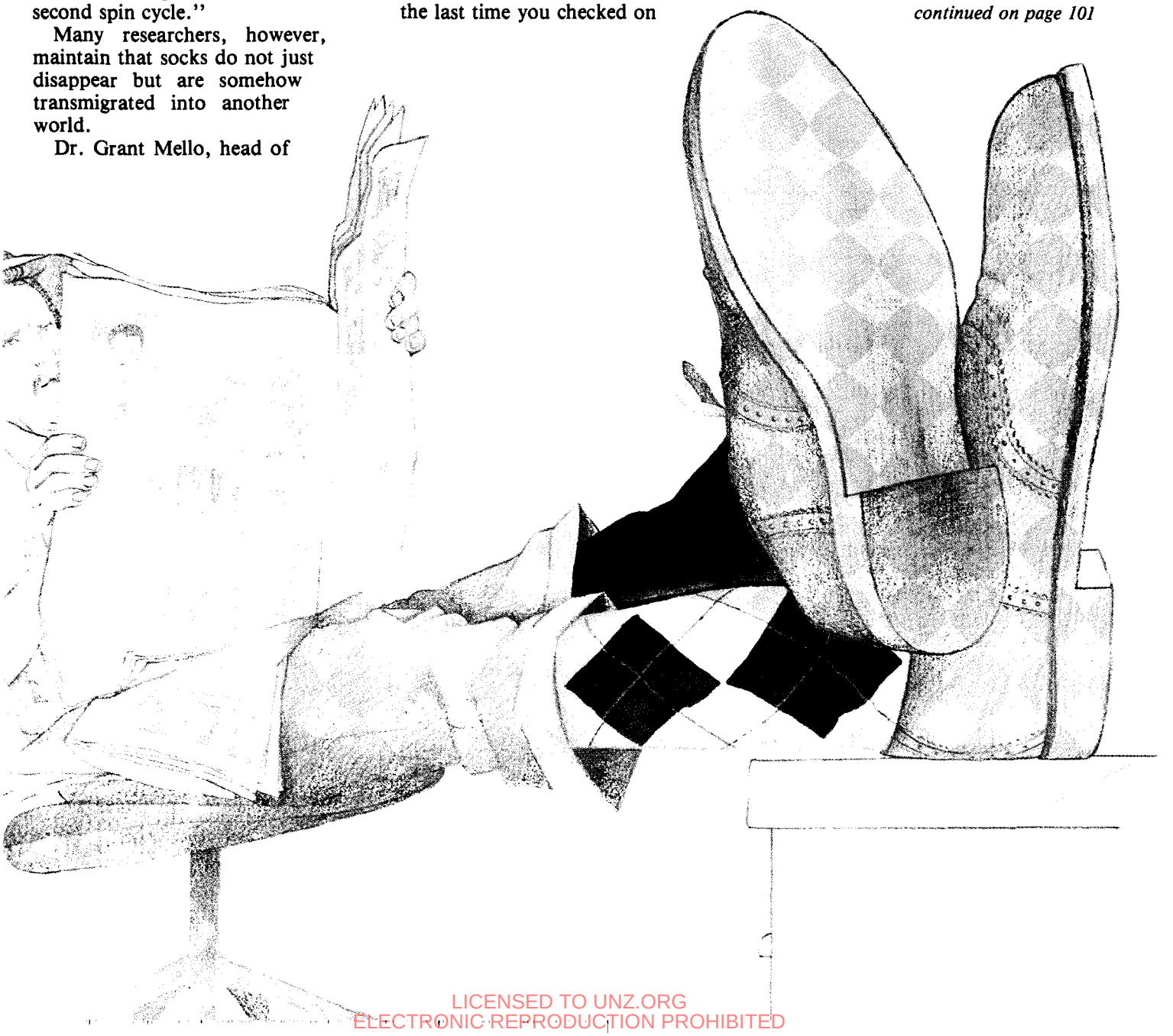

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THE BAT THAT MADE A HIT

The homemade "wagon tongues" used by baseball's early sluggers eventually fouled out to a bat from the shop of John Hillerich, a Louisville wood turner.

by Joe Curreri

In 1839, Abner Graves watched his Cooperstown friend and schoolmate, Abner Doubleday, use a stick to mark out a diamond-shaped field in the dirt. Doubleday explained the rules of a new game he had invented and named "baseball."

History recognizes Abner Doubleday as the father of baseball and Abner Graves as creator of the first stitched-cover baseball. This historic horsehide, an undersized, cloth-stuffed, misshapen and homemade baseball, was discovered in the trunk of a farmer's attic in 1935. The farmer's ancestor was Abner Graves. Today, this first baseball sits in a glass case at the Baseball Hall of Fame.

But who made the first baseball bat? Who first used his imagination and saw greater power inherent in a round piece of timber than in a cricket bat or the flat paddle players of Town Ball and One Old Cat, predecessors of modern baseball?

History does not record any one person as inventor of the bat. Undoubtedly, the first players made their own bats and fashioned them according to their individual desires. Even in later years, when the growth of the game resulted in bat-making becoming a profitable part of the wood-turning business, so careful were some of the old-time sluggers about their war clubs that they personally selected and seasoned the timber from which their bats were fashioned. Modern industry's organization, specialization and efficiency are now doing that for the players.

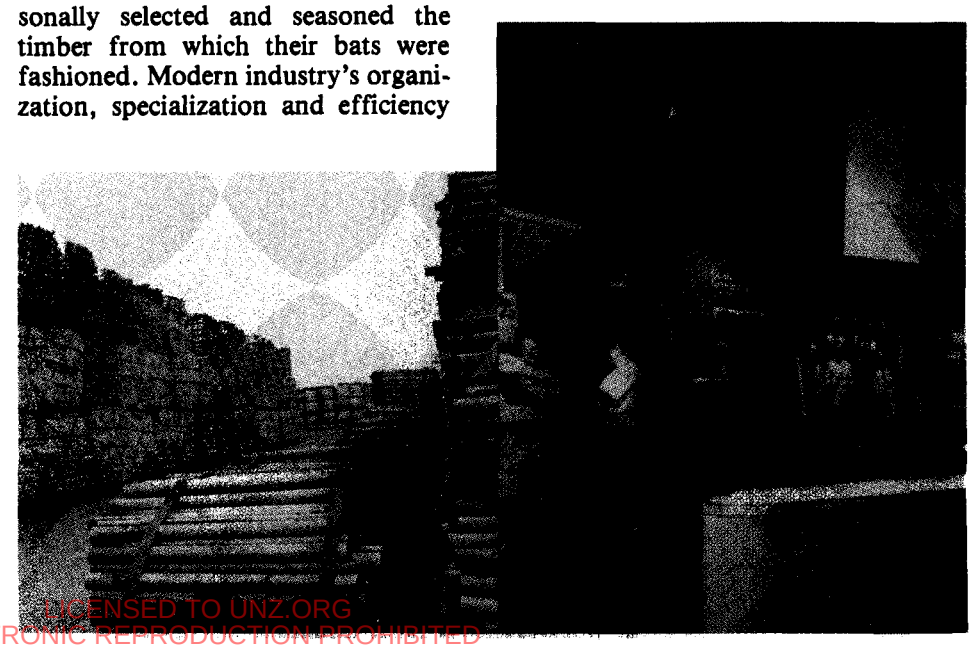
Even a rookie wouldn't be caught without his very own bat—especially not in the Red Sox dugout, as pictured by the great *Post* cover artist Norman Rockwell in 1957.

The indispensable weapon for the past 100 years has been the "Louisville Slugger" bat—the standard wherever baseball is played. Babe Ruth rose to glory on the power of the "Slugger." So did Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx and the other great hitters past and present.

The Slugger's origin goes back to an "errant" young wood turner, John "Bud" Hillerich, who worked in his dad's shop in Louisville. One summer day in 1884, Bud prolonged his lunch hour to watch his favorite team, the Eclipses. Pete "Old Gladiator" Browning, the slugger of the Eclipses, happened to break his favorite bat that day. Bud promptly invited Browning to his father's shop and promised to make a new bat.

Bud selected a sturdy ash timber, put it on a lathe and shaped it into a bat. He let Pete take a few test swings and was advised to take "a mite off here and a mite off there." The next day, Browning went up to the plate with history's first custom-made bat. He pounded "three for three." Bud Hillerich was in the "bat business"!

But the elder Hillerich, who had no time for baseball, could not be convinced. "I won't allow some whim to get the best of my business judgment," he roared. "There's no future in supply-



These 40-inch logs of seasoned ash are ready to be shaped into the tough, lightweight bats that have no equal when it comes to belting a baseball out of the park.

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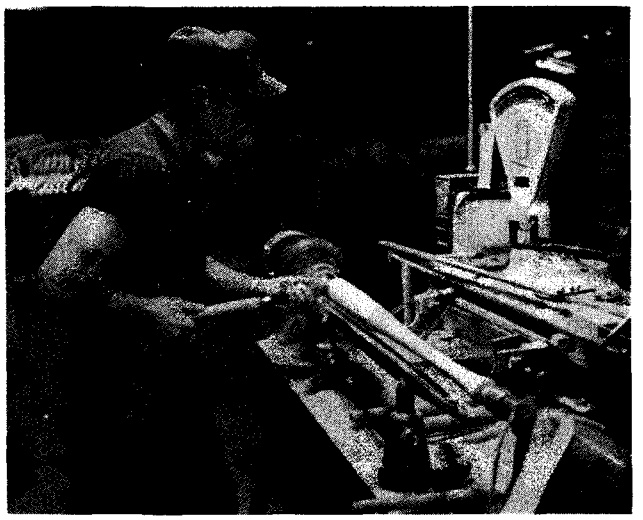
ing an article for a mere game."

In spite of the grumblings of the "old man," Bud stuck with it, turning out bats after hours. Gradually more and more players beat a path to the door of the man who built a better bat.

Hillerich Sr. finally conceded. He agreed to open a shop entirely devoted to bat-making and registered the name "Louisville Slugger." The trademark as well as the names of players using the bats was branded on each one.



The first hand-turned bat is credited to a 15-year-old fan whose family, in the woodworking business, produced butter churns and duck pins.

In 1905, Honus Wagner signed a contract to have his autograph used on Louisville Slugger bats sold to the public. And "endorsement advertising" was born.

In 1910, the sporting-goods tycoon Frank Bradsby joined the firm. Hillerich and Bradsby continued growing to its present output of 5 million bats a year.

Early-day baseball bats were veritable wagon tongues. There were no restrictions on size or weight. Pete Browning's bat weighed 48 ounces. Babe Ruth also swung a club of 48 ounces but moved down to 40-ounces later in his career. Today's bats are much lighter and average 32 to 34 ounces. Modern players prefer the lighter models because of the longer seasons and day-and-night schedules.

Ash is the ideal timber for the modern bat. It is tough and light and will drive the ball. The highest grade of ash comes from trees in Pennsylvania, New York and other Northeastern states. Each tree yields approximately 60 finished bats. After the trunks are cut into 40-inch logs and seasoned, specialized craftsmen turn them by hand. The entire bat-making process is open to the public at the Hillerich and Bradsby bat museum.

An inspection of the famous Sluggers shows the individual whims of each player. "The Ted Williams model has narrow grain, while Al Simmons' bat has wide grain," explained Rex Bradley, vice president of Professional/Amateur Services. "Babe Ruth liked his bats with pin knots. Willie Keeler used the smallest bat of all time—30 inches long. The longest bat today would be the one we make for Dave Parker—36½ inches long."

Idiosyncrasies abound, it seems, among players looking for "hot" bats. Some oil their bats, tar them, rub them and even heat them. Frank Frisch would hang his Sluggers in a barn during the winter to cure them as one would a sausage. Pete Rose wanted to use a rose-colored bat, but his idea was disallowed by the umpires.

Hillerich and Bradsby started its own aluminum line several years ago. The major leagues firmly rejected the idea of switching to aluminum bats. Such a change would have been tantamount to redesigning Old Glory. Wood and bat have been synonymous since 1839. Who would dare change that distinctive, clear, crack of bat meeting ball?

Boston Red Sox slugger Ted Williams bids a fond farewell to a favorite bat that is now enshrined for all time in baseball's Hall of Fame (left).

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A LOVE STORY

The roadhouse woman saved his life. What did she want in return?

by William E. Barrett

Jerry Lawlor sat on the right side of the truck cabin and watched the long road that lay like a dropped rope across the mountains. The driver of the truck, who had picked him up on the highway, was not talkative, but when they crept slowly up a steep grade east of the pass, Jerry shifted his guitar case on the seat beside him and the man glanced at him.

"You one of them cowboy singers?" he said.

"Some of the time."

The driver considered that. "Seems like you're headed the wrong way," he said slowly. "Seems like Denver would be better. They got a lot of night clubs up there and a lot of radio."

Jerry shrugged. "There's nothing in any city that I want."

"There's nothin' where I'm goin' neither."

"There'll be something."

They left it at that. Jerry Lawlor was 19 and there wasn't anything that he felt like talking about to anyone. He had been young and strong and he had known glory. He had ridden the rodeo circuits from Houston and San Antone to Cheyenne and Pendleton, and he had won his share of prizes. In Madison Square Garden, New York, he reached the end of the glory road with a horse on top of him. When he got out of the hospital he came West again to report to his draft board, overdue and underweight. They hadn't been interested in him. After that, he bought the guitar.

The truck picked up speed beyond the pass, rolling down into the golden glory of the aspens, finding the straight road of the valley where chili peppers hung in scarlet strings on small houses and huts. There was a smudge of smoke in the sky; then a couple of shabby filling stations and a sign proclaiming the existence of a town and giving it a name. It was PATATA.

"Reckon this is your town," the truck driver said. "I'm hauling to a wildcat up beyond. Ain't nothin' between here and there."

"Good enough. Thanks."

Jerry swung down from the truck onto the main drag. It was about three blocks long, with a motley collection of stores, bars and eating places. All the buildings were old, weather-beaten; mostly frame. There was a church steeple off the drag to the right, with the foothills crowding close behind it, shelves of rock angling upward with the hint of space behind them. There was no motion-picture theater and there were no TV aerials in sight. Jerry approved of that. There had to be entertainment of some kind, probably his brand. At the edge of town he found what he was seeking.

There was a low, rectangular building with a sign that identified it as GARCIA'S PLACE and proclaimed in Spanish that it was a place of refreshment and of entertainment, with music, dancing and three kinds of beer. Jerry Lawlor read and spoke Spanish, after a fashion, as he played the guitar. He had learned from men who, like himself, followed the rodeo trail. There was much time in which to learn skills, and few skills to learn along that route. A man concentrated on the few that he had a chance to learn, and if he was interested, he became pretty good.

The light was dim in Garcia's. A big, barnlike room extended back from the bar. In the afternoon it was merely a resting place for shadows; at night it would be a dance hall. There were tables ringing the open space, and an upright piano on a raised platform midway between the bar and the rear wall. Jerry photographed it all in a glance and then faced the only two people in the place—a slender, dark-haired girl behind the bar and a big man who sat on a bar stool with one elbow resting on the bar. They were looking at him, silent, curious. Jerry was not interested in girls at the moment. He addressed himself to the man.

"You the boss?" he said.

The girl's scornful laugh cut across the inquiry. "He is not the boss," she said. "He is the lazy man who drinks when other men work." Her eyes rested on the guitar case, then lifted to Jerry's face. "You are the musician? You want a job?"

"You guessed it, sister."

The man laughed, and there was scorn in his laughter for an Anglo who sought a job in a place that was Spanish. The girl glanced at him and her chin lifted.

"This is not the place for the man with many dollars in his head," she said. "It is the place for poor men with money in their pockets, poor men who earn the money by digging the potatoes and baling the alfalfa and doing the things that a man must do."

She spoke to Jerry, but he knew that the words were intended for the man at the bar. Jerry waited. The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"To play music is to work too," she said. "We need the musician. The boss plays the guitar, but he is too busy to do it. You will show me what you do."

She moved lazily out from behind the bar and strolled toward the piano platform. She was small and she moved with arrogant grace. Her blouse was red and she wore a wide-swinging skirt of green and yellow. Her black hair was straight, uncurled. She jumped lightly to the platform and seated herself on the stool. There were two chairs, and she waved Jerry to one of them. The piano was incredibly scarred and scuffed, but her fingers called square-dance music out of it. Jerry drew the guitar from its case. He tuned it, watching her; when she nodded to him, he came in. He could play square-dance music in his sleep. She let him carry it, abandoning the piano to dance around the platform. She snapped her fingers.

"*Bueno.* Now you play Spanish, yes."

"*Si.*"

He smiled at her. For no particular reason he was beginning to like her. He warmed up on *Carmen* music, a little "La Paloma," some Cuban rumba; not caring much what he played, so long as it had a Spanish beat. The girl undulated her body, scarcely moving her feet. Her dark eyes glowed and there was a dazzling

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She raised her face to him. Her eyes were wet. "It was very sweet," she said.

whiteness in her smile. She went through a pantomime of snapping her fingers for a while without snapping them; then she snapped them once.

"I think yes," she said. "You sing?"

"Some."

He trailed his fingers over the strings, reaching for something. She leaned toward him. "Spanish," she said.

He gave her "Adios, Mariquita Linda." It was something he had learned from experts, from homesick vaqueros who put heartbreak into it. He did not think of it as a love song until the girl went back to the piano. She leaned toward him, commanding his song for herself, playing her own accompaniment to a soft, velvet-smooth voice. It was easy to sing with her, and to her.

He had forgotten the man at the bar. He was aware of him suddenly, with no time to prepare for him. The girl's fingers crashed the keys and her singing broke on a frightened cry of "Pedro!" The big man vaulted to the platform and there was blind, blazing anger in his broad face. Jerry pushed his chair back, but he had no chance of gaining his feet. The man wrenched the guitar from his hands and the heavy arms swung it like a club.

Jerry went down under it with the dark depths opening before him, bright lights swinging high. The girl's voice was a sound in Spanish, indistinct and far away, a thin sound on the edge of silence.

There was daylight gleaming behind a cracked and dirty shade when Jerry awakened the first time. The light hurt his eyes and he closed them again. The next time he opened them, the girl was in the room. He stared at her for several moments before she was aware of his regard. She looked startled then, her eyes widening.

"Ah, you have decide to live. I was thinking maybe you are a corpse that breathes." She crossed the room swiftly. "What can I do for you?"

He blinked, struggling with a confused memory. He had vague pictures in his mind of the girl bending over him, doing things for him; many pictures, all of them blurred.

"How long have I been here?" he said.

"Days. You are very sick. You have the doctor one time."

He struggled to sit up, but the effort was too much. In that brief struggle, however, he had a view of the room—a narrow room with one window. It was night and there was a small lamp lighted on a dresser. There was an iron bed and a chair and the cot on which he lay. He was suddenly embarrassed, as only a youth of 19 who lived in a man's world could be embarrassed.

"You——you took care of me," he said.

"But of course. Certainly! There was no one else. It was my fault that you are hurt."

He had to close his eyes again. "How?"

"I was very stupid. The big buffalo was angry with me, so he beat you. It's the way of a man, and I should know it."

He did not want to talk about "the big buffalo." He did not want to talk at all. The girl understood. "I have the kitchen," she said. "I will get the soup for you. It is good to have when you are sick."

He was not certain that soup, or anything else, was good to have. He had disordered memories of nausea and vomiting and racking pain. He was embarrassed again. He tried to find a sequence of events in his memory, but there was nothing but the one vivid picture of a big, snarling man and a lot of scattered dream, or nightmare, sequences. His fists clenched, but it was an effort to clench them. He could not have killed a fly with them.

The girl came back with the soup, and he could see her clearly now. She was prettier than he remembered; round-faced, with large, dark eyes and full, beautifully shaped lips. Her skin was dark ivory with rose tints in it.

"How did I get here?" he said.

"The man who brings the beer came. He is big, strong. He carry you to my place. It is not far."

Jerry wondered, as he ate the soup, what would have happened to him if the girl had not taken him in. As far as this town was concerned, he was just a tramp without money. Disaster had fallen on him before he got a job. The girl sat on the chair, her hands clasped around one knee. She seemed delighted that he was able to eat.

"I have prayed for you," she said simply, "and now I know you will be all right."

She took the soup bowl away and

continued on page 87

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DID THE IRISH DISCOVER AMERICA?

Ancient rock carvings found in West Virginia indicate that Irish Christian missionaries may have visited America long before Columbus or Leif Eriksson.

by David Sisson

The argument has gone on for years: Did Christopher Columbus discover America in 1492, or was it Leif Eriksson some 400 years earlier? The translation of petroglyphs (carvings or line-drawings on a rock) found in West Virginia indicates that Columbus and Eriksson may have both been Johnny-come-latelies. According to these astounding revelations, the first Europeans to visit America came from Ireland. And they landed on our pristine shores 500 years before Eriksson and his Norsemen first set foot on Vinland in the year 1000.

Some of the people living in Wyoming County, where three of the petroglyphs were found, had known about them for years. But the carvings were assumed to be the "hens' tracks" made by American Indians. When archaeologist Robert Pyle was shown them by a friend a few years ago, Pyle, thinking the inscriptions might be runes—a kind of writing used by Norsemen—immediately became interested. Making careful impressions of the carvings, he sent them off for deciphering to Dr. Barry Fell, professor emeritus at Harvard University. In addition to being a world-recognized authority on marine biology and president of the Epigraphic Society, Dr. Fell is editor and co-author of eight volumes of decipherments of ancient inscriptions.

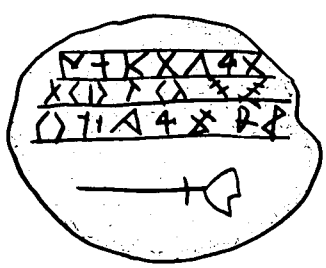
Dr. Fell's findings became a series of surprises.

First, the carvings were not runic, but ogham, an Old Irish alphabet used from about the fifth to the tenth centuries A.D. Moreover, translations of the three stones proved to be Christian. And the astonishing inscriptions were translated:

"At the time of sunrise a ray grazes the notch on the left side on Christmas Day. A Feast-day of the Church, the first season of the [Christian] year. The season of the Blessed Advent of the Savior, Lord Christ [Saluatoris Domini Christi]. Behold, he is born of Mary, a woman."

The question arises, of course:

Stone tablets from Adena and Hopewell Indian mounds give evidence of early transatlantic visits to America. The seven-inch-long black limestone Decalogue Tablet, discovered in a sandstone box near Newark, Ohio, in 1860, bears a shortened Hebrew inscription of the Ten Commandments.



Experts have identified the script on the Grave Creek Tablet from West Virginia's Moundsville Mound as (Semitic) South Iberian.

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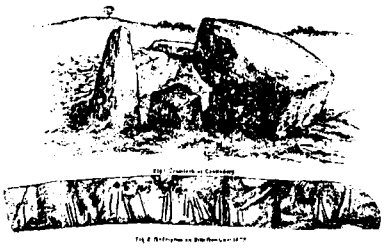
Could these carvings be a hoax? Although possible, it seems unlikely. The prankster would not only have had to possess a knowledge of ogham, but who would have undertaken the extremely difficult task of carving the stones just for a joke?

If the carvings are not a hoax, we are left to speculate about who made the markings—and why. An extensive knowledge of the legends of pre-Columbian discoveries of America is not needed to come up with some plausible answers—beginning with the narrative of an Irish abbot named St. Brendan.

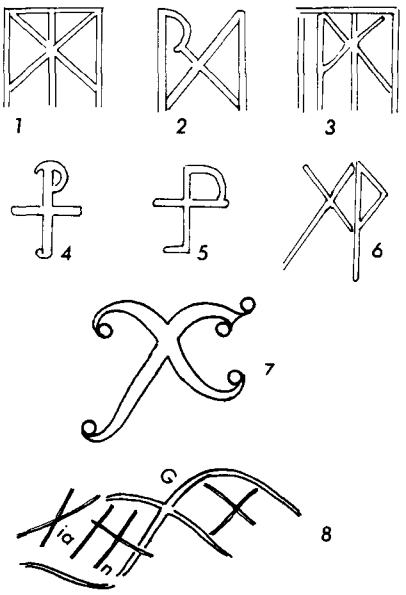
Late in the sixth century A.D., Irish monks having trouble finding the isolation required for their lifestyles began looking for places to live where the flesh would escape temptation. One of the men reputed to have traveled the Atlantic looking for such a protective spot was St. Brendan. The story of his exploits has no doubt been enhanced over the years. Still, it's a story grounded in fact. St. Brendan *was not* a fictitious character, he *was* an abbot and he did go on sailing expeditions. It is also quite possible he journeyed as far from Ireland as the coast of North America.

In any case, other monks, following his lead, sailed to the Faeroe and Shetland islands and on to Iceland. Then, in A.D. 870, the Norsemen who landed in Iceland brought with them—*women*! Too much temptation—the weaker-willed monks moved on. But where?

Some may have gone back to Ireland or the other islands. Others may have headed west, as did St. Brendan, in search of the Promised Land of the saints. (Norse sagas tell of Icelanders exploring the East Coast of North America and encountering people who spoke Irish.) From the East Coast they may well have followed rivers or existing Indian trails on their

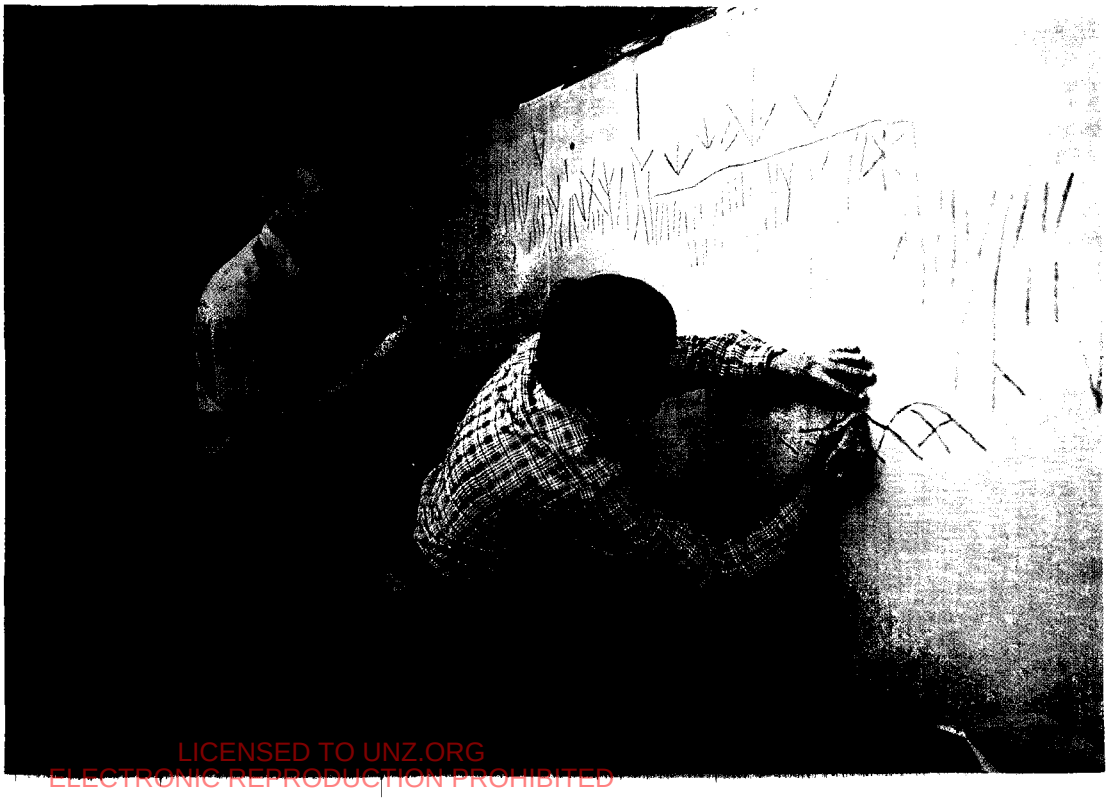


Similar ancient ogham consaine inscriptions have been found in Northern Ireland and Scotland. The above came from a tomb at Castlederg, Ireland.



No. 8 is the ogham for the Greek "chi," meaning "incarnation."

A picture message or "rebus" on the Horse Creek Petroglyph has been translated as, "The right hand of God is a shield. A prayer." Directly below it is a Libyan inscription of the same meaning.



An investigating team chalks the Wyoming County Petroglyph for easier reading. (Right) Archaeologist Robert L. Pyle and writer-historian Ida Jane Gallagher record the markings on cloth for further study.

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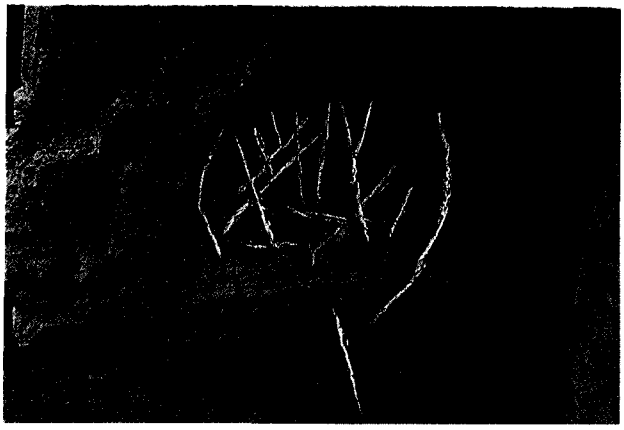


Another rebus found at the Horse Creek site shows ogham strokes enclosed within a circle, or "hand," which symbolizes the Unified Trinity.

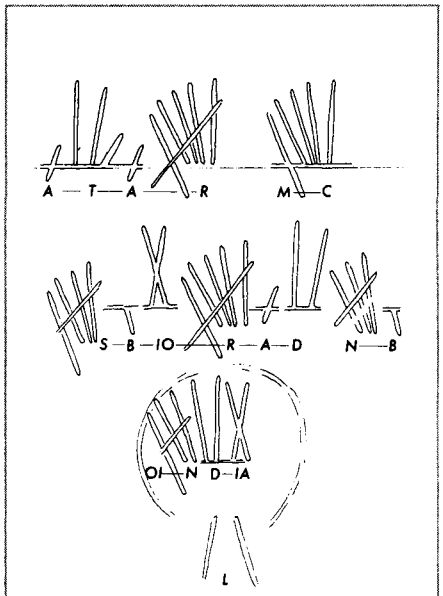
way to West Virginia—and along the route made their rock carvings. Unfortunately, many of those carvings may have fallen victim to excavations for skyscrapers, housing developments and shopping malls. But thanks to the unspoiled nature of much of West Virginia's countryside, these important inscriptions by early American inhabitants have survived.

Some have said it is racist to assume that the rock carvings were not made by the Indians. True, the Indians *could* have left these marks. Indians *did* leave behind many rock carvings and other artifacts, but it seems extremely unlikely that American Indians circa A.D. 600 to 800 would be leaving Christian messages in Irish ogham.

Dr. Fell's translation leaves no doubt that the carver of the inscriptions was a Christian. Even a novice can recognize one piece of evidence, the Chi-Rho—written "XP"—an ancient symbol of Christian piety. The writer may have been a traveling missionary spreading the Gospel to the Indians. His missionary work would not preclude the possibility that he also was a trader and an explorer. Thus he and his people would not stay in one place very long, a scenario that answers why no other artifacts have been found. The missionary group would have met with an Indian tribe, traded, shared their religion and then moved on to the next tribe.

But why did our Irish missionary carve his message in stone, and why in this particular spot in Wyoming County? The first line of the translation provides the clue: "At the time of sunrise a ray grazes the notch on the left side on Christmas Day." The petroglyph is meant to serve as a calendar.

An expedition to the site on the winter solstice, organized by *Wonderful West Virginia* magazine, confirmed the fact. Journalist and history buff Ida Jane Gallagher described the occasion as the sun broke over the mountain ridge at 9:05. "A glimmer of pale sunlight struck the sun symbol on the left side of the petroglyph, and the rising sun soon bathed the entire panel in warm sunlight . . . the sunlight was funneling through a three-sided notch formed by the rock overhang . . . a shadow cast by the left wall of the shelter fell to the left of the sun symbol and its adjacent markings. As the group watched, the shadow inched from left to right."



The strokes in the symbolic hand translate into Old Irish as, "Father, Son, Holy Spirit, One God."

On the Julian calendar, used in the days when the inscription was presumably carved, the winter solstice and Christmas fell on the same day. So, our Irish missionary created an observatory that could be used to adjust the calendar; while he was at it, he sent along an enduring Christmas message.

Two other petroglyphs have also been investigated by Robert Pyle and translated by Dr. Fell. One, in Boone County, West Virginia, is known as the Horse Creek Petroglyph. Dr. Fell has translated it:

"A happy season is Christmas, a time of joy and good will to all people.

A virgin was with child; God ordained her to con-

The full text of inscriptions at the Wyoming County site includes a message about the birth of Christ in ogham plus a "turkey track" insertion at the top right in Algonquian that translates, "Glad Tidings."

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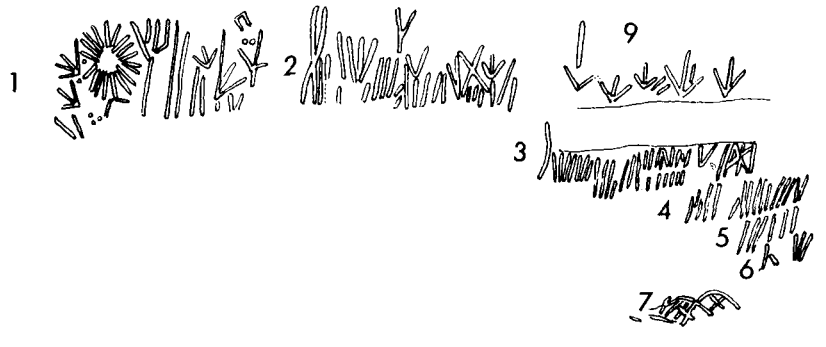
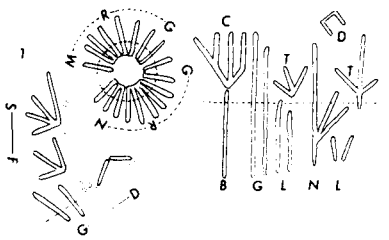
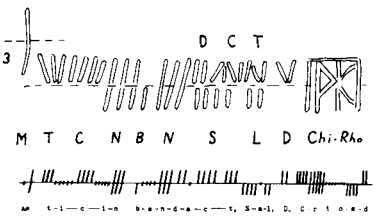


Diagram of Wyoming County Petroglyph.



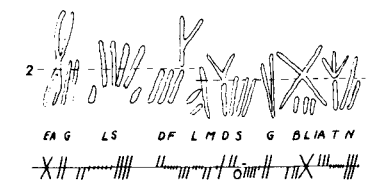
Inscription in rebus form. Converting to a uniform stem line, and supplying vowel points, the inscription reads: S-i-f g-a-d a-m e-r—i-g g-r-e-n cab gl-e-t D. Natal. "At the time of sunrise a ray grazes the notch on the left side on Christmas Day"

Close-up of line 1



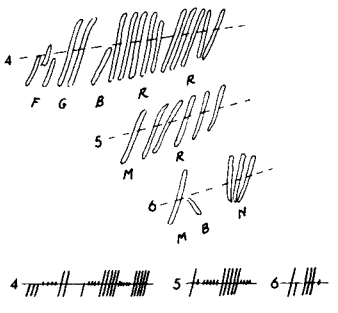
Am t-i—c—i-n b-e-n-d-a-c—t, S-a-l. D. C-r-i-o-s-d
The season of the Blessed Advent of the Savior, Lord Christ (Salvatoris Domini Christi)

Close-up of line 3



Ea-g—l-a—i—s D-i F-e-l am Doi-s-a g b-l—ia-t-a-i—n
A Feast-day of the Church, the first season of the (Christian) year

Close-up of line 2



Feg berir Maire mb na
Behold, he is born of Mary, a woman

Close-up of lines, 4, 5 and 6

The archaeologists' chalked grid pattern aids deciphering. (Left) The complicated petroglyphs are shown in translation.

ceive and be fruitful. Ah, behold, a miracle!

She gave birth to a son in a cave. The name of the cave was the Cave of Bethlehem. His foster-father gave him the name Jesus, the Christ, Alpha and Omega. Festive season of Prayer."

While making this translation, Dr. Fell became interested in the use of the word "cave." He had been taught that Jesus was born in a stable. Fell traced the word to the Vulgate (Latin) version of the Bible, completed in the fourth century, and discovered that the word used in the Vulgate could be translated either way. So, Fell concludes, the Christian who made the marks in Wyoming County, West Virginia, was using the Latin rather than the Greek rite.

A third petroglyph, discovered in Fayette County, West Virginia, also carries a religious message. To date, Dr. Fell has deciphered only one line:

"This is a Holy Place on a Day of Worship."

Why the area was a holy place awaits Dr. Fell's complete translation of the inscription. But it, like the other petroglyphs, constitutes a new concept of West Virginia's ancient history and together the inscriptions furnish convincing evidence that Columbus and Leif Eriksson were latecomers.

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DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK

The good old reliable waltz may not compare with that disco stuff for working up a sweat, but it sure beats two weeks with your arm in a cast.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Dancing, as far as I am concerned, has come full cycle. I mean, the terpsichorean convulsions now known as "break dancing" are anything but new. (I refer to those spasms in which the afflicted suddenly drops to the floor and begins spinning around on various parts of his anatomy.) I can't really say how long it's been since I suffered the misfortune of launching break dancing. My wife knows. She was the one crazy enough to sign us up for the dance-craze lessons in the first place.

I'm strictly an ah-one and ah-two man myself. What's-her-name, on the other hand, views the waltz as a sign of early senility. Thus this woman I married stopped talking one night long enough to say, "I don't care what you think about modern dancing—it's good exercise and people of our vintage should get with it." As a result, I was "out of it" altogether for the next two weeks.

Even in my most resilient days my wildest maneuver was the dip. But I quit even that. Not that I couldn't still dip. It was dipping back up that became a bother. The last time I tried it, my wife had to recruit a delegation to assist me to the sidelines.

Now here was this woman beating on my eardrums with the insane proposal that we sign up for a course of six lessons in modern dancing.

In my closing argument, I refreshed her memory about the occasion the music had suddenly switched tempo from three-quarter time to about 30 miles an hour and we had been caught out on the floor. In an attempt to keep up with the whirling dervishes, I took complete leave of my senses and tried to execute a simple twirl, wherein the woman ducks gracefully under the man's arm, skirts swirling coquettishly to the knee, and he suavely turns to retrieve her after the pass. I never did learn if etiquette called for me to announce my intentions ahead of time. But by catching my dear wife off guard, I not only succeeded in throwing her into a most unladylike squat and ripping her skirt to the waist, but more important, I also dislocated my right shoulder. So my argument was: While the good old reliable waltz may not compare with that disco stuff for working up a sweat, it sure beats having your arm in a cast for two weeks. I rested my case.

When my wife gets an idea in her head, however, it might as well be set in concrete. That is why I still am unable to get my socks on without using the fireplace tongs. And why I'll probably walk funny for the rest of my life.

The six lessons we signed up for were to cover (note the future—or apprehensive—tense) the Jitterbug, Samba, Twist, Hustle, Rumba and Bump. Contributing to my own personal tense, upon being led into the arena that first night, was the army of volunteer instructors. This bunch, if I was any judge of woman flesh, consisted of two high-school cheerleaders, two gymnasts, a judo expert and two double-jointed acrobats, all under the direction of a sadist in black tights who would turn out to be a high hurdler from our 1980 woman's Olympic team.

To make this No. 1 lesson do double duty, it was to serve as the main entertainment at the club's Saturday-night dinner dance. Normally, it would be a juggler, a clown, a comedian or a team of wrestlers from Butler University. But the clever entertainment committee had seen this first dance lesson as a way of getting them all on the floor at one time.

With an uncanny knack for singling out the man most desirous of being home watching Monday Night Football on the tube (I *know* it was Saturday night, but I could have waited), the instructor paired me up with this sweet little judo expert as the main attraction. My wife cut me off at the pass to the men's room and escorted me back to the floor.

Before we go any further, I feel I should level with you. I've tried to make out that I'm a complete stranger to these demonic styles of dancing. But actually, I had had a brief encounter with one of the more savage numbers while on a cruise ship in the Caribbean. The ship was plying the Bermuda Triangle at the time and I figured what the heck. The ship may disappear anyway, and even if it doesn't, the way it's pitching and rolling, who's going to notice a little faux pas or two. Right?

Wrong. In the final throes of the Lindy Hop, I had hopped backward off the stage, hopped into the stereo supplying the music, got my foot caught in the cord, pulled the plug and blown a fuse. While the maintenance man was trying to locate the proper fuse box, we played Bingo. I didn't win at that, either.

Now here I was, faced off with another short-skirted, black-belt partner, the instructor all set to begin chanting the death knell. She had already polled our little group of stumblebums to see which of the six dances we'd prefer for openers, the vote going 19 for the Bump, one for the Waltz. I had even supported my choice with a short discourse on the merits of the waltz for exercise and the building of the leg muscles as opposed to running the risk of a pulled hamstring. Thus, for popularity, I might better have been in Mexico trying to sell Ex-Lax to a bunch of American tourists.

"Okay, here we go," chanted the instructor, turning up the music. "Now, the whole idea of this dance is to bump against your partner. Then swing away from him, or her, on the downbeat." (Perhaps not knowing a downbeat from a pizzicato, whatever *that* is, accounted for some of what happened. At least I'll give my opponent the benefit of the doubt.) "There are no steps, per se. So, have your feet separated and keep them fairly stationary, except when you need to move them to turn or keep

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your balance. Audrey, will you please demonstrate?"

Unbeknownst to me, Audrey was my partner. What my defense would have been had I knownst, I'm not sure. As it was, I was still engaged in getting my feet "comfortably separated" when she suddenly threw her rear end out of joint and sent me plunging across the floor. Had it not been for the dessert section at the end of the buffet table, no telling where I'd have ended up. As it was, my dinner jacket now being 20 percent wool, 10 percent polyester and 70 percent lemon meringue, at least I would be permitted, if not invited, to retire for the evening.

No way. Nailed just short of the sanctuary of the men's room, my wife and my partner, amid much uncalled-for jocularity, proceeded to clean me up and, between them, muscle me back to my station.

"Are we all ready now?" queried the high hurdler, restarting the music. "Knees should be bent. Let's see you bend those knees. Audrey, would you help your partner to bend just his knees?" I was afraid it might be my old back condition flaring up. But after Audrey had rammed her knee into my sacroiliac and pulled back on my shoulders, we discovered that getting me reassembled from the dessert table, I had got the large end of my tie stuffed under my belt.

Audrey waited while I cautiously pulled it out, then signaled the chief. "O.K," she said. "Now, when you bump, the parts of your body not touching should swing in the opposite direction from the part that is bumping. In hip bumping, where we'll begin, with your knees bent slightly, bump hips, swinging your arms and torso away from your partner. And here we go. . . ."

My partner having already demonstrated the dexterity of her hips, I was prepared. As a result, we came together with a force that would have cracked hickory nuts. I was sure I would never walk again, to say nothing of "swinging my torso." It was my dear wife who spared me the embarrassment of fainting by handing me a drink, then giving me a pat of encouragement on my shattered hip that nearly caused me to faint.

"Are these your car keys?" she asked gaily, picking them up off the floor. Another woman brought me some loose change that had rolled under her table. Audrey handed me my tie clip, which had landed in her hair, and then, playfully pawing the floor with her foot, came charging at me for another bump.

In spite of the pain, I managed to sidestep just in time. And while she was ricocheting off another couple, I headed for the door. Trying to move so as to keep the shards of my shattered hip bone from wearing a hole in my shorts, however, made it pretty slow going.

Audrey retrieved me just as the head sadist called out: "Another variation is back-to-back." Audrey spun me around. I grabbed for the nearest table and was lucky enough to catch hold of a drink and hang on. "Stick your derrière out toward your partner and throw your arms out in front of you. If you don't feel foolish you aren't doing it right," she barked. (I was doing it right.) "Now bump your shoulders, elbows and knees."

A sixth sense —the other five by now being pretty well out of it —told me that Audrey would go for shoulders. I braced for the onslaught. Instead she chose elbows and caught me flush in the kidneys.

"Spin completely around on the offbeat and bump whatever is handy," I heard the executioner call. "Surprise your partner. . . ."

At least I finally got something right. Not only did I surprise my partner by being gone when she spun completely around, I surprised myself by making it all the way out to the car unassisted. And on the way I bumped whatever was handy. This included a table that had just been served a fresh round of drinks, two women who were climbing the stairs, a lamppost in front of the club and my head while I got into the car.

I also surprised my dear wife by giving her my blessing if she wanted to finish the dance lessons without me. I said I would rather try out for the city's soccer team, and if the team became good enough we might challenge her dance group to a game of terpsichorean hysteria. Basically our soccer team would try to score a certain number of goals before her bunch disabled our entire squad. Or perhaps the game would be decided on goals for our side versus broken hips by her bunch; hospital costs to be split down the middle.

If it comes off, I hope the surgeon general can make it to the game. It's a cinch he'll declare dancing, except for the good old reliable waltz, dangerous to the health. He can even O.K. the dip. What the heck, you only go around once.

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PRESIDENTIAL FITNESS: HOW HALE THE CHIEF?

What was the lifestyle of six Presidents that allowed them to live into their 80s and 90s after an exhausting tour of duty at the White House?

by Maury Reishtein

The Presidency of the United States may be the most prestigious job in the land, but most consider it far from the healthiest. Considering the pressures, the hectic schedules, the rich foods served up at state dinners, one might not find it surprising that only a handful of Presidents survived to the advanced old age of 80 or beyond. There were six: John Adams, who lived to be nearly 91, Herbert Hoover (90), Harry Truman (88), James Madison (85), Thomas Jefferson (83) and John Quincy Adams (80).

Ronald Reagan may be the next President to make the list. Now 73, he was already at 70 the oldest President to serve in office. If he is re-elected, he will be almost 78 by the end of his second term. What are the odds that he will make it through in reasonably good health? Although much about the duration of life is wrapped in mystery, doctors are convinced that if a person lives right, he will likely live longer. So how does Reagan's health profile measure up to those of his long-lived predecessors? First, let's look at exercise.

Exercise

For most of his life, John Adams, our second President (1797-1801), awakened at 5:00 a.m. daily to walk three miles. Even at 85, he frequently walked as many as five miles a day up and down the rocky hills around Quincy, Massachusetts, the Adams family's ancestral home. He was an avid horseman, too, and continued to take long rides when in his late 70s.

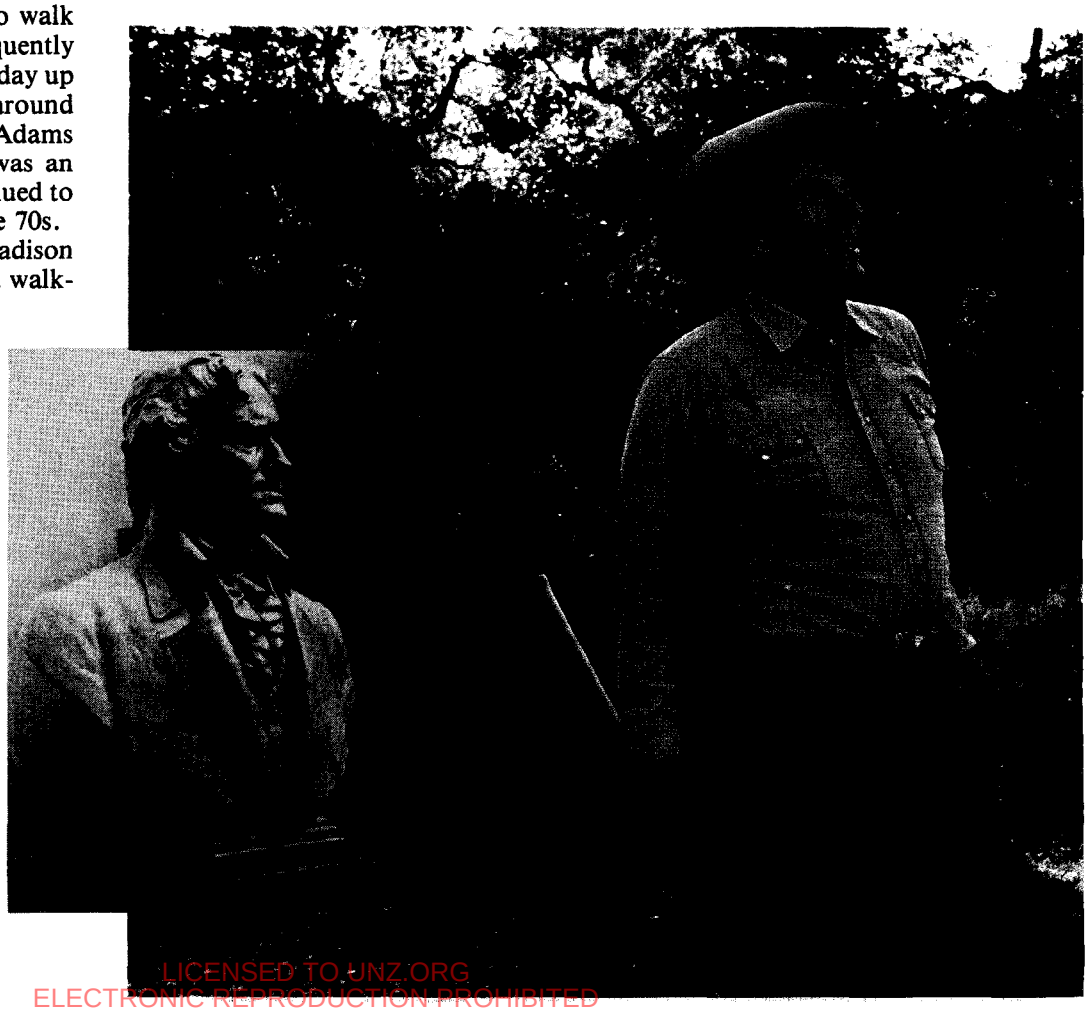
Jefferson (1801-1809) and Madison (1809-1817) were also incessant walkers and horseback riders. Madison, on doctor's orders, walked every day and, while he walked, took the opportunity to bird-watch. Jefferson, for his 1801 inauguration ceremony, walked or rode horseback to the Capitol and back to the White House and thus demonstrated his devotion to democracy as well as to fitness.

John Quincy Adams (1825-1829) took two hours of grueling exercise daily as a lifetime practice: First a lively walk of several miles, then a horseback ride at fast pace and finally a vigorous skinny-dip in the Potomac. One day someone stole his pants, and not losing his composure, he patiently swam some more until Mrs. Adams, at the White House, sent him some clothes.

Herbert Hoover (1929-1933) arose at daybreak every day while President to throw a medicine ball back and forth with members of his cabinet. Hoover also walked for exercise.

But the most famous Presidential walker of all time was Harry Truman (1945-1953), who daily propelled himself at an accelerated pace. He took VIP visitors for walks on Washington streets and often held press conferences en route that left reporters exhausted.

These six Presidents all walked for exercise. They were probably on the right path. Doctors say that walking briskly may be just as healthful as



Thomas Jefferson and Ronald Reagan, two of our hardiest Presidents, share similar fitness profiles. Both are known for their adeptness at chopping wood, working their own land and for riding tall in the saddle, the former to his inaugural and the latter (more than once) into the sunset.

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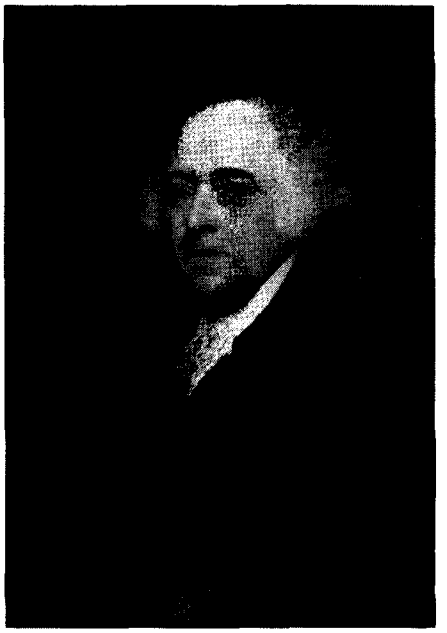
jogging, especially for older people, and it poses less danger of injury. But let's not run down jogging. Jimmy Carter, our premier Presidential jogger, is reported to be exceptionally fit in retirement. On a recent trip to China, he amazed his hosts with his stamina as he clambered up and down the Great Wall.

Of all the Presidents, Teddy Roosevelt (1901-1909) took exercise the most seriously. He boxed, lifted weights, fenced, wrestled, performed jujitsu, rode horseback, hunted and played tennis. Nevertheless, he died at 60. One of the least athletic of the Presidents, Calvin Coolidge (1923-1929), also died at 60.

President Reagan played football at Eureka College and still looks as if he were getting ready for the second half. Although he never acted in a critically acclaimed Western, he is to horseback riding what Harry Truman was to walking. At his California ranch and at Camp David, he does all the chores, including chopping wood and clearing brush. Some time ago, he acquired a Universal weight-lifting machine. Now he throws his weight around in the White House almost every day and, naturally, Nancy joins him.

Weight

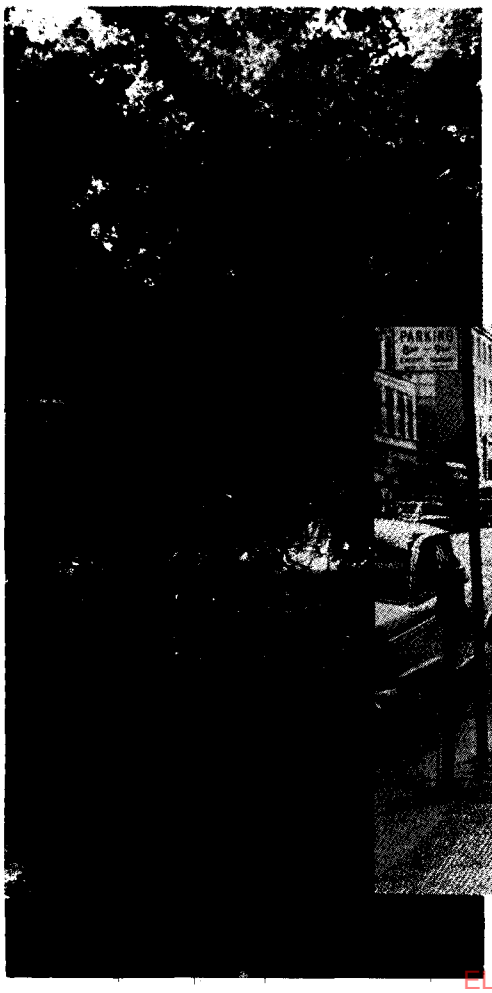
John Adams was painfully corpulent. His son, John Quincy, was also on the chubby side. Jefferson, on the other hand, had a splendid physique—tall, slim, sinewy and straight as a ship's mast. Madison weighed only 100 pounds, the lightest but not the lightweight of all Presidents. He was as tall as Napoleon but didn't have the Napoleonic paunch. Hoover



John Adams was short and on the pudgy side, but one must admit he had a marvelous constitution. He took Franklin's advice about rising early and lived longer than any other U.S. President.

was overweight, but Truman weighed just what the doctors ordered. John Adams was not the heaviest President; that dubious accolade goes to William Howard Taft (1909-1913), who weighed in at 330 pounds. He became stuck in the White House bathtub numerous times. Grover Cleveland (1885-1889 and 1893-1897) was runner-up at 260 pounds. Cleveland tried walking but said it only increased his appetite. Taft died at 72 and Cleveland at 71.

President Reagan enjoys a build more like Jefferson's. His midriff is flat and hard, and at 185 pounds he now weighs about five pounds more than when he played football.



An avid swimmer, John Quincy Adams took to exercise like a duck to water, with a two-hour daily workout by the Potomac River. The "man from Missouri" (below) liked to perambulate. When he got tired of the press hanging around, he'd invite them to take a walk.

Diet

Our earlier Presidents knew less about nutrition than we know today. Often their diets lacked fruit, green and yellow vegetables and vitamins and minerals, and the chief executives ate too much fat, sugar and salt.

The hefty Adamses could have learned something about nutrition from Jefferson, who preached a

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THE WOMAN WHO HATED CHILDREN

All she wanted was to be left alone with her memories—apart from the world she had grown to hate, the world of children.

by James Ronald

He came home early because he was worried about his wife, but, on reaching the house, found himself reluctant to go in. All that awaited him was a dispirited greeting, an apathetic glance. He decided to work in the yard until supper. Ethel would see him from the window. If she wanted him she could call. But he knew she would not call. She would not want him. All she wanted was to be left alone.

When he climbed out of the car, a cocker spaniel started to whine and strain at its leash. He stroked the silky ears and the young dog wriggled with ecstasy from nose to tail. Rags had spent a miserable day, tethered to his kennel by two yards of rope, with no human voice to comfort him, no human touch to gladden him; but in an instant his woes were forgotten in the joy of his master's homecoming.

"Poor little chap," said John Morgan. "Not much of a life, is it?"

He unsnapped the catch that fastened the squirming spaniel, and Rags loped wildly round and round, giving tongue to his delight at being free.

Morgan glanced about the yard and hoped some task would suggest itself. But he had pruned each shrub and bush within an inch of its life and raked and swept the lawn, borders and path until he could not pretend there was any more to be done. The garage? No, he had spent several afternoons putting it in order. Well, there was always the car. He had washed it earlier in the week, but a rainfall next day had left streaks. If he went over them with a dry rag he ought to be able to spin the job out for a couple of hours.

Hanging coat and vest on a hook in the garage, he took down his overalls. As he slipped into them, his eyes fell on a bicycle standing close to a wall and he felt a dull ache within him. It was the right size for a well-grown boy of eight, but no boy had ever swung a carefree leg across it. Not a scratch on the gleaming chromium and bright red paint. The tires had the unworn factory tread. It stood there as shiny and new as when he first saw it in a shop.

He came out of the garage with an armful of soft, dry cloths, and the spaniel ran to him, wagging his tail, wagging his whole young body, casting hopeful glances at the street and whining an appeal.

"Not now," said John Morgan. "Later." The spaniel's eloquent stare said he failed to see why this was not the best possible time for a good, long walk.

The man cast a glance almost of trepidation at the house, comely, well-kept, inviting; designed for easeful living. He and his wife had put more than money and time into it—they had put something of themselves. Nothing forbidding about the fieldstone and clapboards, but he could not help feeling uneasy until he turned his eyes away.

He began to rub the hood of the car, his breath hissing through his teeth as he warmed to the work. In his 50th year, he had a well-muscled body and an air of self-reliance. Until lately, most people had warmed to him quickly because of his frank, good-natured expression. During the past months he had begun to wear a harassed frown, and his shoulders were often slumped with discouragement.

District manager of a large industrial concern, he enjoyed his work and was good at it. When the time came to retire, he expected to enjoy his leisure. No financial cares. A lot of fishing, hunting and loafing to catch up on. Lately, his plans for the future had dwindled to nothingness. It was all he could do to get through each day without thinking of the next.

The spaniel scampered down the drive to look wistfully at the tree-lined street. He stood stock-still and watched a boy kicking a can along the sidewalk, a grubby little fellow in a ragged sweater and torn blue jeans. When he looked up, the dog wagged his stumpy tail ingratiatingly. The boy went down on his knees, held out

Ted took one look at Ethel's furious, contorted face, then turned and ran shakily down the drive without looking back.

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grimy hands and made encouraging sounds with his tongue and his teeth.

"Hey," he protested happily, as Rags romped over him and licked his nose and chin and ears. "Hey! Whatcha think ya doin', huh?"

In a tangle, they rolled across the gravel. The spaniel tore loose, raced up the drive and yelped an invitation to follow. The boy pursued warily and kept a watchful eye on the man bent over the car. Each step he took was tentative, his toes ready to turn the other way if need should arise. The spaniel raced to and fro between car and boy, with ears flopping, his whole being proclaiming that this encounter was a piece of wonderful luck and they must make the most of it.

Morgan looked up to find the child staring at him. A tow-headed urchin, skinnier than any boy should be. Sharp-eyed as a sparrow, and poised for flight. All one had to say was "Get!" and he'd be gone.

After one look, which the boy's eyes met guardedly, Morgan grunted and returned his attention to the car.

He could hear the boy murmuring to the dog and talking to him without words in broken sounds which Rags found entirely comprehensible. The boy was on his knees again and Rags was all over him. They sprawled in front of the car, alongside the car, behind it. They rolled over and over in the garage doorway.

"Holy gee," said the boy, and Morgan raised his head.

The youngster was gaping at the bicycle, his puny frame tense with awe. He put out a trembling hand and almost, but not quite, touched the gleaming handlebars.

"Golly!" he stammered. "Some . . .bike!"

The man did not answer. The boy backed away a piece.

"I won't touch it, mister. Honest."

Beyond a tightening of the mouth, the man gave no sign that he had heard. The boy licked his lips. "Swell pooch you've got, mister. What's his name?"

"Rags," said Morgan. His tone was harsh, but he atoned for it by adding, "What's yours?"

"Ted, but the kids call me Runty. I'm going on ten, but I guess I'm pretty small."

"It isn't size that counts, it's what you're made of. Touch the bike if you like. I won't mind."

The boy drew a deep breath. His hands fondled the bright red frame as tenderly as if it were infinitely precious and fragile. The wonder of it brought him close to tears.

"Not a mark," he said huskily. "I—I guess your kid takes awful good care of it."

Morgan's lips contracted again. "Rags seems to have taken a shine to you. What about taking him for a walk?"

"Gee, could I?"

"You'd be doing me a favor."

"Maybe he won't come."

"He'll go if I tell him it's all right." Morgan stopped and patted Rags. "Go with Ted, old boy. Atta-boy, good, boy; go with Ted."

"Here, boy," said Ted, snapping his fingers. "Come on, boy. Let's go for a walk."

"Walk" was the spaniel's favorite word, dearer even than "dinner." He trotted after his new friend, then turned to look back inquiringly. Morgan waved him on, and, his doubts resolved, Rags sprinted out to the street with a jubilant bark. Watching them go, Morgan thought that nothing in the world made better sense than a boy and a dog.

While they were gone, he put his back into his work. The monotony of it offered a sort of mental ease. When he straightened up and glanced at his watch, more than an hour had passed since he had driven home from the office.

The boy and the dog returned in gleeful spirits while he was washing his hands under the garage faucet. Ted told him an involved yarn about a squirrel that had been only a split second too quick, and Rags sat back with his tongue hanging out. He blinked fondly from one male to the other. Drying his hands, Morgan dug into his pocket for a quarter. Ted looked at the coin, but made no move to take it.

"It's yours. You've earned it."

"It was fun taking Rags out. I don't want to be paid."

"Take it. You did me a good turn."

The boy's eyes shifted to the bicycle. "I don't want your money, mister . . . but I sure would like a ride on that bike." Aware of the cloud that had come over the man's face, he went on quickly, earnestly, humbly, "I wouldn't go far. Only round the block. I'd take care, honest I would. Your kid won't mind."

About to refuse, Morgan realized the depth of yearning behind the appeal. And a bicycle is made to be ridden, not to stand in a sacrosanct place, a monument to frustration. It was not possible to deny the plea. It was too small a thing, and too big.

"Only round the block?"

"Cross my heart."

"All right. Go ahead."

"Gee, thanks."

The boy almost choked with happiness. He wheeled out the bicycle and handled it with care. He swung a leg over the saddle and shot a radiant glance over his shoulder.

When he reached the house, the side door opened and Ethel appeared in frantic haste. Her mouth was open as if to scream, but no sound came out. She grasped the handlebars and shook them, throwing the boy off. He lay in a heap on the ground and stared up in consternation at her pale, contorted face. Stumbling to his feet, he ran shakily down the drive without looking back.

After a moment of shock, Morgan went forward limply and grasped the bicycle. At first it seemed his wife would not let it go. Her grip was so tight that her knuckles shone through the skin. He tried to speak to her but was physically incapable of uttering a word.

"How could you?" she cried. "Oh, how could you? Timothy's bi-

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cycle! My Timothy's bicycle! How could you let another child touch it?"

Wheeling it back to its place, he sat on a packing case with his head on his hands. He sat motionless in the gathering dusk, and the spaniel shivered and whined at his feet. At last he led the little dog to his kennel and refastened the long leash. A reproachful whimpering followed him up the path to the house.

In the deserted kitchen, saucepans simmered on the stove. He paused for a drink of water before going through the dining room to the hall. The table was set for supper, but Ethel was not there. He knew where to find her. In the gaily papered room at the head of the stairs; that was where she would be. The room papered with sailboats and soaring gulls, with bright chintz at the windows and a gay spread on the half-size bed.

Climbing the stairs heavily, he stopped at the open door. Ethel was standing by the window, looking out, but he knew she was blind to the darkening street, the leafless maples, the rooftops above the hedges. What she saw, standing there, was in the recesses of her own mind. She was in control of herself now. Her control was unnerving.

Many toys were arrayed on shelves around the room. The bed was nearly made, in readiness for an occupant. A teddy bear lolled against the footboard. In the bathroom, a row of toy boats and buoyant playthings waited on the rim of the tub. All very tidy, much tidier than a small boy would have kept it. Waiting for small hands to disarrange, to grasp right and left and to reduce it to a livable confusion. There was even a small suit of freshly laundered pajamas laid out on the speckless coverlet.

Morgan cleared his throat. "Ethel, let's get rid of all this. Send it to an orphanage. Send it anywhere, but get it out of the house. There must be thousands of children who——"

"Yes," she said, "the world is full of children. Thousands of them. Millions. And I hate them all—every last one—because they are alive and my little boy is dead."

The nurse said crisply, "You may go in." John Morgan put down an out-of-date magazine and went through the door she indicated. The doctor, a forceful-looking man in his 30s, glanced up with a frown of recognition.

The boy and the dog wandered through the woods. Rags was much happier than he had been in a long time.

"Surely we've met."

"When you talked to the Men's Club. Your speech impressed me. It made sense. That's why I'm here."

"Take a seat. Offhand, I'd say you look pretty fit."

"I've come about my wife."

"Oh? Then, perhaps, she ought to be the one sitting in that chair."

"She wouldn't come. She won't see a doctor. All she wants is to be left alone."

"And you're worried?"

"Worried as hell."

The doctor filled his pipe. He slid his tobacco pipe across the desk.

Morgan said, "Thanks."

"I can give you the best part of an hour," said the doctor, leaning back and puffing contentedly. "Since coming to town I haven't been overburdened with patients. Take your time. Just relax and tell me what's bothering you."

"I'll be 50 next month," said Morgan. "My wife is a year or so younger. We were in love when we married and somehow managed to keep our love—well, perhaps not exciting, but alive. We've always been in comfortable circumstances and our tastes are pretty much the same. The only snag was, we couldn't seem to have a child."

"A pretty big snag, if you want one badly enough."

"Yes. It came to be an ache in both of us. We didn't talk about it. In married life you mostly talk about the little things. On her 40th birthday, Ethel turned to me and said, 'Well, I guess it's always going to be just the two of us.' I kissed her. . . and put my heart into it.

"We had more sense than to sour our lives pining for what we couldn't have. It was there, the emptiness, but we made the most of what we had. And then, after we'd given up hoping, our family doctor told Ethel she was pregnant. I don't think either of us quite believed it, just at first. It was . . . too good to be true."

Taking a creased snapshot from his wallet, he passed it across the desk. It was of a small boy in shorts and T-shirt. Seven or eight years old, he had sturdy legs and a winning smile.

"Timothy," said Morgan, his tongue dwelling on the syllables.

"Fine little chap," said the doctor. His own wife was going to have their first child in less than a month. He certainly would not grumble if they got one like this.

"We were the most indulgent parents ever," said Morgan, "but you couldn't spoil a nature like his. He was all boy. Into everything. On the go. Never clean for five minutes at a stretch. When he was home you'd hear him all over the house. But he had another side. Sometimes he'd drop everything, run to his mother and throw his arms about her. In his own way, he sensed how much she needed his love."

He chuckled. There was a faraway look in his eyes.

"I'll never forget the day he learned that grownups have birthdays. He was four or five. I guess he thought grownups were ageless until he saw me giving his mother a diamond ring for her 45th birthday. When we called him for supper, there was no answering shout. We hunted high and low. No Timothy. I was on the phone, calling the police, when he trotted into the yard. His face shone as if it were lit up inside . . . and in his hands he held a huge bunch of violets. They quite took the shine out of my three-carat diamond.

"Well, we knew he'd only had a nickel. And that was a mighty big bunch. Not the kind you find in the woods. The large-petaled, deep-colored sort the florists sell. Worth 50 cents, maybe a dollar. After Timothy was in bed, I took a run down to the

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neighborhood florist. He said, sure he sold violets to Master Timothy Morgan. A big bunch for a nickel. I offered to pay the balance, but the florist only laughed. He said, 'One day, maybe 15 years from now, Master Timothy will be coming in for orchids or gardenias, and then I'll nick him but good.'

"After that, two or three times a year, Timothy bought flowers for his mother. Her birthday, Christmas. Any special occasion. Violets, if he could get them a big bunch for a nickel, a dime—whatever he had. Ethel kept them a long, long time and always saved one to press in a book."

He was silent for a while, and the doctor sat in silence, waiting for him to go on, letting him take his time. Suddenly, Morgan started, and he seemed to come back from a far-off place. He blinked at the other man.

"You were telling me about Timothy," said the doctor.

Morgan said, "There was a polio epidemic shortly before you came to town."

"I heard about it."

"A good many children were stricken. Some of them went quickly. Timothy lasted just 24 hours from the time he complained of a sore throat. He was trying to smile when they took him away in the ambulance, trying to tell us not to worry, he'd be all right. Ethel and I sat in a waiting room all night and all the next day, except for a few minutes at a time, when I coaxed her out for a breath of air. On one of those short outings we saw a bicycle in a window and went right in and bought it. For Timothy. To come home to. Maybe we thought he'd be sure to get well if we acted as though nothing else was possible."

The palm of his hand started to hit the arm of the chair with a monotonous beat.

"She didn't cry when they told us. Her insides seemed to collapse, but she didn't cry. It's nearly six months now, but she's never shed a tear. Doctor, it isn't good for a woman not to cry when she's hurt."

"And now?"

"Now we are strangers, leading empty lives in an empty house. No, it isn't empty. It's still full of Timothy. His toys. His clothes. His picture books. His puppy, shivering at the end of a leash. The pictures he cut out of magazines on rainy days. His clothes are laid out, waiting for him to jump out of bed and throw them on. We're living in a museum, a memorial to a dead child. She sits in the room that is waiting for Timothy, and it cuts her to pieces, but she doesn't cry."

"I'd better remind you, I'm not a psychiatrist."

"I know that. But I feel you understand people. For God's sake, tell me what to do."

"Sorrow is part of human experience," said the younger man slowly, "but this isn't sorrow, it's despair. Out of sorrow we grow in stature and find resources we never knew we had, but despair can only destroy."

"It's destroying her. What am I to do?"

"Have you thought of adopting a child? That might be the answer."

"She won't hear of it."

"Then move away. Your present home is a constant reminder. Take her away and make a new start."

"My firm offered to transfer me to California. But as long as Ethel lives, she'll never leave Timothy's home."

"From what you tell me, she's beyond deciding for herself. The first thing for you to do is to get rid of the child's belongings. Give them away, burn them, destroy them, but get rid of them."

"How shall I do it? Shall I wrench his things out of her hands?"

"You've heard of Restmore, the sanitarium on the other side of town? Wait, I know what you're going to say . . . but it isn't the average mental home. They'll make your wife comfortable, there's no reason to shrink from the idea. The superintendent is a good chap; he'll study her sympathetically. After a few weeks, restful weeks, he'll have an idea what treatment to suggest. In the meantime, you can clean house. Get rid of every possible reminder of your child."

The nurse put her head into the room. "Your office is on the phone, Mr. Morgan. Your wife has been trying to reach you. She wants you to come home right away."

He drove faster than ever before. On reaching the house, he jammed on the brakes and jumped out, leaving the engine running. He took the front steps two at a time. "Ethel!" he called as he opened the door. His voice echoed through the empty house. Shouting again, he heard an answering call from the yard.

Ethel was standing by the kennel.

"John, he's been stolen!" she said distractedly. "Rags has been stolen!"

Morgan stooped to examine the frayed rope. "Nonsense. He's run away. He'll come home when he's hungry."

"I don't believe you. Someone has stolen him."

"Ethel, look for yourself. The rope has been chewed, not cut. You can see the marks of his teeth."

"Why should he run away? He never has before. I know he's been stolen. The boy who was here yesterday——"

Rising, he took his wife by the arm and did his best to be patient. "Put on your coat and hat. We'll take the car and look for him."

Ethel said, "He's tied up in some filthy outhouse" but she went into the house for her things.

He felt his heart thumping. On the drive home he had been tormented by the dread of what he would find. He had imagined nothing so normal as a lonely pup running off to seek companionship. He knew that Rags himself meant nothing to Ethel. In their early married life she had never had a dog and never felt the need for one. She valued him only as a symbol. He had belonged to Timothy, and all Timothy's belongings must stay in their place.

They drove slowly through the quiet neighborhood, peered right and left at every intersection and scrutinized every hedge and driveway. They questioned a mailman, a delivery man, a boy bouncing a ball. No one had seen Rags. Several times Morgan got out and whistled, but no familiar bark answered.

"I knew we wouldn't find him. I told you he was stolen. That boy——"

Morgan headed the car away from the middle-class suburb toward the meaner streets that fringed the sawmill. Row upon row of narrow frame dwellings stood so close that an arm reaching out of one could touch the wall of the next. All were sadly in need of paint.

A group of youngsters lounged at a corner. He put his head out and asked if they knew a boy named Ted.

"Ted?" said a freckle-faced boy with a jaunty cowlick. "Naw. No kid called Ted in this street."

"They call him Runty."

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Speaking Out

LET'S FACE THE KILLER EMPHYSEMA HEAD ON

There wouldn't be much severe emphysema in the country if it weren't for cigarettes. This victim of cigarette addiction and emphysema tells it like it is to let today's smokers know what may be down the road for them.

by G. E. "Joe" Synhorst
Ret. Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy

There's a growing army in America that can't hack it any more. Some are farmers, some cowboys, some sailors, miners or factory workers. Many are in their mid-40s and look as though they're still in their prime, but they sit at home all tired out. They can't follow the coon nounds, hunt deer or play horseshoes. They avoid anything that takes effort—like putting their arms over their heads to drive a nail or to adjust a curtain rod. These are the men who once stood in the breeze and drew that satisfying gulp of smoke deep into their chests and felt that little jolt of satisfying pain. These are the men who have destroyed their lungs by smoking cigarettes. These are the men pushing the ranks of emphysema victims into the tens of millions in this country alone.

Go see them in any hospital ward that specializes in lung disease. There sits a man with a clip on his nose and a tube in his mouth. This machine measures the remaining capacity of his worn-out lungs while a technician berates him, "Push out, push out, push it all out. . . . Now pant like a puppy. Faster, faster, faster." The patient's tired, bulging eyes with bags beneath them tell it all.

And there's a grizzled miner—prematurely home from the mines. He retches and groans as a doctor inserts a long tube and peers into his bronchial tubes and lungs. The blood test is bad. They don't take it from the vein; the computer needs a sample from the artery to see if the blood can still carry oxygen. Arteries are way down next to the bone. They have tough walls, and each artery is protected by a big nerve. God never meant it to be easy for people to mess with arteries. There's a deep and heavy pain as the needle probes the rubbery artery and its guardian nerve. The blood comes out thin and blue, not bright pink and red as it should. Long after, there's an ugly, purple bruise warning against any more foolishness.

"Doc, how much worse will it get? How long do I have?" The question is matter-of-fact. The man looks like a rancher. The back of his ruddy neck is hatched with deep lines. There's a crease across his forehead where his hat should be. He has a barrel chest with forearms sinewed with muscle but oddly thin. His wife clasps her hands and they tremble in her lap.

"You're not dying, but you'll get worse. About three years, more likely five; could be ten. We're not God, you know. Going to be harder to walk across the room; need to sit and rest once or twice while you get dressed. Stay out of crowds; pneumonia could be fatal—even a cold. You've got to come right back in here or you could be in real trouble. Keep away from children; they carry colds. Your heart's getting worse; always does with chronic lung disease. Muscles waste away, too, with no exercise, and that makes your bones brittle. You've got to try to exercise, but watch your heart. I'm prescribing five kinds of pills. Can't understand why you still smoke a cigarette now and then. I forgot to ask, are you still potent at all? Can you. . . ?" The doctor hurries on through his check list. There's no good news for the Marlboro man; this side of heaven things won't get better.

It's worse than we said, but it's hard to tell it all on paper. Besides, these guys with the ruined lungs are the "good old boys"; they were the most active, worked the hardest, enjoyed life the most and fought our wars (and got their cigarettes free or at seven cents a pack). So we'll leave it at that. And let them keep their worst secrets. At least let them suffer, until they finally strangle, with dignity.

It's cigarette smoking that did it. Of course there might be other things too: coal dust and cigarettes, asbestos dust and cigarettes. But virtually *always* it's cigarettes. There's a whole army among us—people who have destroyed themselves and given up the health and happiness of their families by sucking on that silly little white cigarette.

The government worries about a lot of things that are bad for us. It spends millions of our nation's treasure to root out those evils: red food dye, saccharin and laetrile. Maybe that's all right, but it's hard to understand why the tobacco crop gets very substantial government support. Our children are still picking up the filthy weed. Young women—baby, they've come a long way—are smoking more, and more are getting lung cancer every year. They're shortening the gender gap in emphysema, too.

The government has done some things. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop and National Cancer Institute Director Vincent DeVita, to their credit, have spoken fearlessly. They need our help. Let's put a real tax on cigarettes, like two bucks a pack. Our grandfathers didn't get emphysema because they could only afford a pack a week. Let's go back to that. Let's at least stop the government support of the tobacco industry. Why not get all the cigarette-vending machines out of public places? Why not stop smoking in more public places? Why not outlaw the machines and put those execrable cigarettes under the counter with the girlie magazines? It's time for Americans to get serious and face this killer head-on.

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He was a gallant, gentlemanly, multilingual—a hard-driving naval captain who, till he was 50, dreamed of extraordinary service to his country. At 49, less than a decade before retirement as a rear admiral, shattered those blossoming dreams, a retirement forced by the most subtle but most cruel enemy with increasing viciousness today: emphysema. As yet asymptomless in this proud photograph, Joe Sy[illegible] just did not know his cigarette addiction was already destroying him there. It did be known, he could have quit smoking much earl[illegible] Today's easy-to-use medical applications, which should be prescribed in every internist's and general practitioner's office, mak[illegible] quit, successful, possible and give hope to Syverud's powerful appeal for the defeat of smoking and emphysema.

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EMPHYSEMA: STALKING THE SUSCEPTIBLE

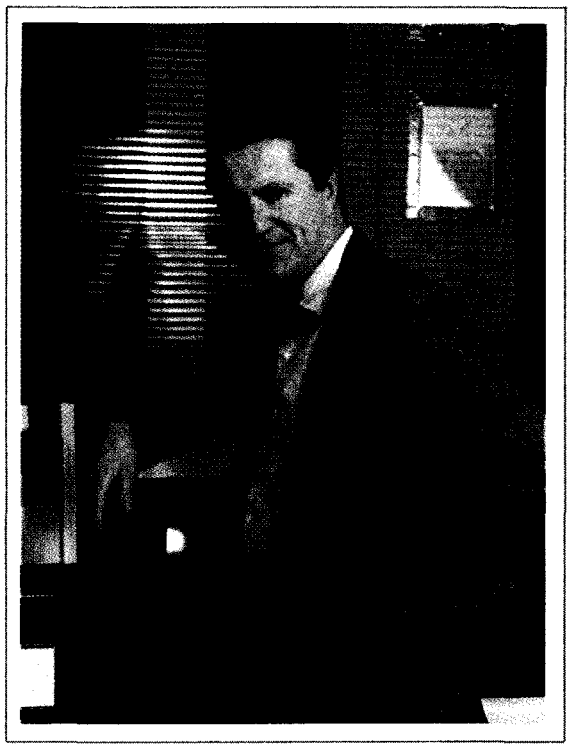
Early identification, quick intervention and cessation of smoking are the key weapons in America's all-out war.

by Thomas L. Petty, M.D.

Can we eliminate emphysema as a health problem? I believe we can if we simply apply modern knowledge about the cause of emphysema and how it progresses. Let's review the problem, hand in hand with our current knowledge, and see what can be done for millions of Americans who now have or will develop disabling emphysema.

Almost everyone has seen a friend, coworker or even a family member suffer from the problem of emphysema. Coughing, struggling to breathe and finally requiring oxygen therapy isn't a pleasant experience. It sure isn't pleasant for the patient, and it is also alarming for the family or coworkers who from time to time must witness the struggle to breathe and thus cope with emphysema.

Even physicians are quite frustrated over the plight of the advanced emphysema victim, because they know that the disease has already run a long course by the time most patients come for help. Much can be done for the emphysema victim today through techniques of pulmonary rehabilitation and with the use of oxygen therapy, including new devices that allow for patients to carry their oxygen with them. But it is a tragedy that emphysema is allowed to progress to advanced stages *before* it is identified and treated. Emphysema is a slowly progressive disorder that takes 20 to 30 years to develop into its full-blown stage—the stage of shortness of breath and disability. Therefore, it is critical to alert the public to the possibilities of emphysema, to identify it early and to intervene before irreversible damage to one of our most vital organs, the lungs, occurs.



Dr. Thomas L. Petty, director of the Webb-Waring Lung Institute, has focused on emphysema and related problems for 20 years. "I am particularly interested in understanding the early stages of smoking-induced injury of the lungs, including damage to the small air passages, which appears to be the first step in the development of emphysema in a process that encompasses 20 to 30 years," he says. Dr. Petty warns that relatively short periods of cigarette smoking in teenagers have a profound effect on the rate of increase in lung function. "In other words," he says, "they never achieve full growth."

What are the risk factors that lead to emphysema? Now well-known, these are primarily the smoking of tobacco, family history, sex and age. Let's elaborate.

1. Beyond question, the most profound risk factor is smoking. Smoking is known to release irritants and to damage protective materials within the lung that lead to inflammatory damage of the small air passages and the delicate gas-exchange membrane.

We need to think in terms of the lungs and lung health. The lungs, as illustrated on the opposite page, are made up of branching tubes, beginning with the windpipe (trachea) and sequences of branching where each air passage branches into two, two into four, four into eight, etc., until there are approximately 100,000 small air passages before the gas-exchange membrane is reached.

This concept of branching tubes ultimately arriving at the gas-exchange surface (alveoli) is illustrated in the diagram of the two lungs in the inset, showing the small air passages that finally reach the alveoli, where gas exchange takes place (the absorption of oxygen and the elimination of carbon dioxide, a by-product of metabolism).

The delicate membrane of the lung appears similar to a lacelike structure. In the photograph on the opposite page, one is looking at the cut surface of the gas-exchange membrane and the ducts, which still contain alveoli.

In emphysema, there is an inflammatory destruction of this alveolar membrane, as shown in the photograph (top, right). Now the architecture of the lung is totally disrupted and destroyed, and it is easy to understand how the elasticity of the lung, which allows it to fill and empty in a coordinated fashion, is gone. No wonder the lungs cannot empty and fill in a normal fashion!

2. For some reason, emphysema runs in families. This fact probably means there is a hereditary predis-

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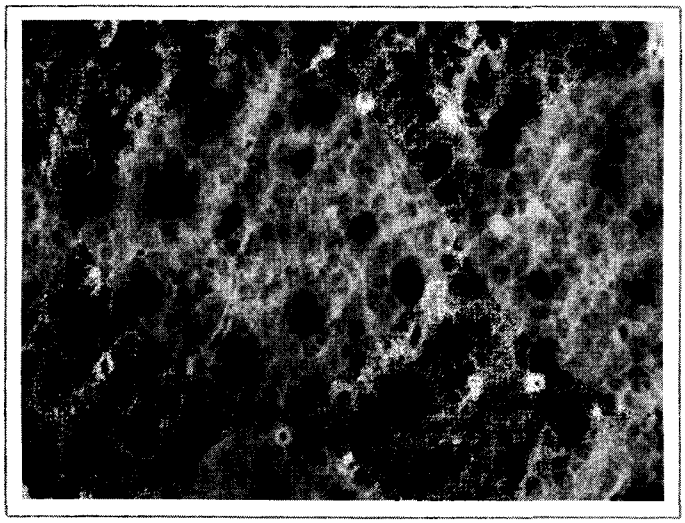
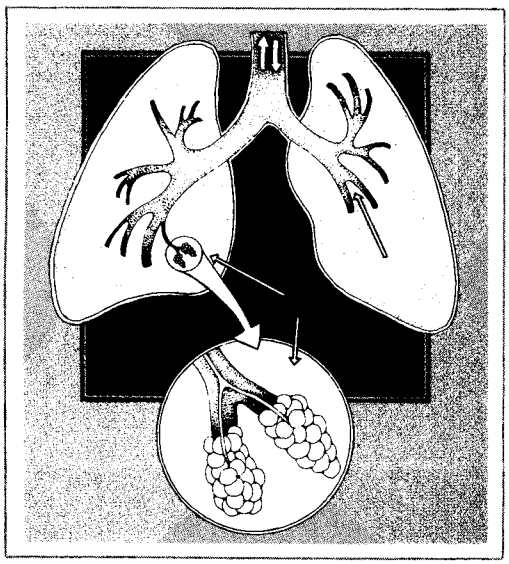


The delicate membrane of the lung appears similar to a lacelike structure. In this photograph one sees the cut surface of the gas-exchange membranes. If all the alveoli of a normal lung were spread out, they would cover many acres.

In emphysema the architecture of the lung is totally disrupted by rupture of the delicate alveoli. Large air spaces now replace the gas-exchange membranes.



The lungs are made up of branching tubes, beginning with the windpipe (trachea) and sequences of branching where each air passage branches into two, two into four, four into eight, etc., until there are approximately 100,000 small air passages before the gas-exchange membrane is reached. The branching tubes ultimately arrive at the gas-exchange surface (alveoli).

Many physicians have their patients use a simple inhaled bronchodilator (above) to open up air passages if tests of breathing capacity indicate reversibility—improvement in air flow from the use of such medication.

position to the damaging effects of cigarette smoke and other irritants. Thus we think of emphysema as a disease of the susceptible smoker rather than the disease that all smokers get.

3. Men have a higher incidence of emphysema than women, but this is likely due to more smoking. In fact, women are catching up with men, because they are smoking in a pattern similar to men.

4. Finally, age is a factor, because it appears that our lungs finally wear out. The elasticity of the lung does reduce with age as does the elasticity of other organs such as the skin. Age-related losses of the lung's elasticity, however, are small and rarely, if ever, lead to the development of emphysema without the additional factor of smoking or family predisposition. Those who live to be 100 or more still have ample lung power and breath for living.

There are a number of additional aggravating factors, such as air pollution and pollution in certain work environments. These factors are relatively minor modifiers and, compared to smoking, for example, are not of major importance unless the individual is particularly susceptible to dust or fumes, as when specific allergies are present.

Here is a personal checklist that will enable you to determine if you should consult your physician for the possibility of emphysema.

1. Do I smoke?
2. Does emphysema run in my family?
3. Am I short of breath more than others doing the same thing?
4. Do I cough?
5. When I cough, do I cough up

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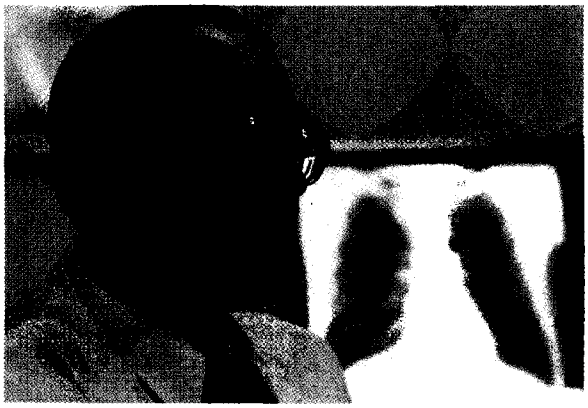
yellow or green mucus?

If the answer to any of these questions is yes, you should consult your physician for a breathing test. A breathing test is very simple to do using a machine called a spirometer. Spirometry means "breath measurement." It is a pity so few physicians actually use spirometers in their offices, but the trend is changing. Below is shown a simple spirometer suitable for the physician's office. Basically, it records the amount of air that can be blown out of fully inflated lungs and how fast the air flow occurs. The inset shows a patient blowing into the machine after taking a very large breath. Nose clips, such as those used for swimming under water, are in place so that all air flow occurs through the mouth into the machine. By blowing into the machine, one can tell whether one's lung capacity is normal or abnormal. After a breathing test, these further questions can be answered:

1. Are my measurements normal or



Dr. Thomas Walsh, chief of the pulmonary division at Bethesda Naval Hospital, emphasizes early detection of emphysema. In an interview at the Bethesda, Maryland, facility, Walsh notes that the identification of smokers who have lost significant pulmonary function while still young offers a chance for these high-risk individuals to stop smoking and to avoid further deterioration.

Unfortunately, chest X-rays do not show emphysema until extensive, irreversible damage has been done. Too many lung-damaged individuals get a false sense of security from a report of a "normal" chest X-ray. In the interview, Dr. Walsh warns, "You usually don't get symptomatic until you've lost half your lung function, so we want to pick up smokers when they've lost only 10 percent and warn them that nothing will cure it." Then perhaps they will stop smoking.

Dr. Walsh demonstrates the use of spirometry, a rather simple but important test that can be performed in all hospitals and in many doctors' offices. Nose clips are applied to the person being tested, and he takes the deepest breath possible, then expels as much air into the mouthpiece as possible, as rapidly as possible. The spirometer records the volume of air and the time required to expel it and permits comparisons with established standards.

Reflecting on the value of spirometry for young smokers, Dr. Walsh points out, "You have to catch them in their 20s or 30s. They show up in their 40s and 50s and it's too late. Usually by that time, at age 50, they are showing up because they have symptoms. When they have symptoms, it means they can't climb a flight of stairs. From that point on, it is usually progressively downhill whether they continue to smoke or not."

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abnormal?

2. How abnormal are they?

3. Is the abnormality one that can be treated with drugs or by stopping smoking?

4. Is the abnormality becoming worse, and if so, how fast?

5. What exactly should I do for my problem, if I have one?

These are key questions. If your tests are normal, it means that little or no damage has occurred, even if you have smoked cigarettes or have a family history of chronic lung disease. This, in fact, is a perfect time to stop smoking, not only to protect your lungs but also to avoid the increased incidence of other smoking-related diseases, such as the three- or fourfold increase in heart attacks, more strokes and the greatly increased risk of cancer of various organs, including lung cancer (the commonest cancer of men and the second commonest cancer of women) and cancer of the bladder, uterus and esophagus.

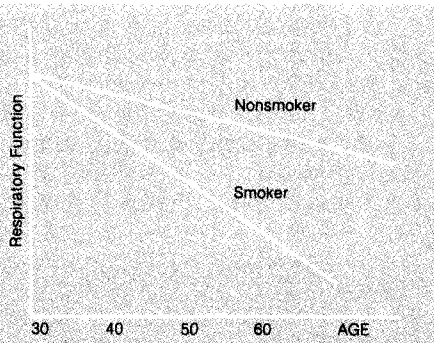
If there is a mild abnormality, it is *critical* to stop smoking now. What can you do if early emphysema is found? The answer is simple. Certainly this finding should be a sign to avoid all things that can cause and make emphysema worse by the immediate stopping of all cigarette smoking and possibly avoiding excessive air pollution. Smoking, of course, is the most important thing. It is the first order of business. Many patients who realize that they are *beginning* to become abnormal will take a careful look at their health and future and do something on their own behalf, that is, to protect their long-term happiness and survival.

Your physician will help you with new techniques to stop smoking. There are basically two approaches:

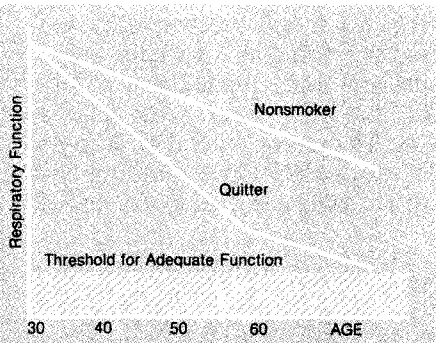
One is to deal with the habit patterns in smoking. Many people reach for a cigarette almost as a reflex—a cup of coffee, during a telephone conversation, following meals, etc. Once patients realize that certain habits lead them to reach for a cigarette, they can change their habits to the extent that they more or less forget to reach for that cigarette.

Second, patients also learn to deal with the nicotine-addiction problem and learn ways to distract themselves when they feel the *need* for a cigarette. We now have, for instance, a nicotine chewing gum available with a physician's prescription. Called Nicorette®, it has been used for several years in Europe with good results. One study found that 48 percent of the users were successful in stopping smoking. The gum helps the smoker through nicotine withdrawals by supplying small amounts of the drug without inflicting the lungs with carbon monoxide or any of the 2,000 other chemicals found in tobacco smoke. Once the cigarettes are fully eliminated, it is usually relatively easy to stop chewing the gum.

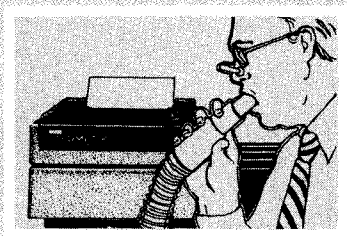
Another stop-smoking aid is the EZ Quit® cigarette, which is a plastic replica with both the feel and the draft of a cigarette. Instead of smoke, it offers the exhilarating flavor of mint,

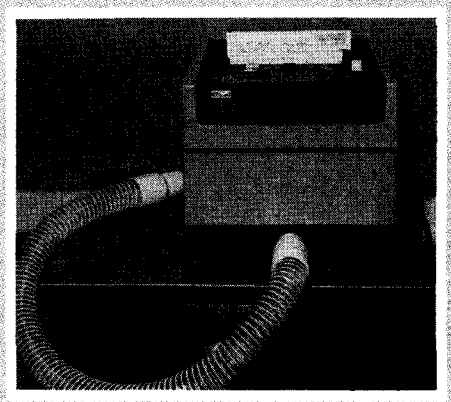


The graph above compares the rate of loss of respiratory function among smokers and nonsmokers. Says Dr. Walsh: "Most smokers lose only slightly more lung function per year than nonsmokers, but there is a small subgroup, about 5 percent, maybe as high as 10 percent, of smokers who have rapid lost function every year."

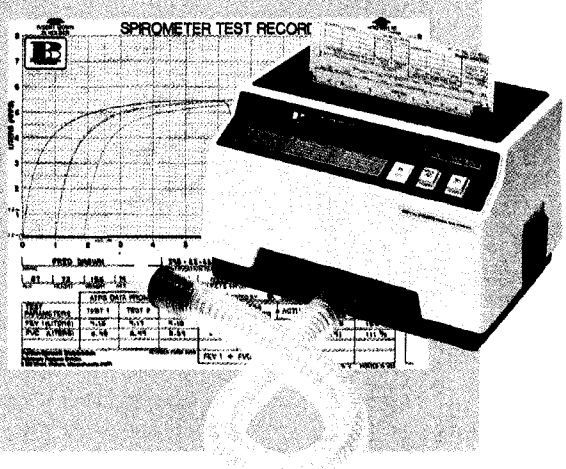


"It's been well documented in scientific studies that as you get people to quit smoking, the rate of decline of their lung function reverts to that of a normal person," says Dr. Walsh. Everybody's lungs deteriorate with age, but nature gives us enough to last to about age 105 normally.





Every community needs access to spirometers like this one if any campaign to overcome emphysema is to succeed. It allows early detection of pulmonary-function loss that is particularly critical for young smokers. The spirometer measures the amount of air that can be exhaled from fully inflated lungs and the speed with which it is exhaled. The inset shows the patient, nose clip in place, blowing into the mouthpiece. The results are then measured against established standards. The immediate computerized results printed on graph for the smoker to see give a clear picture of impending danger for the most vulnerable.



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with which the filter is impregnated. Patients have reported favorable results with this aid, especially when used in conjunction with Nicorette®.

Now let's talk about medication for early stages of the disease. Since our objective is to prevent the progress of disease, it will naturally be important to consult with a physician if a cough and yellow phlegm are present, indicating the presence of bronchitis, which commonly accompanies emphysema. Common bacterial organisms are easily treated with antibiotics that the patient can take at home. The physician will have to decide which antibiotic is useful, and most physicians will allow the patient to have a supply of antibiotics to take at home at the sign of a deep chest infection, which is characterized by an increased cough and colored phlegm. If there are mild to moderate abnormalities, the physician will likely want to prescribe a flu vaccination each fall to prevent this one form of a virus infection, which can be devastating to emphysema patients in any stage of disease.

In addition, more and more physicians are using bronchodilating drugs to help open up air passages that are irritable and are becoming constricted by the process called bronchospasm. Bronchospasm is a sudden, reflex narrowing of the small air passages. It interferes with air flow. Uncontrolled bronchospasm can lead to progressive losses of lung function faster than if the bronchospasm is treated. These theories are currently under study, but many would use a simple inhaled bronchodilator such as that illustrated on page 67 to open up air passages if tests of breathing capacity indicate reversibility, that is, improvement in air flow from the use of such medications.

So, how about eliminating emphysema as a health problem in the United States in the next decade? This goal seems like a tremendous undertaking, considering that there are at least 10,000,000 emphysema suffer-

A Smokeless Generation

We at the Benjamin Franklin Society believe such a goal is attainable, even essential. But, as we've said so frequently on the pages of the *SatEvePost*, it requires work—grinding, unceasing work.

The Society is moving on several fronts, among the very young and the not-so-young. First, we're trying to educate today's children about the disastrous effects of smoking through the pages of *Humpty Dumpty, Jack and Jill, Child Life* and our other youth magazines that have been converted to health publications. This approach will work. Children are teachable. Furthermore, even the most ardent supporter of so-called "smoker's rights" deep-down wants his offspring to avoid the cruel addiction of smoking.

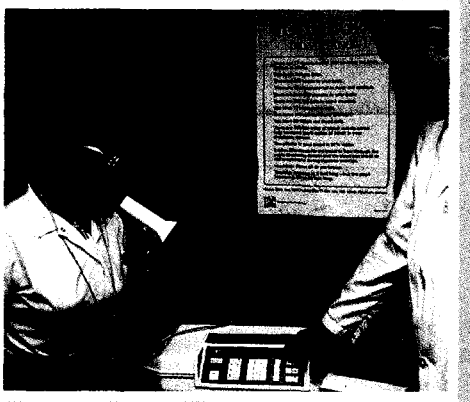
On another level, the Society's Dr. DeLamar Gibbons and respiratory nurse Nancy Roberts Walker are carrying the Society's campaign, and going right into the schools and utilizing the newest in equipment and testing techniques. The public-service project began at Crispus Attucks High School in Indianapolis. Other projects are scheduled to follow, both in schools and at special events like health fairs.

In the first school project, pulmonary-function tests were performed on the health-class students and faculty. The students were amazed to see the severity of the breathing impairment in four of the smoking students.

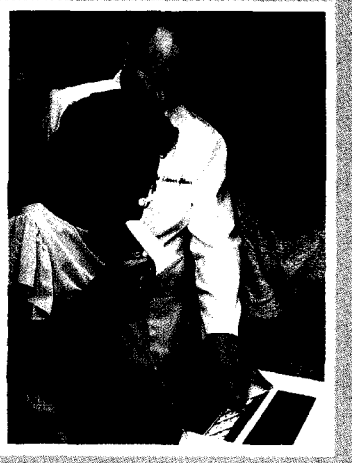
The nonsmokers performed better as a group than the smokers. To the surprise of all, the individual with the best showing was not one of the athletes at the school, but a 70-year-old health and physical-education teacher, Mary Ogelsby.

Dr. Gibbons asked Mrs. Ogelsby the secret of her remarkable fitness. "I have always had lots of physical exercise and eaten a good diet, with no fried foods," she replied. Mrs. Ogelsby is a nonsmoker.

On another front of its war against smoking, the Benjamin Franklin Society has invited all Society members between 20 and 40 years of age who smoke to come for a free spirometery reading at our headquarters, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana. Any smokers in this age group who have a family history of emphysema or any other obstructive lung disease are especially urged to come. The Society chose this group for testing because spirometry can identify vulnerable individuals who are already losing lung function at a faster rate than other smokers. These people, as we've said, are "sitting ducks" if they continue to smoke. We hope to target them and help them quit smoking.



Mary Ogelsby, the 70-year-old girls' physical-education instructor for 43 years, took the test. Her surprising 147 percent of predicted performance outshone everyone, including the athletes. The computerized results are adjusted for age and sex. She explained her formula for good health: "I have always had lots of physical exercise and a good diet with no fried foods." Mrs. Ogelsby, a nonsmoker, is sorry to see so many more youngsters smoking in recent years.



High-school students are told why it's especially important to dissuade teen-agers from smoking. Two and one half years of smoking before age 20 can permanently stunt lung-volume growth by 10 percent. Complete lung capacity is not acquired until age 20.

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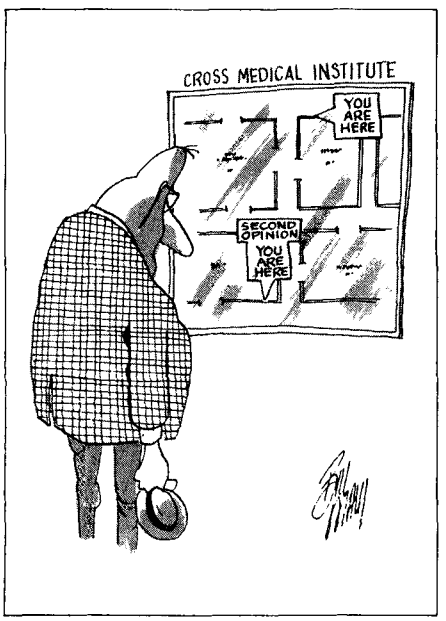
ers, and probably 30,000,000, if we count all those with mild to moderate forms of disease. In fact, 500,000 patients receive Social Security disability payments on the basis of emphysema alone. Thus it may seem preposterous to suggest that emphysema could be eliminated as a health problem in this country in the next decade.

My own belief is that the elimination of emphysema is well within our grasp. If patients simply realize that emphysema "clusters" in families and is a smoking-related disorder that gets worse with age, they will insist upon a simple breathing test that will indicate whether they have an abnormality. The presence of any abnormality can be a strong motivating force to stop all smoking of cigarettes, which is the most important thing by far. In addition, these patients can embrace additional health habits and preserve lung function by joining forces with their doctors to treat and prevent infections and perhaps use other medications, which will open up air passages and improve air flow.

Today, emphysema is a truly devastating disorder that costs our country about $10,000,000,000 in terms of medical care and loss of productivity. Since the disease is characterized by premature morbidity and mortality, covers 20 to 30 years and can be readily identified in physicians' offices, it is now time for patients and physicians to enter into a partnership in order to identify, treat and finally eliminate emphysema as a health problem, now and forevermore.



Statler Brothers

continued from page 31

cepts the compliments and doles out a few accolades of his own.

"When I auditioned for the group they saw things in me I didn't know I had. I used to write songs in pieces; I didn't have anyone to play them for. Now I play for Don and he'll say, 'That's good; keep working on it.' I'm the kind of person who needs a lot of encouragement."

Subtly, each member buoys the others. They joke about past performances when one of them suffered laryngitis and mimed the lyrics of a solo while another member sang the verses ventriloquist-style. Even during their comedy routines they sense if one member is not keeping pace with the quips and cover for him with off-the-cuff one-liners.

"It's the camaraderie," explains Don. "Anyone can go out and hire three guys to form a group, but the rub is whether or not they get along when the show is over. Sometimes we spend more time together than we do with our wives. When we go on the road for ten days it means 24 hours a day for ten days. How we get along personally is as important as how we mesh professionally.

"Our written files tell us what songs we sang, the jokes we told and the clothes we wore in each city," says Don. "We work hard to keep the show fresh. By checking our records we don't risk somebody coming up to us and saying, 'Well, that's the same old joke you told here four years ago.' "

Still, repetition is inevitable, and after spending 43,000 hours together traveling more than a million miles, the boys delight in the gee-whiz statistics they've tallied along the way. According to Statler lore, they've played to 7 million-plus fans, cut 25 albums, released 30 singles, used 144 miles of recording tape and consumed 1,000 soft drinks during studio sessions. They've appeared at the White House four times, granted 15,000 interviews and explained the origin of the name "Statler Brothers" at least 10,000 times.

"It was taken from a box of tissues in a hotel room," explains Harold, for the 10,001st time. He pauses for effect and then adds: "We could just as easily have been the Kleenex Brothers."

New Hope For All Smokers

Quit Smoking With Amazing New EZ-Quit Invention!

Inventor Challenges Heavy Smokers To Kick The Habit 100% Money-Back Guarantee

LOS ANGELES – Over 100,000 smokers around the world have tested EZ-QUIT, said Bill Haber, the inventor, who issues this challenge to all smokers:

"I dare you to try EZ-QUIT for 30 days with an absolute money-back guarantee if not satisfied."

Bill Haber, Inventor

Pleasant, Safe, Harmless

EZ-QUIT is a cigarette substitute. You don't light it. There's no smoke, no ash tray breath, no cigarette cough. It is safe, non-medical, no-drugs and not habit forming. It looks and tastes like a real cigarette. Inhale. It feels as if you are smoking the real thing. You can use the same EZ-QUIT over and over again. Actually, you are "smoking away" your smoking habit. Give it an honest try. Get past your first cigarette crisis and you'll realize it is actually possible for you to quit. The rest can be your personal "I Quit" success story.

University Study Reports Success

A major University smoking study now midway in a year-long program reported that smokers in the EZ-QUIT control group had a 60% to 70% success rate in quitting and staying off cigarettes, the highest of any group. EZ-QUIT has just been granted a U.S. Patent No. 4,429,703 and foreign patents are pending.

100% Money-Back Guarantee

Only $10.00 (Nothing more to buy). If not satisfied, return product with proof of purchase for full refund. Send $10.00 (or $18.00 for 2 persons), cash, check, or M.O. to EZ-QUIT, Dept. SEP-1, P.O. Box 865, 18740 Oxnard St., Suite 309, Tarzana, CA 91356.

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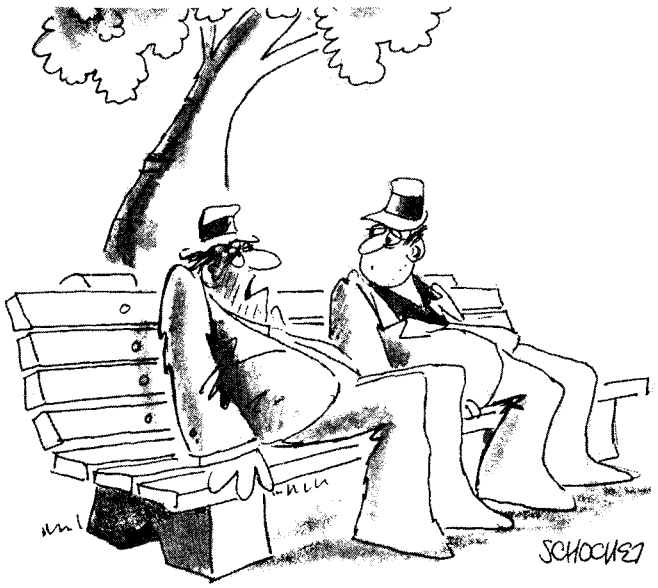
GETTING THE BUSINESS



"At least it was an American-made machine that replaced you."

"I managed to accomplish something while you were having a long lunch hour—I hired your replacement."

"I'd fire you for this, Holloway, but I'm afraid you'd just find a better job somewhere else!"

"I didn't say it was your fault, Craighorn, I merely said I was going to blame it on you."

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BE A WOMAN OF DESTINY

Marte Tilton

Marilyn Hickey

Cheryl Prewitt-Blackwood

Attend The Marilyn Hickey International WORD WOMEN CONVENTION October 24-27, Denver, CO

Women, don't miss this opportunity to discover how you can change your world right where you are. Learn the direction God has for you to become a woman of destiny in these end times. Realize how the power of the Gospel can change all circumstances; God can equip you to put that power to work in your home, your family, your job, and your everyday life.
Be a woman of destiny—fulfill God's call today!

Special guest speaker will be LEILANI WATT, wife of James Watt, former Sec. of Interior.

All meetings will be held at the Denver Coliseum, I-70 & East 46th, Denver, CO.

WOMAN

Change Your World!

You won't want to miss these four anointed days of praise, worship, teaching and ministry. As a women of God, you, too, can change the world!

We want to hear from you.

Write TODAY for more information:

Marilyn Hickey Ministries

P.O. Box 10606, Denver, CO 80210
or call: (303) 698-1155

Mail this coupon TODAY!

☐ Yes, Marilyn, send me details on your October Women's Convention. I want to be a Woman of Destiny.

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Address: _____

City: _____

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Marilyn Hickey Ministries, Attn: Denver Women's Convention, Box 10606, Denver, CO 80210

SEP-JJ-84

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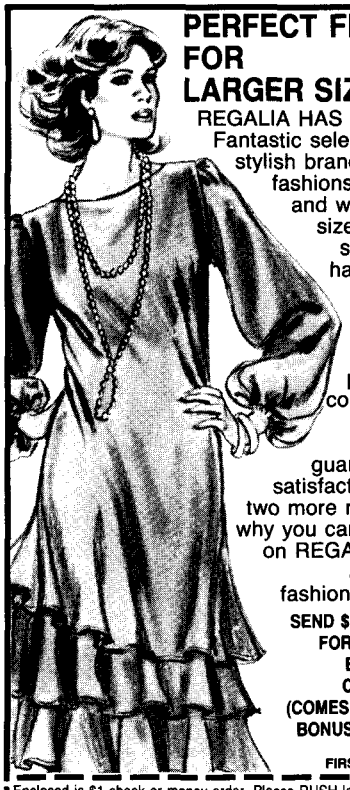

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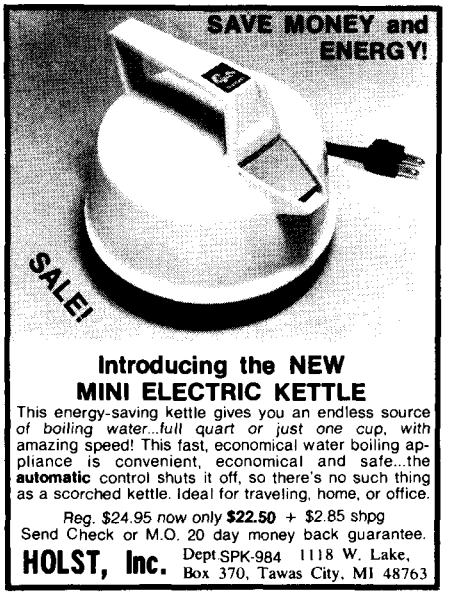
$1.00 for color Brochure Dept SP, Harvard Rd., Littleton, Mass. 01460



Introducing the NEW MINI ELECTRIC KETTLE

This energy-saving kettle gives you an endless source of boiling water...full quart or just one cup, with amazing speed! This fast, economical water boiling appliance is convenient, economical and safe...the **automatic** control shuts it off, so there's no such thing as a scorched kettle. Ideal for traveling, home, or office.

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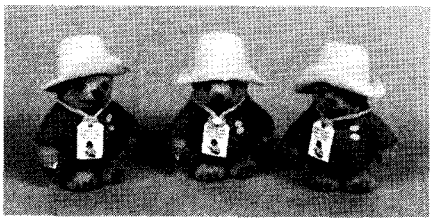
HOLST, Inc. Dept SPK-984 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763

Send $9.95 for Norman Rockwell Encyclopedia, 8" x 10", soft cover. SEP-Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 130, Indpls, IN 46202.

Post Sampler

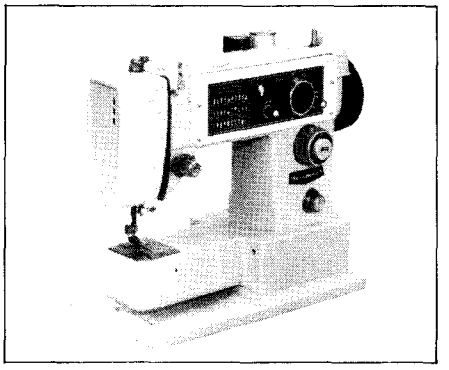
Adorable mini bears

Mini version of Paddington, the bear of children's literature found at Lon-



don's Paddington station. Navy felt jacket and yellow hat. 3" tall. Three for $6 + $1 p&h. Send $1 for subscription to 48-page catalog. Unique gift (not recommended for children under 3). Bear-In-Mind, Dept. SPE, 20 Beharrell St., Concord, MA 01742.

Free sewing machines?



City Sewing Machine Company has given away free Dressmaker Sewing Machines to American families for more than 25 years. Enter our contest in this edition of *The Saturday Evening Post* or write: City Sewing Contest Center, 822 Broadway, Marysville, KS 66555, for details.

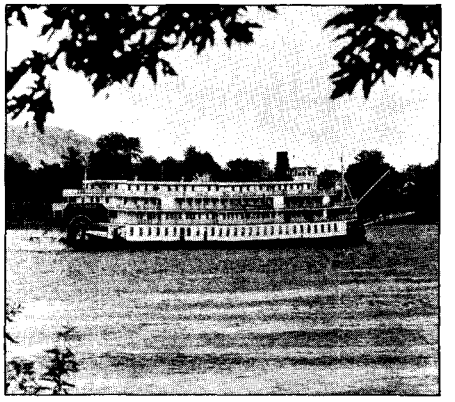
The pillow. . .

Lets you enjoy cushioned comfort anywhere, anytime. Washable zipper cover in blue plate, strawberry shake, grape fizz or cement. Crescent-shaped design combined with adjustable resiliency cradles your neck and supports your head. Also great as back or seat cushion. Folds into purse or pocket. $8. Better Sleep, Dept NT-9, New Providence, NJ 07974.

Multipurpose wonder-desk

Converts bed, chair, car, lap into functional table or portable lectern. Rich walnut finish. 13½" x 19½" of tough, high-density plastic. $13.95 + $2.85 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept SPW 984, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Delta Queen



The *Mississippi Queen* and the *Delta Queen* explore the length of the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Paul, and the Ohio River from Cairo to Pittsburgh. Suites, staterooms and cabins for 2- to 11-night vacations year-round. Delta Queen, 511 Main St., Cincinnati, OH 45202.

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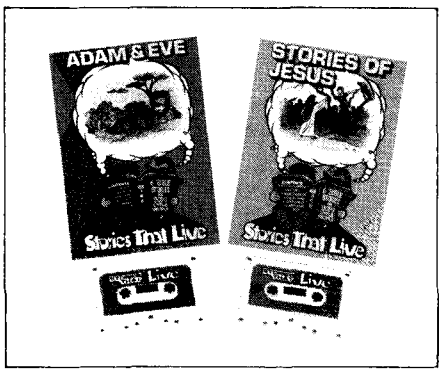
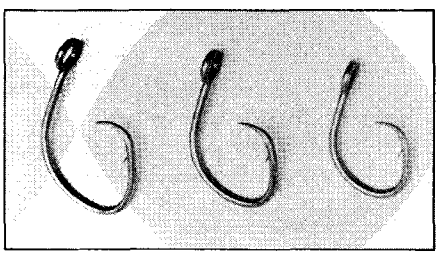
Stories that live

Six books and cassette tapes of entertaining, educational and character-



building Bible stories. This series (more than 500,000 sold) begins with creation and follows chronologically to the ascension of Jesus. Titles available are: Adam & Eve, Joseph, David & Goliath, Happy Birthday, Stories of Jesus and He's Coming Back.

Circle hook



Eagle Claw® introduces the new "Circle Hook." A superior hook for catching halibut and other bottom fish. Available in all popular sizes, ready for immediate delivery. For additional information contact: Wright & McGill Company, Linda M. Martin, P.O. Box 16011, Denver, CO 80216-0011.

Safe pet stain & odor cleaner

DoneGon® concentrate cleans pet stains instantly. pH7 (neutral) con-

centrate safe full strength on toughest stains, or quart makes 6 gallons for general cleaning. Quart $5.95, ½ gal. $10.95, gallon $18.95, shipping paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Safer Chemical Co., Dept. EP-2, 4002 Minden Ave., Texarkana, AR 75502.

Iron-on labels

Blue letters on pre-cut cloth, 2″ x ⅜″. Adheres to any fabric, won't fade, rub or wash off. No need to sew. Irons on for permanent ID. One line (one name only). 50 for $3.50; 100 for $4.50. All postpaid. Universal Label Center, P.O. Box 5, Dept. SP-94, Boston, MA 02101.

A treat to the eyes

100% cotton caftan. Ivory, blue, hot pink, green. Specify size *and* height. Sizes: slender (6-12) or full (14-20). Petite (5′1″-5′4″) or tall (5′5″-5′9″). $19.95 and $1.95 p&h or two for $34.90 and $2.95 p&h. Shopping Int'l., Dept AMY3A, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713.

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Comes close to YOU! Great for makeup and shaving and other closeup tasks—so easy on the back, no more leaning over to get close. Gives a back view of your hair styling and trimming with hands free. Our unique two-faced mirror flips from plain to magnifying, plus swivels for most helpful light and angle. Extends out 30" from wall on seven extension arms. Big 6 1/2" x 8" viewing mirror. Folds flat when not in use, chrome-plated steel.

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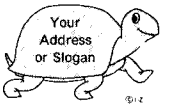

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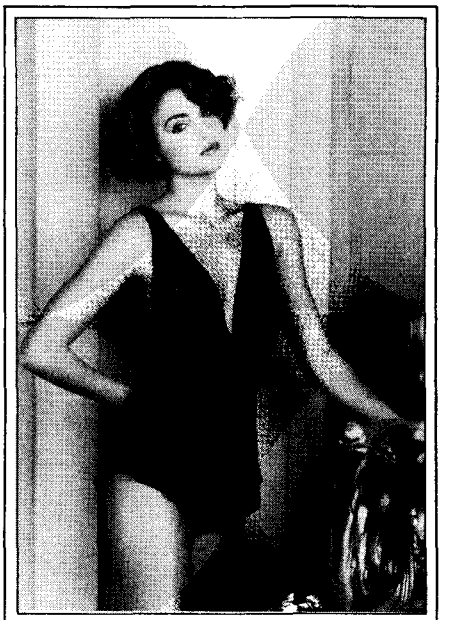
100 for $7.50 200 for $10.50 ppd.



A romantic lingerie catalogue of affordable luxuries. Gowns, kimonos, silk stockings, fashion pantyhose, camisoles, tap pants, French bras and bikinis, teddies, nightshirts. . .and much, much more.

Victoria's Secret designer lingerie

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Send $13.95 for Norman Rockwell-Review, 9″ x 12″, hardback. SEP-Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 130, Indpls, IN 46202.

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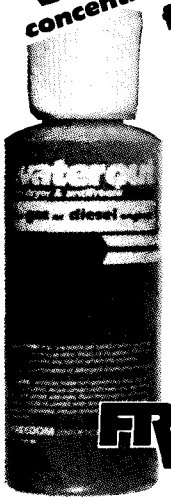
ALL SEASON
waterout®
concentrated fuel treatment
for gas or diesel engines
AS SEEN ON TV



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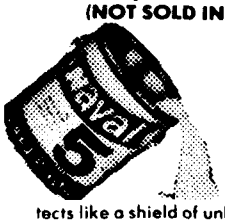
(NOT SOLD IN STORES)



Polyurethane that applies like paint forms a skin so tough it won't crack, chip or peel. Cuts painting costs . . . covers and protects like a shield of unbreakable glass.
WATERPROOF IN 30 MINUTES
Adheres to practically anything. Stops leaks. Ideal for concrete, aluminum, wood, masonry, canvas, any metal. *Clear—any major color. Just specify. We* pay all shipping costs. Order NAVAL 5.
Ship as follows: ( ) Qts. at $8.95 each. ( ) Gal. at $25.95. ( ) 5 Gals. at $20 per gal.
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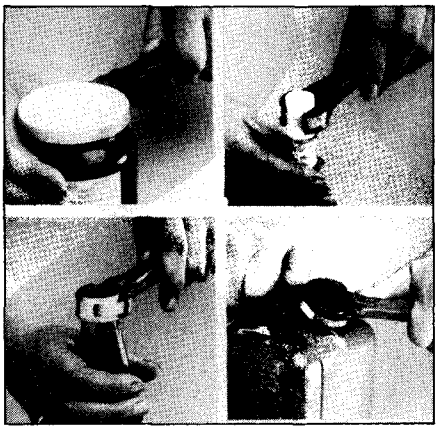
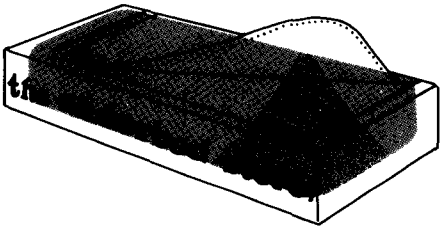
Makes easy work of virtually any size bottle or jar. Adjust the spring steel



tightening band and turn the lever arm, and your lid is open. Great for arthritis sufferers, too. $7.50 plus $1 p&h; two for $14.50 plus $1.45 p&h. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-984, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

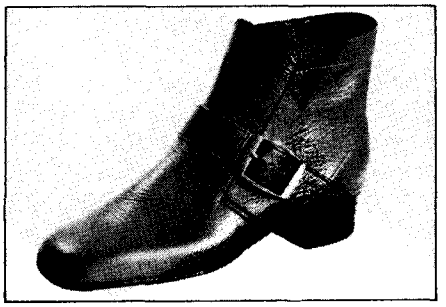
Under-bed storage



Keep blankets, shoes and seasonal clothes clean, out of the way. Heavy-gauge, clear-vinyl storage chest has full zipper. 42″x18″x6″. Folds flat when not in use. Send $6.95 + $1.45 p&h; 2 for $13 + $1.85 p&h. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPU-984, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

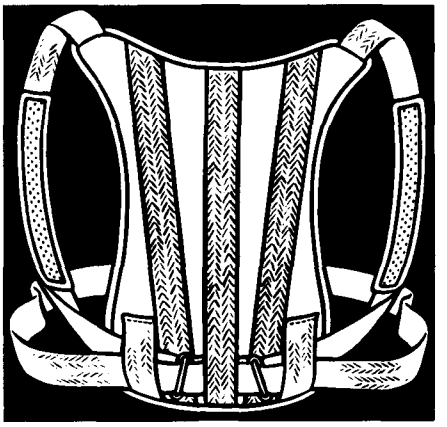
Cavalier I ladies' pant boot

No-seam vamp, adjustable buckle strap. Ribbed sole, 1″ heel. Camel,



brown, navy, gray, black, white, bone. Full, half sizes: 6-10, 11N, 5-10, 11M, W, 7-10, 11WW. $32.95 + $1.95 p&h; $60.90 + $2.95 p&h for 2 pairs. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. BHY1C, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

Stop stooping



PiPeer Shoulder Brace® corrects posture. Even, distributed support for shoulders with one pull. No fitting. 3-ply-material and padded arm bands. Men give chest measurement, women bust. Only $8.95 plus $1.75 postage. Piper Brace, Dept. SE94SH, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, MO 64105.

A jump on fashion!

A-line style, patch pockets and gold-tone buttons. Polyester doubleknit. In navy, wine, chocolate brown or camel. Misses sizes 10-20, half sizes 14½-28½. $19.95 and $1.95 p&h for one, $37.90 and $2.95 p&h for two to: Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. BHY1A, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

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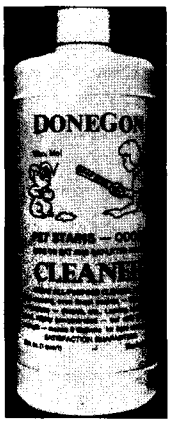
NO MORE PET STAINS & ODORS

Just Use DoneGon® Pet Stain & Odor Cleaner Concentrate



Pet lovers from all over America write us that DoneGon® is the best pet stain & odor cleaner they have ever used—some say it is the only cleaner that "really works." DoneGon® is a neutral (pH7 range) 24-to-1 liquid concentrate, safe to use full power on toughest stains, or gal makes 24 gal. for general cleaning, whole rooms of carpets, etc. You'll like *DoneGon, too. Try it.* **If you are not pleased, we'll promptly refund your money.** 8 oz.-$3.95; quart-$5.95; ½ gal.-$10.95; gal.-$18.95. **We pay shipping. Prompt same-day shipments by UPS.**

Safer Chemical Co., Dept. EP-1, 4002 Minden Ave., Texarkana, AR 75502.

T.M.

World Famed BREVETTATA Tear Gas Pistol

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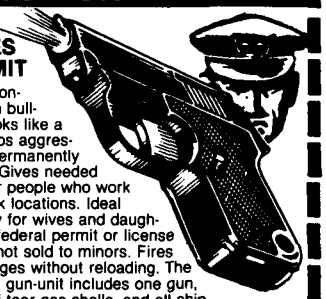

REQUIRES NO PERMIT

Solid metal construction with bull-dog grips, looks like a real gun. Stops aggressor without permanently injuring him. Gives needed protection for people who work in lonely, dark locations. Ideal night security for wives and daughters. Still no federal permit or license needed, but not sold to minors. Fires seven cartridges without reloading. The price of each gun-unit includes one gun, ten rounds of tear gas shells, and all shipping cost. Prompt shipment. Insured. We've been selling tear gas equipment for the past sixteen years. Thousands of satisfied customers.

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Discover the catalog just for you! Filled with over 250 exciting fashions — many brand name — designed expressly for your petite dimensions. Petite sizes 2-16. Plus fabulous shoes in hard-to-fit sizes down to 2! Prompt, courteous service always. Money-back guarantee on all items.

Send $1 today for latest CATALOG and we'll include a $2 BONUS CHECK good on your first order.

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Authentic Post Canvas Bags @ $8.95 each plus $1.25 postage.

Popular Norman Rockwell Print (11"x14") "April Fool" on Canvas @ $6.98 each.

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Send your order with check to Armchair Shopper, P.O. Box 1144, Indpls., IN 46206.

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Number of children _____

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SEP

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PRO SHOE STRETCHERS COST $10.00 AND MORE! NOW ONLY $5.88 2 for $9.88

TOO-TIGHT SHOES? TIRED, ACHING FEET?

Don't Throw Away That Favorite Pair of Shoes . . . Here's Overnight Relief!

Professional Genuine Hardwood

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Save money . . . Save your feet . . . Avoid expensive trips to the shoemaker. Unlike ordinary "shoe trees", the **Professional Shoe Stretcher** *actually widens shoes.* A great way to "break in" a new pair, or to custom-fit any shoes that are just not roomy enough. Terrific health-and-comfort aid for anyone with corns, bunions, calluses . . . The special attachments stretch the exact spot that hurts.

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Superb cobbler quality . . . Expandable wooden "foot" with metal handle and plastic snap-in attachments. Ideal for all the adults and teenagers at your house.

So easy to use . . . Pays for itself time and time again. Just insert the **Shoe Stretcher** . . . Turn the handle to expand it . . . Then leave in place overnight.

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FULLY GUARANTEED You'll be delighted—or return in 14 days for *full refund* of purchase price (except ship. & hdlg.). Our policy is to process all orders promptly. Credit card orders are processed upon credit approval. Delays notified promptly. Shipment guaranteed within 60 days.

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SIZES	(how many?)
Men's Regular (Z362350)	
Men's Large (Z362368)	
Ladies Regular (Z362376)	
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☐ One Shoe Stretcher for only $5.88 plus $1.65 shipping & handling.
☐ TWO for $9.88 plus $2.60 shipping & handling.
☐ SAVE! 3 for $15.00 plus $3.50 ship. & hdlg.

Enclosed $_____(PA res. add sales tax)

CHARGE IT: ☐ Diners Club ☐ VISA ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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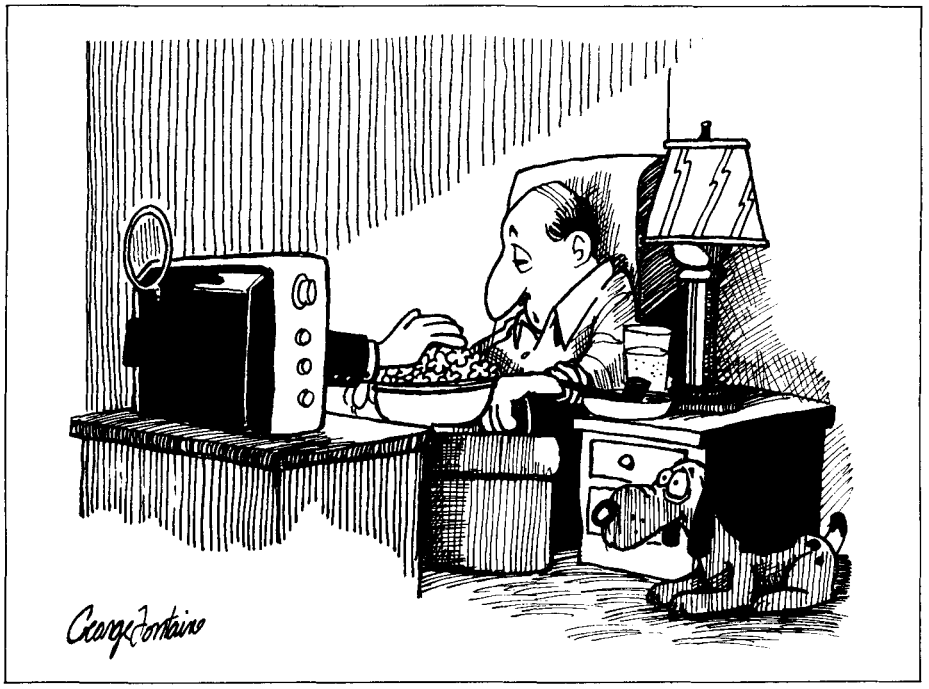

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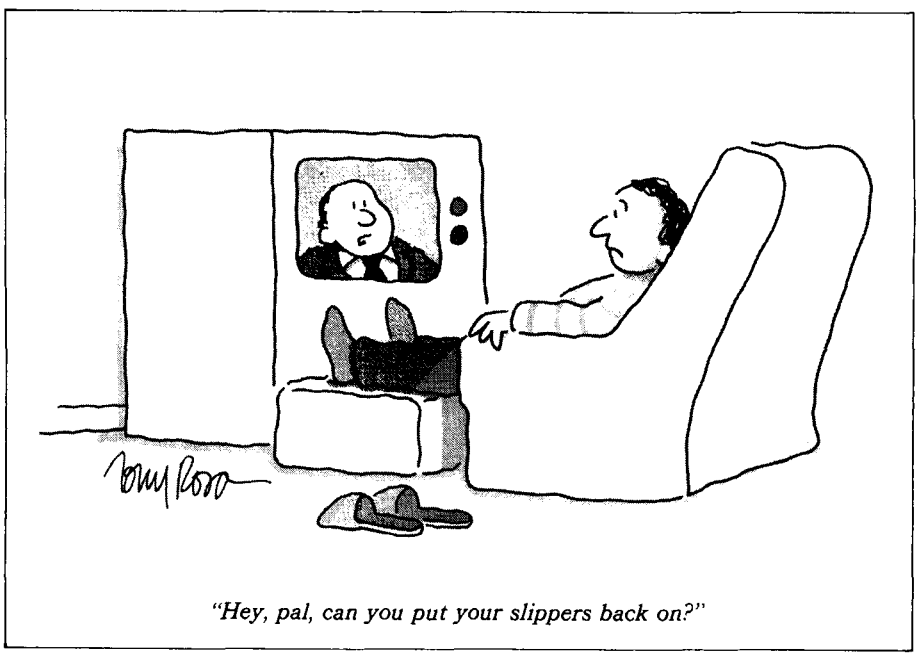

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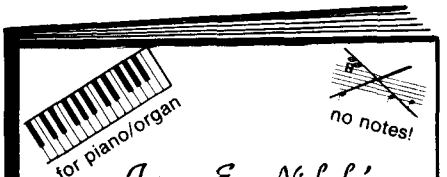

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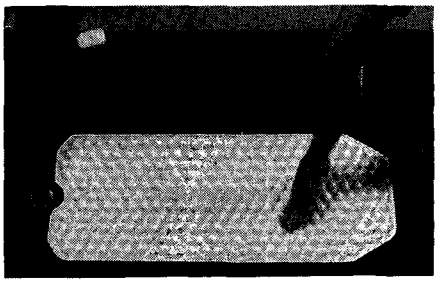

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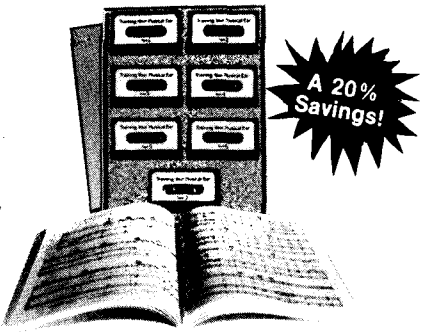

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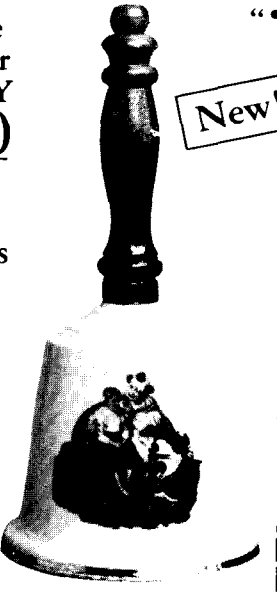

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Presidential Fitness

continued from page 59

doctrine of moderation in everything, including food. Even so, he entertained lavishly and employed French chefs in the White House. But Jefferson himself ate few animal foods and proportionately more vegetables, a fact vegetarians will hungrily devour.

Hoover, after a strenuous bout with the medicine ball, would invite members of his entourage into the Oval Office for a spare breakfast of fruit juice and coffee. Hoover did have food on his mind, at times, however. His slogan during the 1928 campaign against Al Smith was "A Chicken in Every Pot." Athletic Teddy Roosevelt could devour a whole chicken for lunch. Truman, on the other hand, enjoyed eating but always left the table hungry. He considered a meal of steak and potatoes a real treat.

President Reagan also has fun eating but doesn't overdo it, except on political trips, where he must appear to be enjoying himself while eating from plates full of rubbery chicken. He doesn't have to diet, presumably because of his exercise regimen. He eats a light breakfast of cereal and fruit. Lunch is sandwich or a salad. Dinner can be Chinese, Mexican or Italian.

Smoking

Thomas Riley Marshall, vice president to Woodrow Wilson, immortalized himself by saying, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." John Adams, we regret to inform the American Cancer and Heart associations, was an extremely heavy smoker who started at the age of eight. However, before you rush out to buy a $1 cigar, check the whole record. Ulysses S. Grant (1869-1877), who died of cancer of the tongue at 63, smoked and even chewed a great deal—especially in his later years. Grover Cleveland contracted a malignancy of the palate and upper jaw while in the White House. He reputedly puffed on a cigar as he awaited a dramatic operation that saved his life. He was fitted with a prosthetic jaw and looked almost normal afterward.

John Quincy Adams and Truman didn't smoke. If Madison and Jefferson had smoked, the latter would likely have done it moderately. Hoover was a light smoker of cigars.

President Reagan doesn't smoke and never has. A cigarette once had to be painted into his mouth on a picture for an ad.

Drinking

John Adams used alcohol sparingly, and so too his son. Jefferson and Madison were wine connoisseurs. Jefferson's bill for imported wine was as much as $3,000 a year during his Presidency. No wonder he became one of the most indebted Presidents. But Jefferson and Madison, like true wine lovers, imbibed temperately. If Hoover had drunk, he could have been excused for taking a slug when the stock market crashed in 1929.

Truman was a drinker. He kept a bottle of bourbon in his old Senate office to drink when playing poker with his old cronies. However, no one ever saw him lurch or stumble as he walked.

Many Presidents drank too much. Franklin Pierce (1853-1857) died of cirrhosis of the liver at 64. Harding (1921-1923) was an alcoholic and died in office at 57. Grant and Cleveland, the cancer victims, also drank—the former massively and the latter immoderately.

George Washington was also a somewhat heavy drinker, but he didn't smoke. He died at 67.

Here again, President Reagan is more like Jefferson. He has been known to entertain liberally and likes to go to parties, but he himself is a temperate drinker of wine.

Rest and Relaxation

John Adams, Madison and Jefferson were insatiable readers, and their distinguished careers showed it. John Quincy read and played billiards. Hoover loved to fish. He said fishing was good for the soul. Whenever he could, he retreated to Rapidan, his equivalent of Camp David. Truman adored playing the piano and made the "Missouri Waltz" No. 1 on the hit parade. Another famous Presidential musician was Coolidge, who played the harmonica.

John Adams slept little. John Quincy never slept more than seven hours. Jefferson was not regular; sometimes he got five, sometimes seven, depending on how good a book he was reading under candle-

continued on page 94

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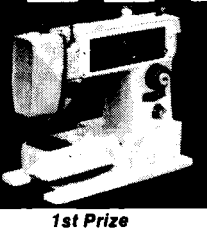

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2. Simply unscramble the words below. All entries become the property of CITY SEWING MACHINE CO., Marysville, Kansas.
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5. Only one entry permitted from each contestant.
6. *Decision of the judges is final.*
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8. Entries must be postmarked no later than Sept. 25, 1984 to be eligible for drawing to be held Sept. 28, 1984 at City Sewing Contest Center, 818 Broadway, Marysville, Kansas 66555.

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FOOD

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR APPLES

Take a tip from Eve and make your favorite dishes more tempting with some help from mankind's all-time favorite fruit.

by Randal Fleet

For centuries apples have stimulated both man's tastebuds and his imagination. It's a matter of record that these flavorful fruits have dropped in at some ripe moments in history. For Adam, the apple temptation proved too great. William Tell saved his son's skin by splitting an apple, and with the help of a plummeting pome Sir Isaac Newton was able to realize the gravity of the situation.

We can thank the Romans for the plentifulness of apples in the world today. They took a shine to the fruit and cultivated the trees throughout Europe. Later North American settlers carried the choicest seeds and propagating wood with them to the New World, and the apple became a staple in the early American diet. In 1649 a farmer named John Endecott traded William Trask 500 apple trees for 200 acres of land. We don't know who got the better deal.

Today, we know more than ever about the inside story of apples. Although the flavor, color, texture and aroma are reason enough to delight in each bite, we know that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" is good if not always totally reliable advice nutritionwise. Apples contain modest amounts of vitamins A, B1, B2, C, Niacin and minerals. More important, apples provide high-quality dietary fiber that adds bulk to the digestive tract. Dentists should like apples, too. Their fibrous texture aids teeth cleaning and massaging the gums. What's more, the typical apple contains only about 80 calories.

Although an apple is always an apple, each apple has its own nuance of flavor. That's because each time an apple seed is planted it produces a slightly different variety than its parent tree, which means endless taste possibilities for apple lovers. Some 250 varieties grow in the United States alone. Fourteen of these account for about 90 percent of our commercial production.

The most popular apple in America is the Red Delicious, discovered in an orchard in Peru, Iowa. About 75 million bushels of Red Delicious are eaten in the United States yearly. The Golden Delicious, Jonathan, McIntosh and Stayman have devoted fans, too. Favorite cooking and baking apples include the Rome Beauty, York Imperial, Newtown Pippin and the Gravenstein, a German import nurtured in the United States since 1825.

Since apples stored at room temperature ripen ten times faster than cooled ones, it's best to keep apples stored in your refrigerator. Don't put them too close to the freezer compartment, though. Freezing will ruin

Bran and apples are a doubly healthful treat when combined with buttermilk, molasses, raisins and spices to make Golden Apple Bran Muffins.

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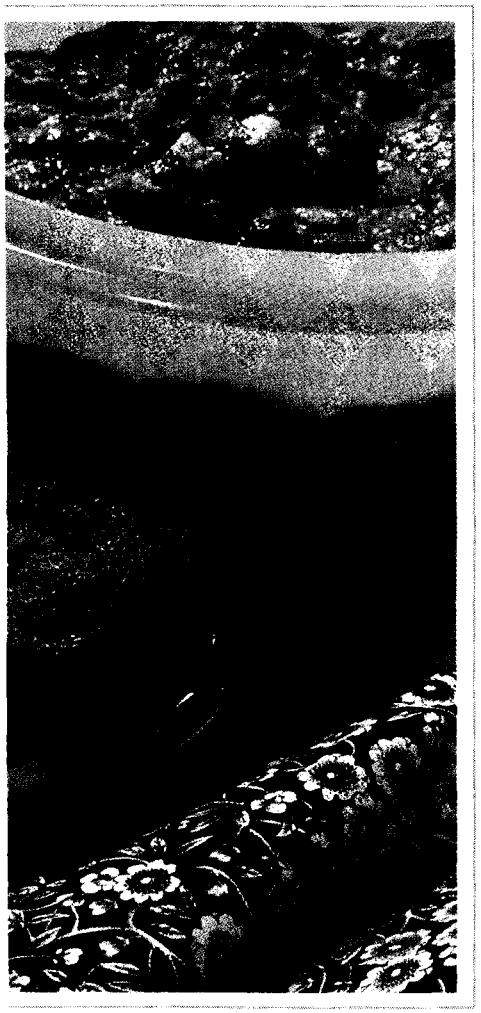
them. Pay heed to the old saw, ". . .one bad apple spoils the bunch. . . ." All bruised and defective apples should be removed from the rest. Only the perfect fruit should be kept for later consumption. If you buy by the bushel, select a cool place in your home for storage—a cellar, garage area or section of the porch. Line the basket with plastic to prevent moisture loss, then cover with a moist towel. The ideal temperature for apple storage is 32-40° F.

When should you eat apples? Anytime. For breakfast, Apple/Corn Meal pancakes are a vast improvement on the common flapjack. Our corn pancakes below, made with high-lysine corn meal, provide both fiber and energy-giving amino acids. For lunch, try something a little different: Apple-Chicken Salad—light, lean chicken pieces and apples, spiced with herbs in a yogurt sauce. Apple juice provides the tang in our Butternut-Squash Soufflé, a great supper side dish that will rise to the occasion.

Apples are natural desserts, but traditionally many apple pastries have been laden with excess sugar. We've found recipes, however, that are low in sugar and will still win over people with a persnickety sweet tooth. Consider Gingerbread Cake, loaded with spices, sweetened with a bit of honey and molasses and topped with a tangy lemon sauce. It's healthful and delightfully tasty. Or for a real smoothie, try Apple/Date Pudding or our applesauce with cinnamon.



Golden Apple Bran Muffins
(Makes 30 to 36 muffins)

2 large Golden Delicious apples, pared, cored and chopped (about 2½ cups)
½ cup corn-oil margarine
1 cup boiling water
3 cups whole-bran cereal
2 cups buttermilk
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon blackstrap molasses
1 cup dates, finely chopped, or raisins
2½ cups white flour, unbleached
2½ teaspoons baking soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon, ground
1 teaspoon nutmeg, ground
½ teaspoon ground cloves

Sauté apples in margarine 10 minutes or until tender. Pour boiling water over bran; add apples, buttermilk, eggs, blackstrap molasses and dates. Combine flour, baking soda and spices; stir into bran mixture just until combined. Refrigerate in tightly covered container at least 24 hours. For optimum quality use within three weeks. Fill greased muffin pans ¾ full and bake at 400° F. 20 to 25 minutes or until wooden pick inserted near center comes out clean.

Microwave Variation

Fill microwave-proof custard cups, lined with double paper liners ¾ full. Microwave at medium: 1 minute for 1 muffin, 2 minutes for 2 muffins, 2½ to 3 minutes for 4 muffins, 3½ to 4 minutes for 6 muffins. Let stand 1 minute before serving; serve immediately.

Apple/Corn Meal Pancakes
(Makes 4 servings)

¾ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ cup corn meal
1 teaspoon baking powder
1⅓ cup buttermilk, low fat
1 egg
1 tablespoon corn-oil margarine, melted
¾ cup apple, grated

Apples are a perennial temptation to old and young alike. The bad thing about them is, you can only eat one at a time.

Blend the flour, corn meal and baking powder together in mixing bowl. Make a well in the center, add buttermilk and egg and beat again. Add melted margarine and apple and stir. Bake on nonstick griddle. If desired, serve with homemade apple sauce.

Apple Sauce
(Makes 1½ to 2 qts.)

20 Yellow Delicious apples
½ cup water
½ cup Tree Top® concentrated apple juice
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg or to taste

Core apples, peel and cut into chunks. Put apples, water and juice in a heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil. Turn heat down, cover and simmer until apples are soft. Add cinnamon and nutmeg. Can also be used with corn-meal waffles. (Recipe on page 15.) Freeze leftover applesauce.

Apple Chicken Salad
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

2 cups cooked chicken or turkey, diced
1 cup celery, sliced
½ cup pitted black olives, sliced
3 red apples

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⅓ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon rosemary
⅓ cup plain yogurt
Salad greens
Combine chicken, celery and olives. Dice apples without peeling. Combine mayonnaise, rosemary and yogurt; add apples and chicken mixture. Toss to coat evenly. Line individual salad bowls with salad greens. Heap apple mixture in center.

Apple Corn Muffins
(Makes 12)

1½ cups high-lysine corn meal
1¼ cups whole-wheat flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1½ cups apple, pared, cored and chopped
1 egg
1½ cups milk, skim
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine, melted
Mix together the dry ingredients and stir in the chopped apples. Add the egg, well beaten, then the milk and margarine, and drop into oiled muffin tins. Bake in 350° F. oven for 25 minutes.

Butternut Squash Soufflé
(Serves 4 to 6)

4 cups butternut squash, steamed or boiled
2 tablespoons Tree Top® apple juice concentrate
1 teaspoon orange rind, grated
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
3 egg whites
Corn-oil margarine
Process squash in blender to puree consistency. Add apple-juice concentrate, orange rind and seasonings. Blend and transfer to a mixing bowl. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff but not dry. Fold into squash, gently stirring down from the middle and lifting up from the sides, until just mixed. Prepare a soufflé dish by lightly coating with corn-oil margarine. Bake at 400° F. for 25 minutes until top begins to brown.

Molded Apple Dessert Salad
(Makes 8 servings)

1 package (3½ oz.) lemon jello
2 cups hot water
1 large avocado, peeled and diced
½ cup celery, thinly sliced
2 cups unpeeled red apples, diced
½ cup blanched almonds, slivered
Dissolve jello in hot water as directed on package. Pour into 6-cup mold to a depth of about 1 inch. Chill until almost set. Meanwhile chill remaining gelatin until consistency of unbeaten egg white; fold in avocado, celery, apples and almonds. Spoon into mold on top of clear gelatin. Chill until set. Unmold and serve.

Gingerbread Cake
(Makes 12 servings)

2½ cups whole-wheat flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 egg
¼ cup honey
¼ cup blackstrap molasses
½ cup apple sauce
3 tablespoons ginger, grated, or 1 rounded teaspoon dried ginger
1 cup very hot water
Combine dry ingredients in small bowl and mix well. Set aside. Beat egg. Add honey and molasses and beat 3 minutes with mixer. Beat in apple sauce, ginger and water. Add dry ingredients to wet. Stir until blended. Lightly oil and flour an 8"x8" baking pan. Pour batter into pan and bake at 350° F. for 1 hour. Lemon Sauce topping follows:

Lemon Sauce
(Makes 12 servings)

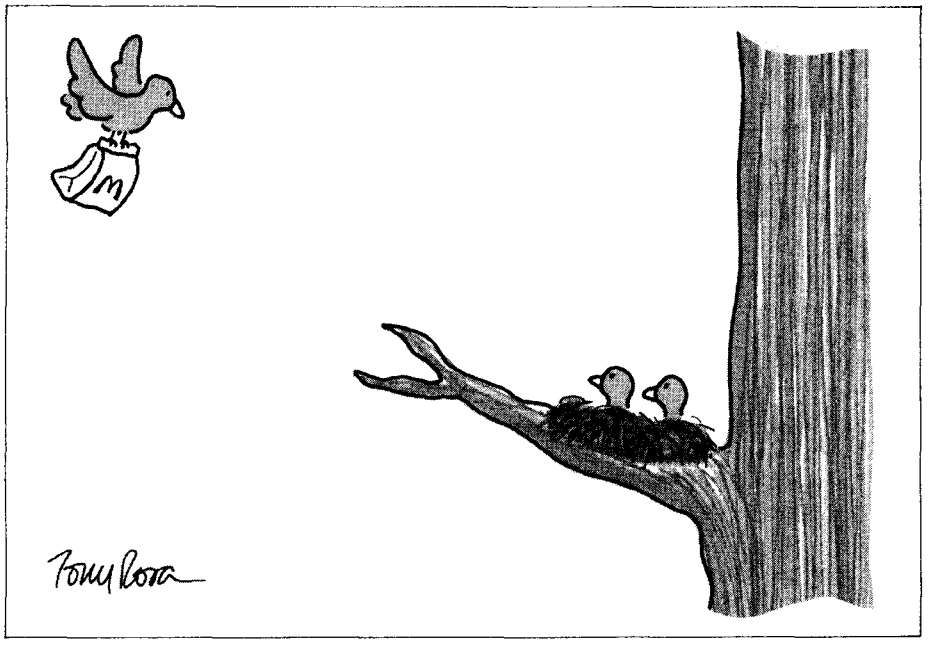
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon arrowroot or cornstarch
¼ cup honey
1 tablespoon Dr. Bronner's® barley malt
1 tablespoon water
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
Dissolve arrowroot or corn starch in 1 tablespoon of water. Put all ingredients except lemon juice and nutmeg in a saucepan. Stir and simmer for 2 minutes. Add lemon juice and nutmeg. Simmer a few more minutes until thick, stirring constantly. Serve over Gingerbread Cake.

Apple Date Pudding
(Serves 6)

2 cups quick-cooking oats
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon allspice
½ cup date sugar (powdered dried dates)
2 tablespoons corn-oil margarine
2 cups unsweetened applesauce
½ cup nuts, chopped (walnuts or pecans)
1 cup dates, finely chopped
Mix oats, spices and date sugar. Cut in margarine until mixture is crumbly. Place half of mixture in well-oiled baking dish. Spread a layer of apple sauce on next, followed by the nuts and dates. Top with the rest of the mixture. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Sweet Potato Pie
(Makes 8 servings)

1¾ cups sweet potato, mashed
1 egg and 1 white
¼ cup honey



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¼ cup Tree Top® apple-juice concentrate
¼ cup orange juice
1 cup evaporated skim milk
½ cup skim milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon cloves

Put all ingredients in blender and puree. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 425° F. for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and bake for 45 minutes or until pie is set. Pie-shell recipe follows:

Pie Shell

1½ cups whole-wheat flour
½ cup unbleached flour
¼ teaspoon salt substitute
½ cup corn-oil margarine
⅛ cup plus approximately 3 tablespoons ice water

Combine flours and salt substitute. Add the margarine and cut in until the mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Add the ice water until the mixture holds together. Turn onto a lightly floured board. Knead 10 times lightly. Roll out the crust.

Love Story

continued from page 51

he heard her washing it in the kitchen. When she returned to the room, she asked if there was anything else he wanted. He shook his head.

"Only your name. You didn't tell me," he said.

She smiled, pleased with him. "Maria," she said. "Maria Gonzalez."

There were probably a million girls named Maria Gonzalez, but she gave her name pride and dignity and a certain beauty in the way she spoke it.

"I am Jerry Lawlor," he said.

"Jerry!" She weighed the name on her tongue and rejected it, frowning slightly. She found the name again in Spanish and her eyes lighted. "I will call you Geromo," she said. "I like that. But it is very late. Good night, Geromo."

She turned out the little light and he heard her undressing in the darkness. He did not look toward her, wanting to do so, yet respecting something that he could not put in words; the fact, perhaps, that this was the only privacy Maria Gonzalez had and that she had shared it with him because he was helpless.

He lay staring at the ceiling for a long time after her regular breathing told him that she was asleep. He was remembering the big man now as a human creature, divorced from the nightmare, a fat lounger at a bar, loafing while other men worked. Before the last horse, Jerry might still have gone down before a man that big, but the man would be hurt first; he wouldn't just hit, he would be hit. Remembering how it actually was, Jerry's jaw tightened. In the nightmare, man and horse had been confused in his mind, but there was no confusion now. He did not hate the horse.

The girl slept late, long after the light grew strong behind the cracked shade. When he heard her stirring, Jerry rolled over and faced the wall. He did not turn around until she spoke to him. She served him a breakfast of ham and eggs. It surprised him

continued on page 93

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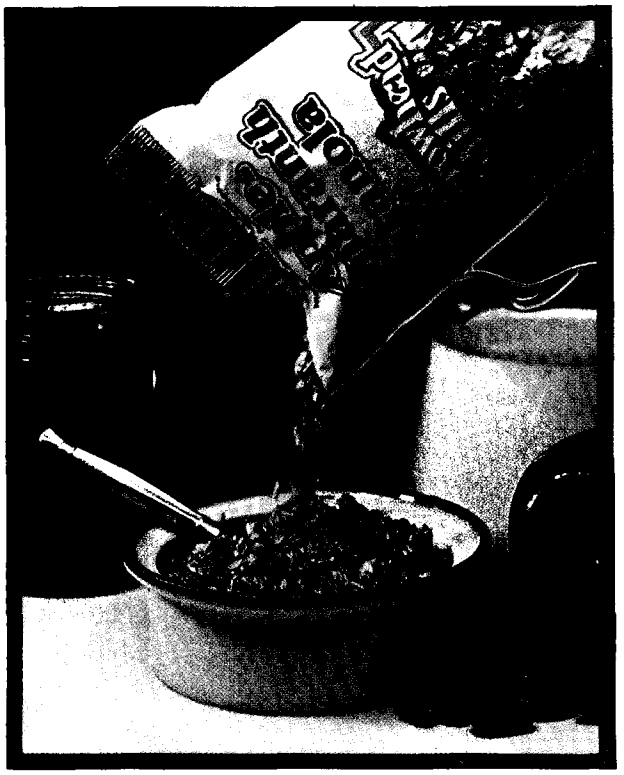

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Dear Reader:

We can't think of a single gift which would do more for your good health than to start you using high-lysine corn meal and high-fiber unprocessed miller's bran.

We've been writing about the virtues of high-fiber wheat bran for years, and lately we've been telling you why we believe a high-lysine, low-arginine diet is so beneficial to ward off viruses. Now we're going to put our money where our mouths are. We've bought corn-grinding equipment and our volunteers are bagging the high-lysine corn meal as well as unprocessed miller's wheat bran, which has been donated to us by a generous miller. We're packaging both in lined, brown paper bags to get people started who haven't yet discovered the amazing benefits of adding back the bran, or going on a high-lysine, low-arginine diet.

Readers ask us repeatedly, "Exactly how much bran should I take?" So we called Dr. Denis Burkitt, the godfather of the high-fiber discoveries. From London, in his inimitable British accent, he said, "It varies enormously with different people. What we tell them now is, 'If you have enough fiber, your stools normally float.' And everybody can find out whether their stools float or sink. Take enough to make your stool float," he said. "Some people need more than others." Getting your stool to float will probably double the size of your stool, and this is what you want, says Dr. Burkitt. "Speeding up the transit time is important but it isn't nearly as important as increasing the amount of stool you pass," he said.

We asked him how much stool the average adult male should pass. He replied, "I think he should pass at least 225 grams (about 1/2 pound). The average American today is passing a little over 100 grams (less than 1/4 pound). Stool weights are even more closely related to cancer than the transit time of the food. If I were a doctor examining candidates for life insurance, the first question I'd ask would be, 'How much stool do you pass daily?' If the candidate says, 'About 250 to 300 grams,' well, I'd say, 'I'm not wasting time on blood chemistry tests, you're okay--you can get your policy,' and if he says, 'I don't even get out 100 grams a day,' well, I'd say, 'It's not worthwhile to test you because you're a pretty poor risk.' That's how important a high-volume stool is to your health."

If you care about wellness, I hope you will read the next page.

To your good health,

Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Cory SerVaas, M.D.
Research Director

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We want to make it possible for everyone who helps support our research to obtain a fresh supply of high-lysine corn every two weeks. We're eager for you to start on a high-fiber and high-lysine diet.

Flush your box of laxatives down the drain. We hope you'll never need them again. Just a few tablespoons of bran each day will revolutionize your bowel behavior. . .and lessen your cancer risk.

Wheat bran is available now in most grocery stores, but if you can't find it, write to the Society and we will substitute a bag of wheat bran for the corn meal as often as you like. (Whole-grain corn meal is also high in fiber. *High-lysine* makes it an excellent protein food as well.)

Those lucky first 500 who wrote for their free bags have told us that their cornbread and corn waffle recipes taste better when made with high-lysine corn. When we offered the free high-lysine corn to the first 500 who wrote, we had no idea that we would receive more than 12,500 inquiries.

We wish we could mail gift bags to all our our members but we must now limit it to those who send a contribution to support our cancer and heart-disease research.

Please know that it will be spent on practical medical research to find out how to prevent cancer and heart disease. Our gift to you is for your good health. Your gift to us helps others as well.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

P.O. Box 567 • Indianapolis, IN • 46206

Yes, I would like to be a research partner of the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society and receive a fresh bag of high-lysine corn meal every other week. Please bill me once a month for the amount listed below: ☐ Cancer prevention ☐ Heart disease

My Donation $10_____ $15_____ $20_____ $25_____

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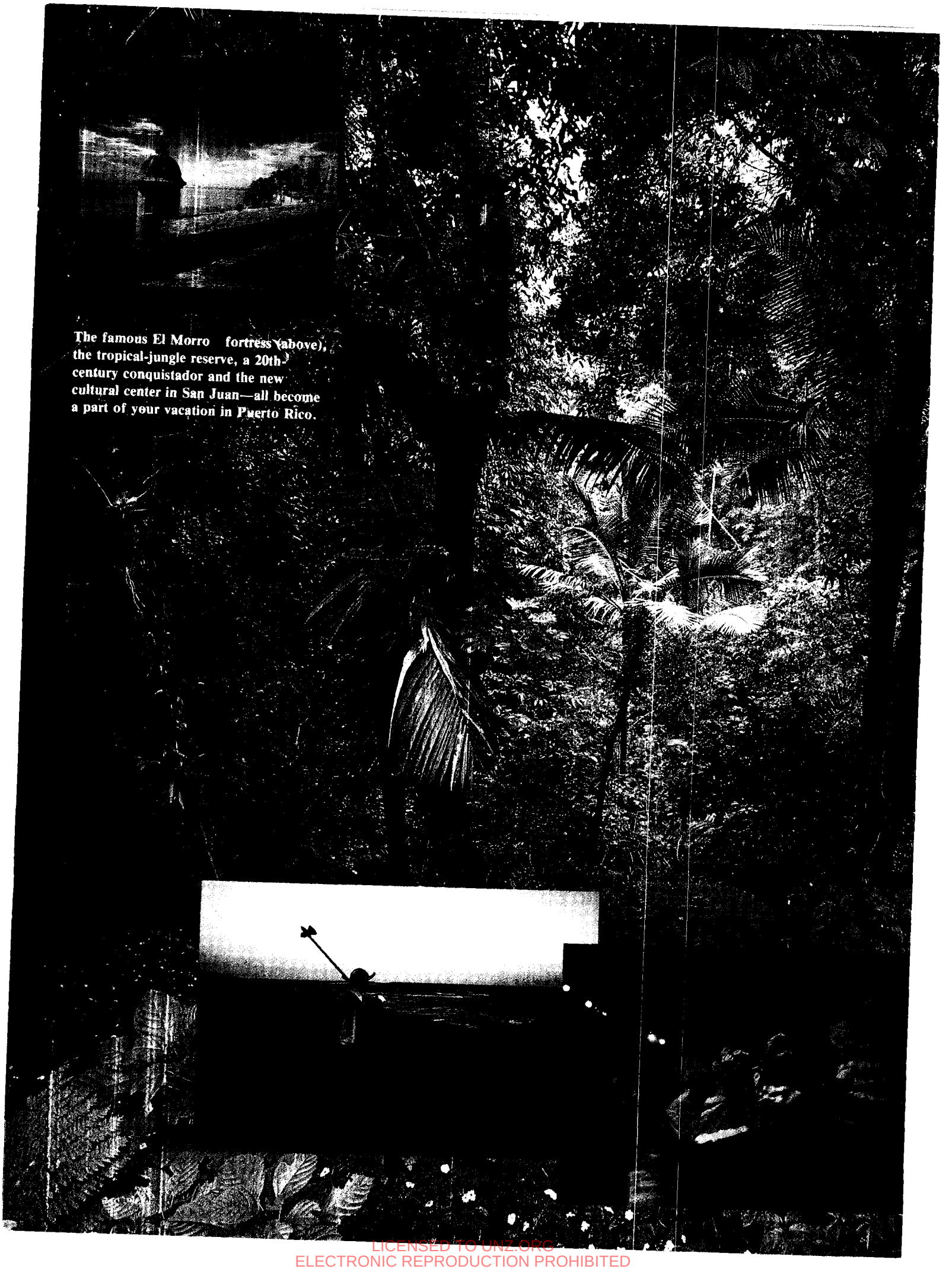

The famous El Morro fortress (above), the tropical-jungle reserve, a 20th-century conquistador and the new cultural center in San Juan—all become a part of your vacation in Puerto Rico.

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Easygoing Puerto Rico

If you want to get away from it all, you'll find life full of fun and far less taxing on this neighborly Caribbean island.

by Jack Wilson

All of us like to get away from the regular pace of things, even if for just a few days—to put work aside and to go far away for a few hours of complete pleasure and relaxation. We dream of champagne-colored beaches, of soft, warm sand, of glistening blue ocean with white waves cresting to shore and of palm trees waving lazily in a gentle tropical breeze.

More practically, we think of a place where we need take only a few changes of light clothing and a bathing suit, where there's no need to worry about safe drinking water and where we can dine on delicious and exotic foods that won't leave us with a case of "tourista"—a place that's foreign and exotic in atmosphere, yet in comforts much like home. For us that place is Puerto Rico.

Divided down the middle by a chain of high mountains, this 35-by-100-mile-long island offers broad coastal plains of rich farmland, terraced hillsides and forests of mahogany, pine and teak. Good roads, many of them freeways, lead to breathtaking mountain vistas, through thick tropical jungles, by lagoons and mangrove swamps and into scrub, cactus desert and, of course, beautiful beaches.

The hub of Puerto Rico is San Juan, where approximately one-third of the island's 3 million inhabitants reside. If you go to Puerto Rico for a three- to five-day break, San Juan alone provides enough for a rich and satisfying vacation. The beaches are all open to the public, so you don't need to stay at an expensive oceanfront hotel. (You definitely need hotel reservations if you go from late November through March, at least for the first night.)

From your hotel you can catch a bus or take a cab to Old San Juan, a seven-square-block village restored and kept in its original style, but

The champagne-colored beaches, open to the public, offer soft, warm sand for sunning, sparkling water for swimming.

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very much alive with activity. As you walk the narrow, cobbled streets, you trace the steps of Columbus when he landed in 1493. You will pass by the Casa Blanca, the "White House" of Ponce de Leon—first Spanish governor of the island—and see great walls and fortifications built centuries ago to keep out the forces of Sir Francis Drake and others.

You may want to arrange for a half or full day of deep-sea fishing or rent a car and drive to El Yunque, the jungle preserve that is part of the U.S. National Forest System. El Yunque is on the windward side of the high mountains. There the island's steady northwest winds are uplifted, and they drop their moisture, as much as 100 billion gallons a year. More than 240 types of trees have been identified in El Yunque, and 200 species of tropical birds. It is a haven for wild orchids and sweet-scented tuberoses. Brilliant masses of impatiens paint the road banks with vivid colors.

Many mainland Americans live in luxurious condominiums that line the beaches in the lovely suburbs of San Juan. The plush ones have their own pools, tennis courts and gate guards. Many of these condos are second homes and are rented out for months at a time. They range in style from penthouse mansions to studio apartments. Listings may be found in *The New York Times*. Or you can send for copies of the English-language newspaper, *The San Juan Star* (P.O. Box 4187, San Juan, PR 00936), which will give you a whole section of classifieds as well as what is going on in Puerto Rico.

As you walk the old streets of San Juan, you glimpse handsome, Spanish-style homes with 18-foot ceilings, thick concrete walls, elegant tiled floors and interior, open-to-the-sky patios.

You will also see some vacant properties. Entrepreneurs from the States have realized considerable profit by purchasing and restoring these properties. The Puerto Rican government has helped by eliminating property taxes on restored buildings and income tax from those turned into commercial properties. Restored houses in Old San Juan sell for about $25,000. There is a great deal of pride in having an Old San Juan address.

One of the best ways to learn the character and history of Puerto Rico is to plan a tour of the island and to stay at the *Paradores Puertorriquenos*. The *Paradores* are government-approved country inns. Eight of these well-restored mansions, each with its own charm, dot the island. They range from mountain retreat to sea resort, from coffee plantation to hot-springs spa. The *Paradores* are moderately priced (busy-season rates as low as $30; doubles up to $50), and the people who manage them are chosen for their hospitality and knowledge of the area.

The nighttime skyline of San Juan, hub of Puerto Rico, where approximately one-third of the island's 3 million inhabitants make their home.

Using buses (there are no trains) to tour the island is possible, but it is so easy to drive the well-marked highways and roads that a rental car is much more enjoyable. The least expensive way to travel from one city or village to the next is by *Carros Publicos*. Large cars, their routes assigned and their rates fixed by the government, are lined up in any city's main plaza. The destination is posted plainly on the car's windshield, and the driver will leave as soon as he has enough passengers. If you want to practice your Spanish, the *Carros Publicos* will give you ample experience!

You may also enjoy taking a ferry to the Puerto Rican islet of Vieques. There you will find *real* solitude—no television, no modern life, only safe and serene tropical-island living. There are small hotels and guest houses if you decide to spend the night. But be prepared for a quiet stay. The village closes up tight before ten o'clock.

The casual visitor to Puerto Rico may not have time to appreciate its exquisite culture, a fascinating mixture of Spanish aristocracy, African exuberance and Taino Indian gentleness—all interwoven with American politics, products, people and ideals.

The island was ceded by Spain to the United States in 1898, following the Spanish-American War. The people of Puerto Rico became American citizens in 1917. In 1952, the island was given the right to establish an autonomous commonwealth government. Puerto Ricans elect their own governor, legislature and local officials. A nonvoting representative from Puerto Rico sits in the U.S. House of Representatives. Washington maintains the postal service, customs, immigration, defense and foreign relations for the island. Puerto Rico has its own court system, which handles all problems but those involving federal laws.

Many tax incentives have lured American businesses, especially pharmaceutical and high-technology companies, to Puerto Rico. Once Americans have taken up residence in Puerto Rico, they are no longer subject to federal taxes on income earned while a Puerto Rican resident.

Puerto Rico imports almost all industrial products, and the excise tax is high, a feature especially true of luxury items and automobiles. Cigarettes have a 61-cent tax per pack, perhaps the highest tax on cigarettes in the world. The largest export is rum, Puerto Rico's main moneymaker. Bacardi rum usually tops the list of brand-name spirits sold in the United States, and all sales taxes levied on Puerto Rican rum are returned by the federal government to Puerto Rico. These import-export taxes, which bring in millions of dollars, are the basic financial support of the government.

Almost any food sold in the States is available in Puerto Rico, plus many more fresh fruits and vegetables. Some fruits such as mangoes are so common that groceries do not stock them. The pineapples of Puerto Rico are huge, and the native coffee is so delicious none is ever left to export. Coffee is without doubt the favorite drink of the island.

The basic diet of most Puerto Ricans is rice and red beans cooked with green peppers, onions and tomato sauce and wonderfully seasoned with garlic, oregano and other spices.

Health conditions in Puerto Rico

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have changed completely in recent decades. Water pollution and tropical diseases have been eliminated. The island *is* in the tropics, however. Bacteria grow rapidly and precautions must be taken to keep certain foods, especially dairy products, refrigerated. Extra care is needed for small cuts and scratches because they become infected more rapidly.

Along the coast, few people bother with screens: The breeze keeps the infrequent flies and mosquitoes away. But inland, screens are needed—why you find many Puerto Rican homes built on concrete stilts to catch the refreshing wind as well as to afford privacy and provide parking and work space underneath. Hurricane side winds hit the island on occasion, but long-time residents remember few instances of damage. Building correctly seems to overcome the problem.

As for year-round activities, try: golf on gorgeous but expensive courses; tennis; and swimming in the warm ocean waters and in the abundant swimming pools. The sea teems with fish. The surfing is excellent, and old Spanish galleons still lie beneath the waters where they wrecked on coral reefs.

A beautiful new cultural center has just been built in San Juan for theater, symphonies, opera and ballet, and the University of Puerto Rico hosts a continual series of well-known performers. Art is very important to the islanders, and public exhibitions as well as numerous galleries in Old San Juan are well attended. English-speaking television, now limited to one station, will soon be expanded, and one radio station broadcasts in English.

Puerto Ricans attend many churches and denominations. The Roman Catholic church is the most prominent on the island, but most of the worshipping people, regardless of denomination, have been affected by the charismatic-pentecostal movement that has swept the island. Services are usually joyful and enthusiastic.

"A happy people" is a common description that repeat visitors to the island give to native Puerto Ricans. It's that image combined with the allure of the warm, Caribbean climate that brings first-time visitors back for more and even persuades some to stay and take up residence in Puerto Rico—USA.

Love Story

continued from page 87

to discover that he was hungry and that food tasted good.

"There is not much to do in daytime at Garcia's," she said, "and I work most at night. I play the music. I sing. I dance a little when I feel like it. There are other girls to dance. This week the wife of the boss, Dolores, is sick, and I go there in the afternoon too."

He did not ask what she did before she came to Garcia's. It didn't matter. Somewhere she had learned to play the piano, and the accomplishment gave her rank and station. She could wait on tables when she was needed or serve drinks from the bar, but she was a musician, an entertainer. In a Spanish town all distinctions were important.

After the girl left, Jerry tested his legs. He walked up and down the room, rested a while, then walked again. His shirt had been laundered and was on a hanger behind the door. There were bloodstains on his trousers, but they were faint. Maria had tried to remove them. He dressed slowly, painfully, when the girl left again after supper, and he walked up and down in the darkness outside. Maria's two rooms were in a lean-to addition to a shabby frame house west of Garcia's. There was a family with children in the main part of the structure. He considered that fact thoughtfully. A sick and helpless man in Maria's rooms was one thing; a convalescent was something else.

Maria was cheerful when she came in late that night. She sensed his depression and she made conversation. She told him the legend that was older than the town: the legend of the Indian maiden who jumped from the high point of rock beyond where the Catholic church now stood because her lover was of another tribe and she could not marry him.

"It is beautiful," she said; "more beautiful than sad, no? But it is not funny. Love is never funny."

She tried to tell him something funny. From the beginning of the town, this country was a place of potatoes. Men sought oil and uranium without finding what they sought, but a man,

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if he worked hard, could make his living from the potato.

"Because this is true," Maria said, "the name of this town is Patata, which is the potato that is Spanish. But it was not so in the beginning, no!"

In the beginning, she explained, men called the town San Patata, which, in Spanish, is Saint Potato; but that was changed when the first priest came.

"The priest said to them that this is a sin, that the potato does not go to heaven. And the men ask him, very serious, how they make a living in heaven if the potato does not go there."

She laughed softly, delighted with her own story. "It is a joke," she said, "but nobody laughs. With the good Spanish joke, everybody laughs tomorrow, not now. With this, even the priest laughs tomorrow, but the name of the town is changed. That is funny, no?"

Jerry admitted that it was funny, and he laughed with her, sharing her enjoyment, but the things that he wanted to say to her had to wait till tomorrow, if their laughter did not. She was already reaching for the light. Her eyes were soft for a moment, looking at him.

"It is good that you are happy, Geromo," she said. "And now, *buenas noches.*"

He turned his face to the wall, and there was warmth in him, and nameless longings. He was an orphan, raised by an uncle and an aunt to whom he was a Christian obligation and a duty, but never an object of affection. He had known few girls, and those few shyly, inarticulately, self-consciously. He lay awake long in the darkness, conscious of every creak and rattle of the iron bed when Maria moved. He wondered if what he felt for her was love, and how a man could know. He was feeling something—something that ached inside of him and kept sleep away.

In the morning after Maria was gone, he walked in the yard. He sat on a dusty crate when he tired and he looked at the sloping rock that rose behind the town.

It was not so difficult as he thought it would be to climb that rock. There was a street with an easy grade that passed the Catholic church, and a

continued on following page

Presidential Fitness

continued from page 82

light. Truman worked 15 to 18 hours each day for an extended period and would then knock off totally for a few days' rest and sleep around the clock. Truman slept so well that it took him only a few minutes to doze off. For whatever it's worth, Coolidge habitually got 10 to 12 hours' sleep and took 2- to 4-hour naps in the afternoon.

Very few modern Presidents, occupied as they are by midnight crises and varying schedules, have slept in the same room as their wives. Truman and Gerald Ford were exceptions. Betty Ford objected, "Gerald and I slept in the same bed for 25 years, and I don't see any reason for changing now." And that was that!

The Reagans are very private. What does the President do in the evening in the White House, at Camp David or at the ranch? What does he read? What kind of music does he prefer? Does he watch movies or television? Does he play bridge or does he play Scrabble with Nancy? No one will deny he always comes back to work unusually refreshed and relaxed. He likes to get eight hours' sleep but doesn't always get it. He has slept like a baby through a major crisis—the shoot-out in 1981 off the coast of Libya. Whether he sleeps in the same room as Mrs. Reagan is top secret.

Emotional Problems

John Adams complained all his life about apparently nonorganic ailments. Not only was he neurotic: He manifested sudden mood swings from being unruffled to explosive; elated to despondent; and cocky to self-deprecatory. He was tremulous, had a bad temper and carried a chip on his shoulder. He was a compulsive worker—15 hours a day for long stretches. Despite all this, he was remarkably healthy even in his later years. One might have inscribed on his Quincy tombstone: "It was all in his head."

John Quincy Adams was often anxious about his health. His diary is filled with references to colds, sore throats and stomach aches. Jefferson was the exemplification of "a sound mind in a sound body." Nevertheless, he endured migraine headaches, probably attributable to stress, most of his life. Madison suffered from an inferiority complex, likely due to his small stature. He was nervous. He worried himself sick and continuously thought himself in poor health.

Truman had a salutary attitude about his own importance. After leaving office and upon his arrival back home in Independence, Missouri, he was asked the first thing he was going to do. He replied, "Take the bags up to the attic." Truman sometimes showed a terrific temper, particularly when a music critic gave his singing daughter, Margaret, a bad review.

The most reviled President in U.S. history was Hoover, blamed for the Great Depression. He handled the stress magnificently and went on to live 31 years after leaving office. "Keep Cool with Coolidge" should have read "Keep Cool with Hoover," even though the latter is not so catchy.

President Reagan has proved so far to be the most composed and tranquil of Presidents. He is easygoing and has a sense of humor. He knows how to pace himself, and when he suffers a setback he doesn't agonize but goes on to the next problem. He is said to be the same genial man most of the time to those around him that he appears to be on television. He has never consulted a psychiatrist, nor has he needed Valium. He even seems to maintain his serenity in the face of policy problems and public and media criticisms. President Reagan is indeed a high achiever when it comes to health. He may be the healthiest President in history. His physicians have consistently declared him to be in perfect condition.

Contrary to the popular belief that the Oval Office crucible is "the most killing job in the world," it may be just the opposite. As Thomas A. Bailey, a Stanford Presidential authority, wrote in *Presidential Greatness*: "The daily challenges and high-pressure activities of the Presidency may act as kind of a stimulant. Physicians are constantly urging retired businessmen, among others, to keep active."

It is notable that, other than as a result of assassinations, only four Presidents have died in office. It certainly helps greatly that Presidents in office have the best medical care in the world. So, regardless of what some may feel about Reagan's performance in office, another four-year stint might be for him just what the doctor ordered. ✖

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Here's my favorite before and after story.

Damiano, 1980

Damiano, 1983

"Look what an incredible difference my sponsorship has made in this little boy's life. His name is Damiano. He lives in a desperately impoverished East African country. And since 1980 I've sponsored him through Christian Children's Fund.

"In the beginning, he was a poor, sad-eyed boy, suffering from one of the very worst kinds of malnutrition. But thanks to CCF and my sponsorship, there's been a dramatic improvement—one that makes my heart swell with pride. Now, not only does Damiano get medical checkups and nutritious food—he also has school clothes and books. The big, healthy smile in the picture on the right tells the rest of the story.

"Now I want you to see for yourself just how far a little love can go. Only $18 a month, just 60¢ a day, can give a youngster like Damiano what he needs to grow and learn. So send in the coupon today—and soon you'll be able to tell a happy before and after story of your own."

Sally Struthers,
National Chairperson

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. James MacCracken, Executive Director, Christian Children's Fund, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261

☐ I wish to sponsor any child who needs my help.
☐ I prefer to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either in the country checked below:

☐ Bolivia ☐ Colombia ☐ Honduras ☐ Indonesia ☐ Mexico ☐ Thailand ☐ Zambia
☐ Brazil ☐ Guatemala ☐ India ☐ Kenya ☐ Philippines ☐ Uganda

(If you would like to sponsor more than one child, please specify the number in box[es] of your choice.)

PLEASE SEND MY INFORMATION PACKAGE TODAY.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $18 within 10 days. Or I'll return the material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first monthly payment now; enclosed is $18 for each child.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child but I'll give $_____ to the Christian Children's Fund Growth Fund (provides expansion of services in a hungry world).

Mr. Miss
Mrs. Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IN THE U.S.: CCF, Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261
IN CANADA: CCF, 2409 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario M4P 2E7
Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available upon request.

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curving path beyond it. He rested often, but in less than three-quarters of an hour he had climbed it. He stood on the edge of a cliff that dropped sheer to a dry creek bed 150 feet below. Jerry turned away. He did not think about the Indian girl who was supposed to have jumped down there. He didn't believe any part of the story. He had known many Indians and he just couldn't imagine it.

He lay with his hands behind his head for an hour after he returned to Maria's, staring at the ceiling. She was all around him, in the things she owned and wore. There was a small crucifix on the wall and there were two highly colored lithographs of the Holy Family and of the Virgin of Guadalupe. There was a pink garment not long enough to reach her knees. It was lying across the bed that she did not have time to make before she left, so he knew that it was her nightgown, or whatever it was called, the something in which she slept. Her powder was spilled on the dresser top, and it had a strong scent. There was a green ribbon on the floor.

Jerry knew all of those things, and where they were, without looking at them. There was something else; a fountain-pen gift box on the dresser top near the spilled powder. He rose suddenly and picked it up. The pen inside was cheap, like the box, a ball-point that, obviously, had never been used. He went on a quiet search for paper. Everything that she owned was in the two rooms. She did not own much. There was no paper. The calendar on the kitchen wall advertised a filling station. None of the months had been torn off. He tore off the month of January and wrote slowly, laboriously, on the back of it.

"Dear Maria," he wrote, "thanks. I won't forget. Someday I'll do something for you."

He hesitated; then signed the note, "Geromo."

There were two crumpled dollar bills that he had not owned in the right-hand pocket of his trousers. He did not discover them until he reached the highway. He stood for a moment, weighing pride against his necessity; then he walked back and placed one of the bills on the table under his note. He kept the other one because he was unsure of himself now in strange territory without the guitar.

A truck that was hauling pipe picked him up and he didn't ask where it was going. It was going somewhere.

Jerry Lawlor lived. He washed dishes and he swept floors and he did odd jobs where he found the jobs, sleeping wherever he was permitted to sleep, eating whatever was given him to eat. When the winter closed down on the western slope, he was working for a man named Lindstrom in a town of 600 people. Carl Lindstrom operated a hotel of 15 rooms, which was never filled to capacity even in the summertime. He had beds and warmth and food. He could afford to offer a handyman his necessities for whatever the man could do.

At first, there was not much that Jerry could offer him. As the weeks went by, however, Jerry's body came slowly back to life. He shoveled snow then, and he cut kindling, and he did odd jobs of carpentry.

When he had developed new muscles, Jerry fought grimly with a big man named Pedro down snow-covered walks, and lashed into him with the ax that split the piled lengths of wood. At night sometimes he thought of Maria, but not often; when night came, he was too tired for thought. The big man was a job that he had to do, a score that he had to even, a fight that he had to fight. He could think of him through the day, and the thinking gave his muscles a goal, a reason for being, an objective needing strength. He ate well and he slept well; he worked hard and he grew.

The winter was long, and with the spring he went out with a highway crew that repaired the ravages of winter. He was the lowly member who kept track of tools and hauled water, ran errands and did innocuous things such as restoring fallen highway markers to their proper places. By June he was driving a truck for a highway contractor, and in July he went into the woods, with all other available manpower, to fight a forest fire. The fire lasted for ten days and he stood up to the work, the smoke, the loss of sleep, the irregular meals, the fatigue of forced marches, the danger. He knew, when the fire was out, that he was whole again.

In early August, after the fire, he went to Denver with one of the trucks. He had money in his pockets and sound working clothes. He went down on Larimer Street where the pawnshops are and he priced guitars. He found one with a deep, mellow tone, a black one that felt right under his

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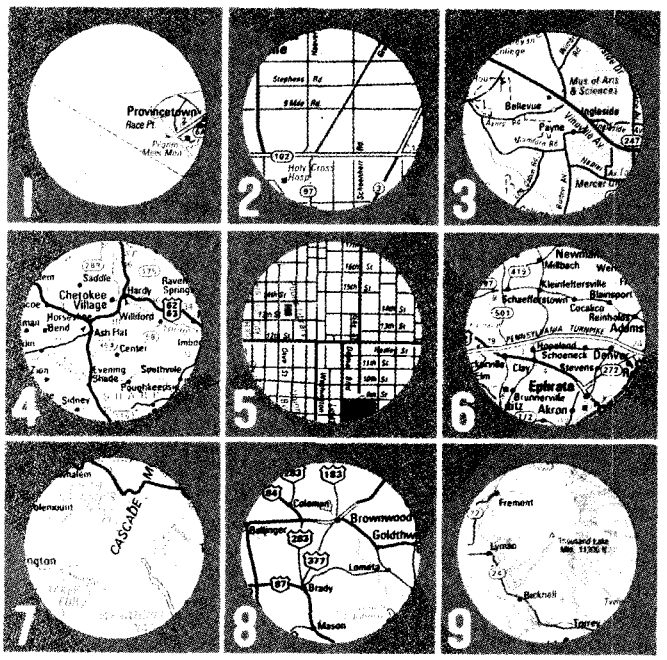

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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 110)

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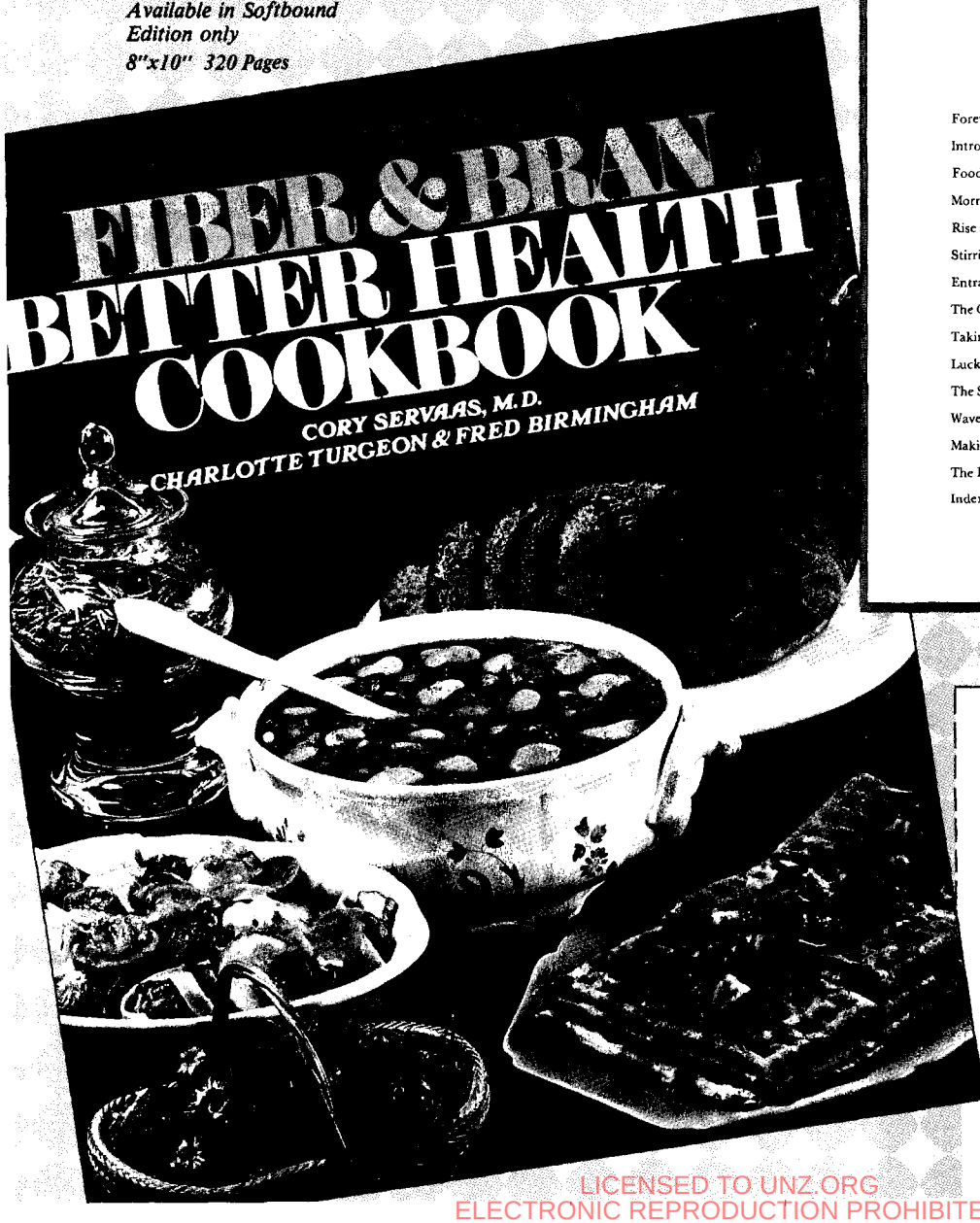

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callused hands. It was better than the one he had had when he went to Patata. He held it, savoring the moment, proud in the knowledge that he could afford it. Then he saw the wrist watch.

It gleamed brightly from a box lined in velvet, small, bright, feminine. He thought of Maria, saw her, saw the watch on her slender arm. She did not have a watch. There wasn't a clock in her two rooms. She never knew what time it was, save by a certain instinct that told her to go to work, to eat, to go to sleep. Jerry pointed to the case.

"How much is that?" he said.

It cost more than the guitar. Jerry looked at it. He could buy it. He laid the guitar on the counter, turning his back on it. He lifted the tiny box containing the watch. There was hardly any weight to it.

"Wrap it up," he said.

He went back to the highways and a man's work. The summer sun stained his skin and the labor swelled his muscles. He had a sure feeling about Pedro now, and he did not have to think about him. He could take him when the time came, and he would. He thought more often of Maria. He had a present for her and he was patient.

It was the fall once more when Jerry Lawlor came back to Patata. The aspens were gold in the passes and the chili peppers were scarlet strings on the small houses and the huts. His job had come to an end with September, and he rode the back trail as he had ridden out, hitching a ride with a trucker. He stood on the main drag and he looked at Garcia's sign in the distance. It was late afternoon, too early for her to be going on the night trick yet. It wasn't reasonable that the wife of the boss would still be sick. Maria would not be working in the afternoon.

He strode out swiftly, slowed with the sudden thought that she might be gone from Patata; then speeded up again, impatient to know. The house and the yard were as he remembered them. No one had moved the crate on which he used to sit. Everything, like the Spanish joke she told him, was tomorrow; nothing ever got done today. He knocked on the door.

She was no longer young. The year had taken some of the rose tint from the ivory of her skin. Her eyes were not so bright and her mouth not so full. She was thinner and no electricity flowed from her. She opened the door and stood there, her clothes hanging limply on her. She did not know him.

"Don't you remember me, Maria?" he said.

"No." She stared at him impassively; then she leaned suddenly forward, her eyes widening in recognition. "Geromo! It is not possible!" Her hands darted out, her fingers digging into the hard ridges of his forearms. "I am so glad for you," she said. "I am afraid that you are dead."

"I could have been once."

There was swift fright in her eyes. "Why you come back?"

"Many reasons. To see you."

"No. Sit down, Geromo." She did not invite him in. Nothing was as he had planned. Jerry sat beside her on the crate. "You are strong," she said. "You have come back to look for Pedro. You must not. It was not his fault. He is a good man. I made him jealous and I knew it. It is the way of women."

Jerry knew then. He frowned, not looking at her. "He is a bum," he said curtly.

"No! You do not understand. One man digs the potato, makes a little money, gives it to a girl. It is all he has, very little. Another man says the little money of the potato is not enough for his girl. He has a big dream. He wants her to have many pretty things."

Jerry's fists tightened. "So he's a bum, without even potato money. He doesn't give her anything."

Maria's hand rested on his. "A woman does not care, my Geromo. It is good for her that he wants her to have many things. That is very good for a woman."

"It makes it easier for him too."

She shook her head. "No! It is harder for him, harder than to dig the potato."

There was patience in her voice, pleading in her eyes. She wanted him to understand, but Jerry Lawlor couldn't understand. He made a slashing, impatient gesture with his right hand.

"O.K.," he said harshly. "That's a Spanish joke. I'll laugh tomorrow maybe." He plunged his

continued on following page

The Perfect Squelch

The healthy-looking middle-aged woman kept her bus seat while a tired young mother with a small baby in her arms stood in the aisle of the swaying vehicle. When the baby began to fret, the older woman looked annoyed. In vain, the mother, laden with a grocery bag and a purse, tried to pacify the infant. In her efforts, she held the crying baby in a seemingly awkward position. At that, the older woman began a running comment of criticism.

"I declare," she snorted, "you young mothers don't seem to know a thing about handling children. Why, you nearly dropped that child."

Ignored, she went on and on. Finally she snapped: "A woman ought never have a baby until she knows how to hold it."

Turning, the young mother replied calmly, "Nor a tongue, either."

—A.H. Iseley

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hand into his pocket. "I wanted you to have something pretty too. I brought you a present."

"A present?"

She turned to him, startled, and her voice was a child's voice, surprised, excited. He placed the tiny wrapped box in her hand. She stared at it for long seconds; then her hand closed on it possessively.

"I must have light to see it," she said. "It is getting dark here." She rose swiftly, hesitated a moment. "You come in with me, Geromo," she said.

He entered the room behind her, the room that he remembered so well. She turned on the small lamp on the dresser. The crucifix and the two lithographs were still on the walls. His cot was gone. So was her narrow iron bedstead. The room had a double bed now. The precious *Certificado de Matrimonio*, in a dime-store frame, hung below the lithograph of the Holy Family. Maria was tearing the wrapping from the box.

The wrist watch was gleaming glory against the dark velvet, a thing of flashing reflection, of daintiness, of femininity. Maria looked at it, hypnotized. Her eyes lifted slowly to Jerry's.

"I have never seen one so beautiful," she said. She thrust her left arm out. "Show me how it works, Geromo."

He wound the watch, and his fingers trembled when he fastened the strap clasp on her wrist. She held the watch away from her, looking at it, turning it one way and then another. She held it against her ear and listened to it tick. The clasp fascinated her and she played with it, opening it and snapping it shut.

"Geromo," she said, "I cannot talk."

He could not talk, either. The thought came back to him that he had known a year ago—that to enjoy the enjoyment of Maria was better than anything that he could have for himself. She took the watch off and put it on again, frowning slightly as she struggled with the clasp, smiling when she mastered it. She sighed at length, removed the watch from her wrist and replaced it carefully in the box. She held it, looking at it, then extended the box to Jerry.

"Geromo," she said, "you have made me very happy. All my life I will remember."

He stared at her, not comprehending. When he did not take the box, she tried to force it into his hand. "Someday," she said, "you will have a girl and you will give her this."

"I gave it to you."

She raised her face to him. Her eyes were wet. "It was very sweet. I will think of it and it will always be my present, Geromo. It will always be mine and I will think of it."

"You've got to keep it."

"No. I cannot." She shook her head slowly. "Never in all of his life can Pedro give me this. It is what he wants to do, Geromo, and he cannot do it."

There was finality in her voice. A fact was a fact and it could not be altered. When she looked at him there was mystery in her eyes, and the excitement was gone. She was no longer a child; she was a woman who knew that she was a woman and that he was still just a boy. Jerry accepted the box reluctantly, respecting something that he could not understand. He put it in his pocket, hestitated for a moment, and then looked up.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" he said.

She smiled at him. "But no, Geromo. You have already done much more for me than you know. I will always love you a little."

She kissed him, holding his face between her warm palms for a moment; then she walked with him to the door.

He stood on the highway, waiting for a truck, and the lights were on in the town. He thought briefly of Pedro, no longer hating him, no longer caring. Yesterday was over and everything was tomorrow. This Pedro, whatever he was, had found the love of a woman. It was something that Jerry had yet to know something he might know one day.

It was a long wait for the truck, and he thought about Maria and understood for the first time the gentle sadness of "Adios, Mariquita Linda" that he had learned from vaqueros. His hand closed around the small package in his pocket.

The yellow lights of a truck gleamed on the highway then, and he raised his hand to them.

You be the Judge

By John A. Ritter

Larry and Gloria, childless and unhappy after seven years of marriage, consulted a doctor.

"Larry is sterile," the doctor reported after several tests. "You should try either artificial insemination or adoption." They chose artificial insemination, and nine months later a boy was born.

But the blessed event could not save the marriage. Larry and Gloria ended up in divorce court one year later. "She can have a divorce," said Larry, "but I'm not going to pay any child support. It wasn't my child."

Gloria's lawyer lambasted Larry. "He agreed to the artificial insemination," he said. "He may not be the natural father, but he's the legal father and has to pay support."

If you were the judge, would you make Larry support the child?

Larry must pay child support or be jailed for contempt of court, ruled the judge.

"A child conceived by artificial insemination belongs to the couple who agrees to try this method just as a heart or kidney transplant belongs to the recipient," said the judge. "The father enjoys the benefit of rearing such a child, and he must also bear the burden of supporting him."

(Based on a 1973 decision of the California Supreme Court)

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The Odd Socks

continued from page 47

want to put an end to OSS as much as you do.

4. *Seek competent counseling from a minister or a priest.* Even scientists now recognize that OSS cannot be fully explained in natural terms. As Dr. Linus phrases it: "Some Higher Power is at work. We have to believe that in the midst of all this chaos there is A Plan."

5. *Remember: You are not alone.* Well, on second thought, you probably are. Victims of OSS tend to feel they have enough to worry about without thinking of others. Forget number 5.

6. *Remember: Although 10 percent of socks eventually disappear, 90 percent will stay with you from high school until you die.* Don't imprison all your socks because of the few that may disappear. Let your socks fly freely. "If they come back to you, they are yours forever, and if they don't come back, they were never truly yours to begin with." (From an idiotic sunset-and-seagulls poster hanging in every college dorm room in America.)

7. *Support OSS research.* You may never live to see the end of OSS and the subsequent unlocking of the mysteries of the universe, but your children will. Then they'll be free to explore the other, lesser questions of life, such as: "Why does the car always stop making that awful grinding noise as soon as there's a mechanic around?" ⁂

Heston

continued from page 45

nonsmoker. Smoking just never appealed to him, he said. In fact, he has always been repelled by it. He added that he has never been sick, essentially eats but one meal a day, sticks to fish and fowl, naps whenever possible and can even fall asleep in the makeup chair.

"People think of performers as gregarious and outgoing mixers," Heston continued. "This is perhaps true of comedians and singers and dancers who present themselves on an individual level to the people in the audience right then and there. But acting is a different thing. . ."

Yet Heston is certainly no stranger to a live audience. Trained at North-

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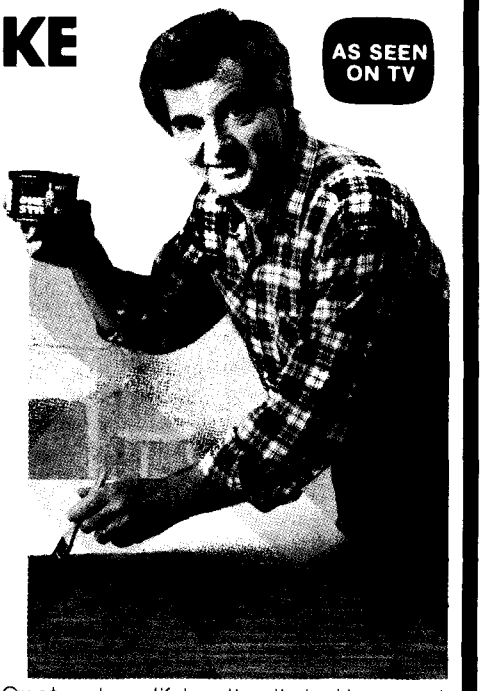

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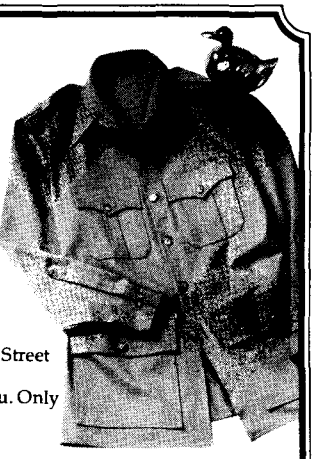

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western as a stage actor, Charlton Heston began headlining theater marquees with *Antony and Cleopatra* in 1947. "In those days actors disdained movies as nonserious," he said. "That was before film had been recognized not only as the art form of the 20th century but the American art form, and no student of acting talked about going into the movies."

After Heston's starring roles in *Leaf and Bough* and *Design for a Stained Glass Window*, the camera's critical eye began to focus on this shy loner from the backwoods of St. Helen. For television, classic followed classic: *MacBeth, The Taming of the Shrew, Of Human Bondage, Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights.* For the screen, box-office blockbusters included *The Ten Commandments, Ben-Hur, El Cid, The Greatest Story Ever Told, The Agony and the Ecstasy, Julius Caesar, The Three Musketeers, Airport 1975, Earthquake, Midway.* He became the biggest box-office attraction in the history of motion pictures.

So Charlton Heston has an impressive background going for him; today he is the social lion of Hollywood, right? Wrong. Rather, he is said to have few personal friends in the movie community. He has been quoted as saying, "I have maybe five men to whom I feel close enough that I could go to their houses at 3 o'clock in the morning and say, 'I just killed someone—quick, give me the keys to your car!' " He is seldom seen along the party circuit and spends little time drinking in nightclubs. Why? Because he has to keep in shape. An agent put it another way: "If you had a party going, with lots of loose broads, plenty of booze, people with other people's wives—tell me, how would you feel if you looked across the room and saw Moses leaning on the mantel staring at you?"

The Moses character aside, Heston's personal lifestyle misses the movie magazines' mold of a Hollywood celebrity by a wide margin. He married an art student, Lydia Marie Clark, in 1944, while they were both at Northwestern. They are still married in 1984. After having been shot at by gangsters and pursued by man-eating ants, having braved Comanche arrows, escaped incineration on the largest circus tanbark ever built and floundered in raging seas, Heston's idea of a stimulating evening is to sit in his wood-lined study reading Arnold Toynbee.

Even the two Heston offspring fall short of the bizarre standards established by celebrity children. Heston's pride showed as he took care to spell their names while he told us that F-R-A-S-E-R is a screen writer and producer and H-O-L-L-Y is still in school, studying art history and hop-

continued on following page

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Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Marilyn Byrd of Jemez Springs, New Mexico, for the winning caption in our May/June '84 caption contest.

Although it seems odd, Mom, to you,
Please listen to what I would do;
Michael Jackson gets love
As he wears just one *glove—*
Why can't I *start a style of* one *shoe?*

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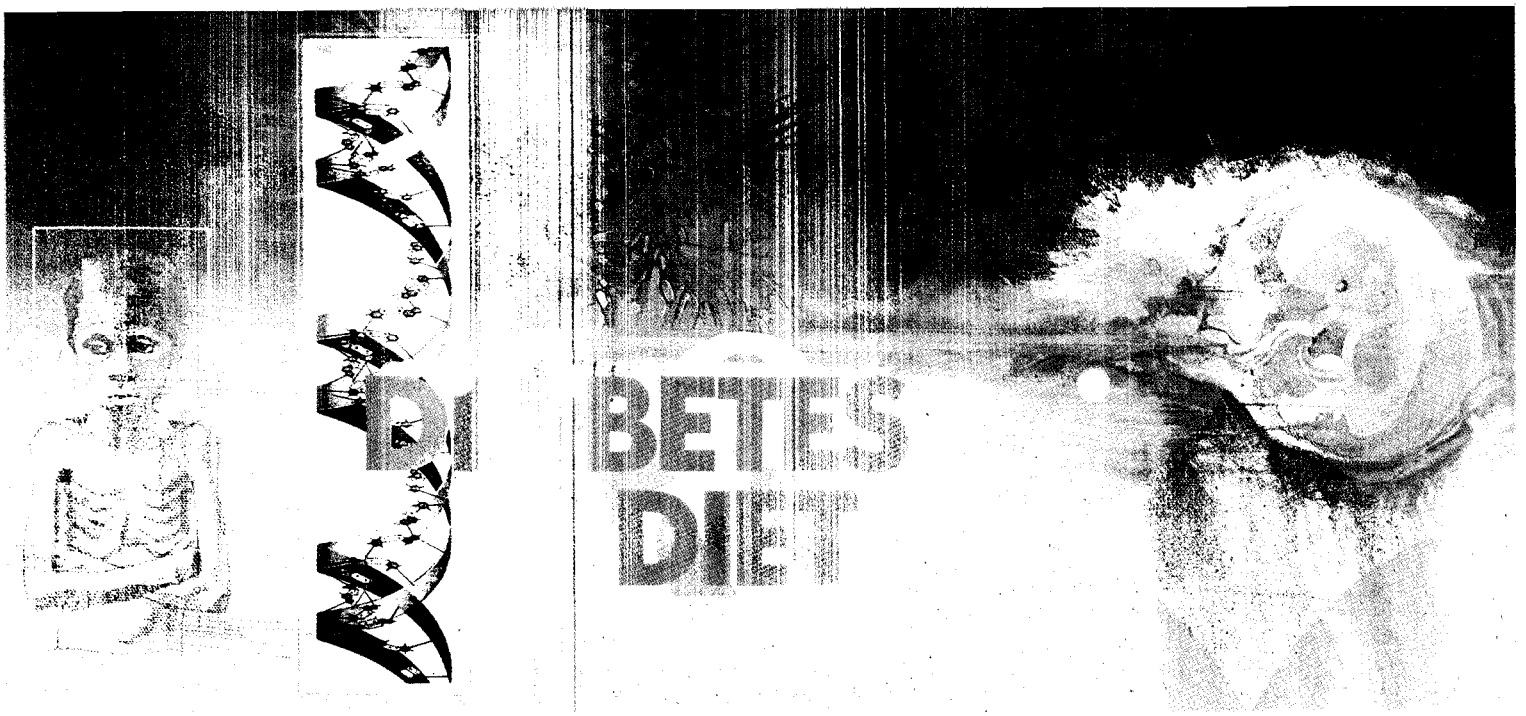

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A new national DNA bank will help relatives and descendants of families with hereditary diseases learn more about these afflictions. Only a blood sample is needed to "bank" some of the DNA from the white-blood cells. Dr. M.E. Hodes will explain how a family can open a DNA bank account at the Indiana University School of Medicine. He will also explain how runaway fathers can now be **positively** identified with DNA testing.

September 13
Celiac-Sprue

Why was this 13-year-old girl the "runt" in a family of well-developed sisters? For years her ribs showed, her stomach was distended and she couldn't gain weight. A persevering mother finally found a gastroenterologist who diagnosed the problem as **sprue** and removed all gluten from the child's diet. Then she quickly caught up with her sisters.

September 20
Ectopic Preganancy

Deaths from "ectopic" pregnancies happen more often than they should. When a pregnancy starts in the tube, it can rupture the tube and bleed profusely into the abdominal cavity, sometimes before a woman knows she's pregnant. Women of child-bearing age should be aware of the symptoms of misplaced or "ectopic" pregnancies, which can cause death by internal bleeding if surgery is not performed quickly.

September 27
Diabetes and Eating

A tiny island in the Pacific has told us a lot about diabetes and how to prevent it. Its inhabitants became the richest per capita population in the world when it was discovered the island was covered with phosphorus. They imported Western food and gave up their yams, coconuts and native foods. Now, no less than 35 percent of the population have diabetes—formerly it was unknown there. It's a natural experiment to show that diabetes is more what you eat than genetic, even though there is a genetic element. Learn about this interesting evidence that is better than evidence in mice and rats.

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ing to have a career in gallery or museum work.

Heston's nightlife is also curtailed by his intensive work habits. Not satisfied with learning the lines and playing the role, he must immerse himself in the character he is to play until he and the historical image of that character become one. Upon seeing his performance in the screen adaptation of Irving Stone's *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone reflected, "He literally becomes Michelangelo."

"Dedication in preparing for a role depends upon the part," Heston said. "Biographical roles, of which I have probably played more than most actors, require more research. Roles with specific physical competence require a lot of preparation. My roles as a conductor and a pro quarterback required as much physical preparation as any parts I have done."

And, yes, it is true that before beginning *The Agony and the Ecstasy* he read 600 letters (the total that had been translated) written by Michelangelo, traveled to study as many of his works as possible and spent hours contemplating the artist's character. For the role of Moses in the classic *The Ten Commandments* he walked barefoot in costume across the broiling, jagged rocks at the foot of Mt. Sinai, memorized whole slabs of the Old Testament, studied the works of Biblical scholars and pondered the meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Your present play, *Detective Story*, is it just between films? we asked.

"I don't call it *just*," was his quick reply. "I do a play every other year. It is a very important part of my life, and my life is my work."

Having played Moses and John the Baptist, are you a religious man?

"My religion is one of the private areas I have," was his quick response. "It is personal and, obviously, like everything else in my life, it has been shaped by my life. I think it would be pompous of me to say I played Moses and found God. However, playing the two religious characters I have done, John the Baptist and Moses, two pretty good characters, has definitely marked my life. So has Richelieu; so has playing McCloud in Detective Story—that is a moral experience, if you will. Yes, it would be fair to say that the experience of exploring these great guys has been a

continued on page 110

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High Blood Pressure Can Be Lowered WITHOUT Prescription Drugs!

(Atlanta, GA)—

FC & A, a nearby Peachtree City, Georgia publisher, announced today the release of a new $3.99 research report for the general public, ***How to Lower High Blood Pressure Without Prescription Drugs!***

It reveals a startling new discovery at a world famous medical center: the reversal of high blood pressure without prescription drugs! A discovery unknown to most people.

The Good Effects of Lowering High Blood Pressure

You or those you love may take prescription drugs to lower blood pressure, relieve pain, reduce fluid build up, regulate heartbeat or prevent strokes and heart attacks.

All doctors know that reversing high blood pressure is a great health benefit. People have a much longer life expectancy if they don't have high blood pressure. They have far fewer health problems that cause tiredness, poor sleep, shortness of breath, headache or pain.

Dangerous Side Effects Of High Blood Pressure Drugs

Unfortunately, high blood pressure drugs can cause miserable side effects like headaches, poor appetite, upset stomach, dry mouth, diarrhea, stuffy nose, tingling or numbness in the hands or feet, dizziness, cramps, depression, rashes, chills, fever, constipation, aching joints, difficult urination or low sex drive.

Now Blood Pressure Can Be Lowered Without Drugs

Recently, a university study has proven that most cases of high blood pressure can be lowered without drugs. 85.3% of patients with high blood pressure were able to quit taking drugs.

Amazingly, their blood pressure remained lower than when they were on drugs. Cholesterol levels also dropped 26%. The doctor in charge said of this program, "You lose your tiredness. You feel much more active. You have a general feeling of well being."

How Did They Do It?

How did the hundreds of people in this study free themselves from the miserable side effects of drugs — drugs they thought they would have to take for the rest of their lives? Why are medical doctors saying that the findings are "very exciting" and that many patients have "a new lease on life."

—These questions are all answered in a new research report, ***How to Lower High Blood Pressure Without Prescription Drugs!***

Easy To Read

Facts about lowering blood pressure without drugs are listed in 10 easy-to-understand sections. You'll learn about the latest research in nutrition. How the presence or absence of 4 minerals and 4 other nutrients in your food and water can dramatically change your blood pressure. How poisons in the environment can make blood pressure skyrocket! How relaxation training can help. Why blood pressure medicine is overprescribed.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones."
—Proverbs 17:22.

Report on Lysine Study

The leukemia-prone AKR mice that we have been feeding lysine and low arginine are surviving in a manner that encourages us to repeat the experiment and to do some additional variations of the study.

At the time of our deadline for this magazine, the mice receiving the highest amount of lysine and NO arginine were the winners, with 50 percent survival. The results to date are tabulated on the chart that follows.

Study of High-Lysine/Low-Arginine Diets on Death Rate of AKR Mice

Group	Percent lysine HCL by weight	Percent arginine by weight	Number of mice in test group	Number surviving	Percent survival
I	2.1%	.495%	13	2	15.3%
II	2.8%	.33%	15	3	20.0%
III	4.2%	.165%	15	4	26.0%
IV	5.6%	none	14	7	50.0%
V Control	Standard mouse pellets		37	11	29.7%

"It will cost you twenty dollars to see the doctor, but I can give you a good description of him for five."

The winners to date! Fifty percent survival at 11 months of age. Keep these little critters in your prayers. If they continue to outlive the rest of their littermates, we may have a clue about preventing leukemia. These are the mice that received the highest amount of lysine and no arginine.

The three-week-old mice were obtained from the Jackson Laboratories in Bar Harbor, Maine, and were randomly segregated into five groups. We began feeding the mice in late August 1983.

In view of the larger number of survivors of mice in groups being given the higher levels of lysine and lower arginine, it appears possible that lysine supplements may play a significant role in the suppression of the lethal effects of the mouse leukemia virus.

In our experiment, the amino-acid-defined pellets had been prepared with lysine hydrochloride, which meant that our mice were required to eat one molecule of hydrochloric acid for each molecule of lysine. Although this did not make a great deal of difference with low levels of lysine, the mice given the highest levels were getting a rather large amount of hydrochloric acid in their chow. In one of our new experiments, the mice are being given diets with the same levels of lysine as in our original study, but they will be fed pellets prepared with free-base lysine.

Leukemia-prone AKR mice are also being vaccinated with turkey-herpes virus, which is used commercially to vaccinate 24-hour-old chicks for leukemia-like diseases in chickens.

High-Lysine Corn to the Rescue

Tiny Nicaraguan refugee children are dying from *kwashiorkor*—not because of a calorie deficiency but because their scant diets of normal corn, rice and beans lack the essential amino acids, especially lysine. This makes the infants particularly vulnerable to the dreaded disease. They manage to survive while nursing because their mother's milk supplies the necessary lysine. The word

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kwashiorkor actually may be interpreted "the disease the older baby gets when the new baby is born." That, of course, is when the baby is removed from breast-feeding.

We have been asked to send high-lysine corn to keep these Nicaraguan Miskito Indian refugee toddlers alive. Earlier, we wrote about how one small South American child was saved from kwashiorkor simply by changing the corn in his diet to the high-lysine variety (March 1984 *SatEvePost*). Now, with the help of Dr. Edwin Mertz, who first developed high-lysine corn at Purdue University, the Society is sending Dr. Ricardo Bressani, an expert in high-lysine corn, to Honduras to aid in getting the life-saving corn distributed to refugee children. Dr. Bressani, a former student of Dr. Mertz, is now head of nutrition at the Institute for Nutrition of the Central American Republics and Panama. He is located in Guatemala City, Guatemala.

These refugee children are victims of the Sandinistas and the Cubans who burned to the ground more than 100 of 750 villages of the Miskito Indians on the east coast of Nicaragua. As a result, 25,000 of these homeless crossed the border into Honduras. Ten thousand of these are in dire straits.

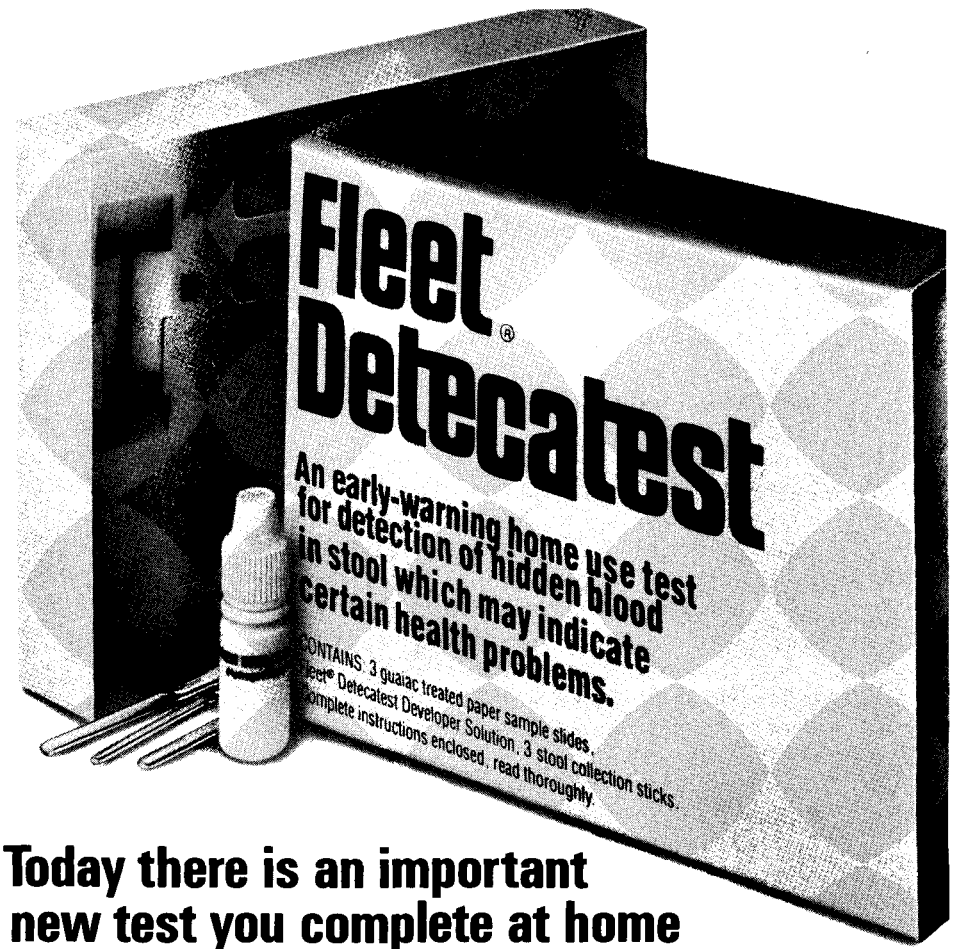
The youngest children are in pitiful condition. Some of the children are too weak to handle normal food and must be fed intravenously. This calls for medical teams from the United States to help them. Supplying the refugees with high-lysine corn should be most effective in nourishing these displaced thousands, especially the malnourished toddlers dying from kwashiorkor.

In the meantime, to seek help for the problem the Society is sending Dr. Edwin Mertz to attend a conference on high-lysine corn at CIMMYT (International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center) in El Batan, Mexico.

Woody and Diane Jenkins head an organization known as the Friends of the Americas, which is attempting to help these unfortunate Miskito Indian refugees. These isolated Indians have been subject to a lot of discrimination, partly perhaps because they do not speak Spanish and they're not of Spanish origin. They are English and Indian. They were introduced to Christianity in the 1800s by Moravian missionaries from Czechoslovakia. So they're Protestant, not Catholic.

Through the help of Dr. Mertz, the Friends of the Americas have contacted Alejandro Fuentes, who has adapted some of the Purdue high-lysine corn to grow in the climate of Central America. He has taken enough seed corn to plant seven acres and is instructing the refugees how to plant it.

The Friends of the Americas have flown several thousand shoeboxes filled with personal items to these refugees. The boxes are given by churches, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and individuals. We would suggest that if any readers want to help, you can send shoeboxes full of unground high-lysine corn, if you know any farmers who are growing it. If you can send a box of corn, address it to 732 North Blvd., Baton Rouge, LA 70802.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The optimism and determination of Benjamin Franklin are alive and well today in Dr. Richard Griffith of the Indiana University School of Medicine. For his firm resolution to stick with lysine and low arginine as a herpes treatment in the face of pessimists who would discredit his research, we honor him with the Benjamin Franklin Award.

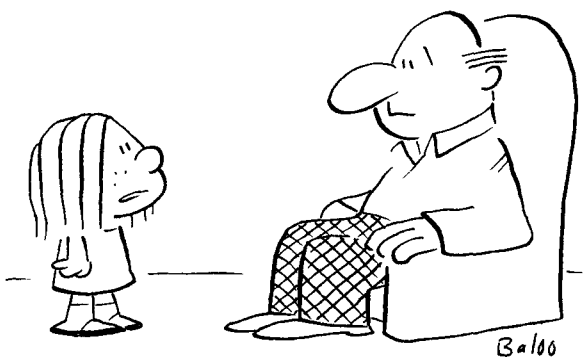
Rather than listen to detractors, Dr. Griffith has ears only for the voices of herpes sufferers and believes what his eyes tell him. Currently he is studying the effects of low arginine and lysine supplementation on victims afflicted with recurrent herpes attacks.

He wanted to see whether he could induce a herpes attack in these individuals by giving them arginine pills. He gave five patients arginine pills and five others identical pills, which were placebos. Of the first five patients he gave arginine, three promptly developed herpes attacks. One of the participants, a physician, called him within a few days and reported: "You gave me the arginine, didn't you! I've never been so sick. I have lesions in my nose, one of the worst colds I've ever had and I've been home for three days!"

This made a believer out of Dr. Griffith. Fearing he would incite a dangerous condition such as herpes encephalitis, he stopped giving arginine in tablets immediately. For his research, he now induces herpes attacks in his herpes-prone persons by having them eat chocolate bars four times a day and one package of Planter's peanuts four times a day. Both foods are high in arginine.

A student of lysine, arginine and herpes, Dr. Griffith has enjoyed an 85 to 90 percent success rate over the past ten years in treating herpes victims with the high-lysine/low-arginine diet.

Although it won't show in the certificate or on the check, we hope that Dr. Richard Griffith can read into this award the grateful thanks of the herpes sufferers for his dedicated research on lysine.



"But how does the stork go about matching up the chromosomes?"

Fiber and Lysine

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Since your first series of articles on L-lysine and fiber, I have made some interesting discoveries. Through personal experimentation: I have added fiber to all my baked goods—especially beans, oats and wheat to commercial mixes as well as scratch baked goods. We have stopped eating white bread and commercial baked goods; lowered our salt and sugar intake and stopped using whole milk. My husband did get cold sores, but I make him take L-lysine and he just does *not* get them any more. We have increased our intake of fruit and all kinds of vegetables. What I have discovered through all of this is that I have not had a cold in six months to a year and my husband does not get sick very often, either. His stress has lessened and his hair is starting to grow back. The last entry is very surprising.

I loaned my stack of *SatEvePosts* to our egg man and he obtained some high-lysine feed for his stock and has noticed better health in his chickens and higher production as well. He also feeds his other stock (cows, pigs, sheep, calves) high-lysine feed. He has noticed better health and higher-quality meat.

I think that all of this adds up to some interesting discoveries: High fiber works and high-lysine promotes better health for people and animals. Why have we missed these important nutritional necessities for the past 50 years? It just doesn't make sense for a doctor to treat a patient without ordering a change in his/her diet, for proper diet seems to be a key to longevity and health.

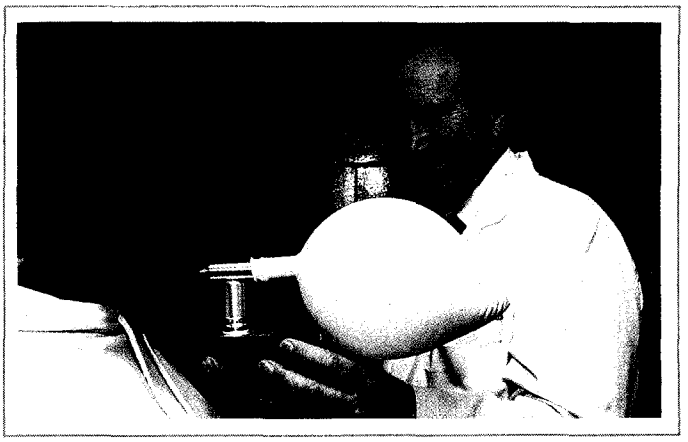
Thank you for your fine series of articles on this subject.

I feel that Dr. Burkitt for his fiber is truly a person of vision and insight. His research may well change the way disease is *cured*—especially cancerous tumors.

Deborah Van Treuren
Edgewater, Florida

Taking the Measure of Carbon Monoxide

The Society recently participated in a health fair sponsored by the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. At our booth, visitors could be tested for carbon



This student is inflating the balloon on a carbon-monoxide detector for Dr. De Lamar Gibbons of the Saturday Evening Post Society. A smoker's breath can measure from 40 to 80 parts per million of carbon monoxide. Normally a nonsmoker's breath will show only 2 to 7 parts per million.

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monoxide in their breath. Equipment for this service was our new Minico™ Carbon Monoxide Breathkit, designed to provide a means of sampling alveolar air to estimate blood carboxyhemoglobin levels. The kit, a small, hand-held, battery-operated instrument, is capable of measuring carbon monoxide in a range from 0 to 500 parts per million by volume.

This noninvasive sampling device is an excellent tool for health educators. With it, smokers can readily see that air expired from their lungs may have from 40 to 80 parts per million of carbon monoxide compared to a normal nonsmoker's 2 to 7 parts per million. The amount of carbon monoxide in one's breath reads out in 60 seconds on the instrument's panel.

The manufacturer of the Minico™ Carbon Monoxide Breathkit provides a correlation chart that shows, for example, that when you have seven parts per million of carbon monoxide in your exhaled breath, you have approximately one percent of the hemoglobin in your blood tied up as carboxyhemoglobin, which is useless to your body. Ninety parts per million of carbon monoxide in the exhaled breath, which represents about 16 percent carboxyhemoglobin in the blood, is enough to give most people a headache. In a fire, a person breathing 20 percent carbon monoxide in a smoke-filled room eventually dies because his brain does not get enough oxygen from his blood.

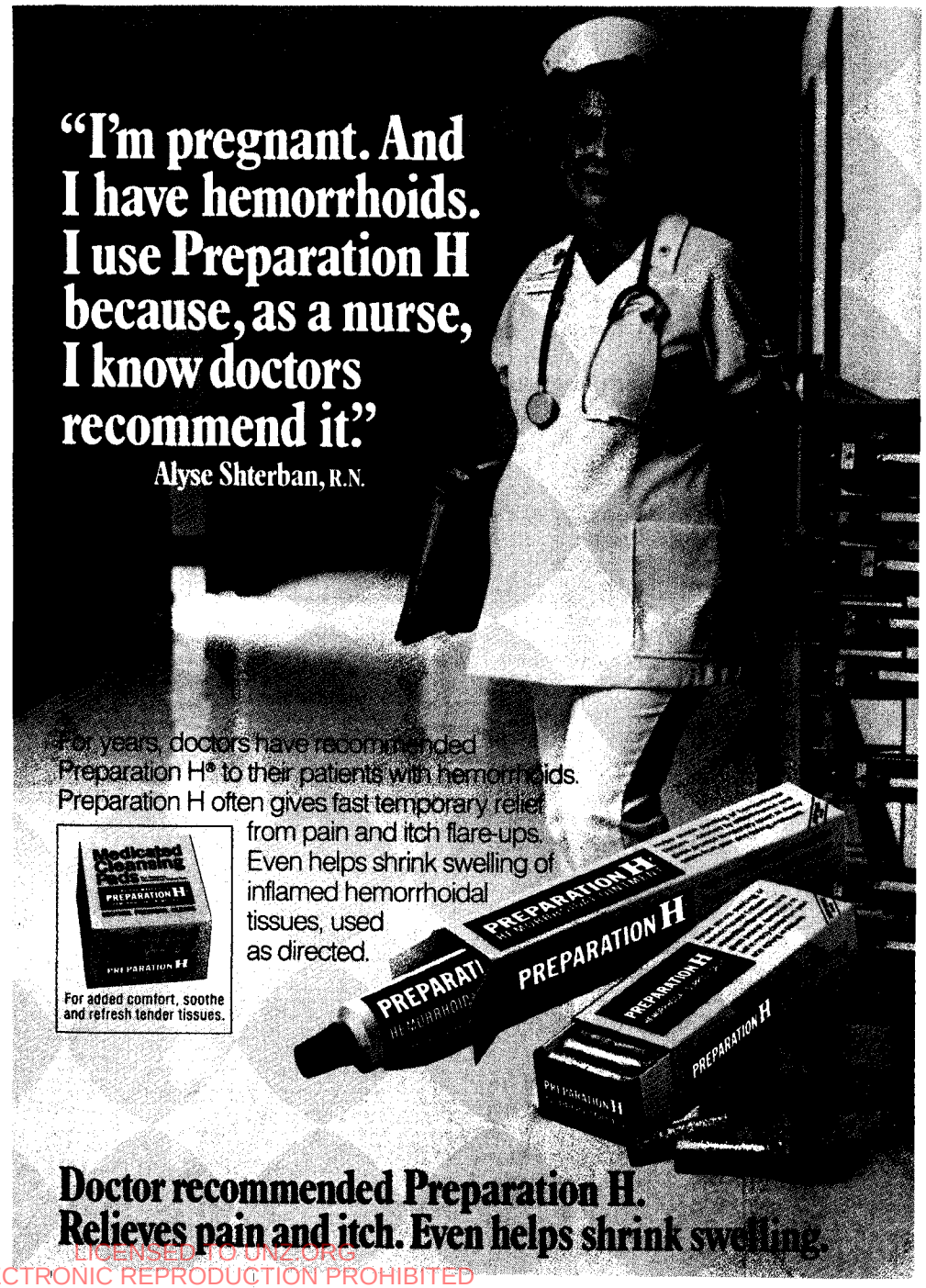
The next time we board a plane for a two- or three-hour flight, we plan to measure the carbon monoxide in our breath before boarding and after the flight. This will determine how much effect sidestream smoke from the rear of the cabin has on the air breathed in the nonsmoking section.

We also tested smokers, particularly those between the ages of 20 and 40, on a spirometer, which allowed us to identify those who are losing lung tissue faster than the average smoker. All smokers tested who wanted to quit were given prescriptions for free Nicorette chewing gum and the address where they could order the EZ Quit™ plastic cigarette, which replaces the hand and oral sensations of smoking.

Decreased Symptoms from Schizophrenia Drugs

Nearly 50 percent of patients taking antipsychotic drugs suffer abnormal movements and impaired muscle control. These symptoms bear striking similarity to Parkinson's disease and often respond to anti-Parkinson's disease medication. The symptoms include loss of coordination, slurred, "cog wheel" speech, a shuffling gait and coarse, tremorlike shaking of the arms and salivation. In its most severe expression, *tardive dyskinesia*, individuals may be extremely handicapped by involuntary movements of the tongue, face, neck and hands. Tongue thrusting and facial grimaces are also distressing manifestations of the disorder. Severe symptoms may persist years after the drugs have been discontinued. More mild movements usually stop on discontinuance of the drug or by taking an antihistamine.

The Medical College of Pennsylvania is launching a major research study on tardive dyskinesia. As many as 300,000 Americans suffer from these drug-caused disorders to some degree. It is believed that tardive dyskinesia is caused by the blocking of a neurotransmitter, dopamine, by antipsychotic drugs. Deprived of dopamine, the brain undergoes changes that result in garbled messages between nerve cells. These result in abnormal and repetitive movements. Dr. George Simpson says the research will attempt to alter the changes produced by dopamine depriva-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tion by providing small, steady amounts of dopamine to individuals suffering from tardive dyskinesia. Dr. Simpson explained that the use of antipsychotic drugs to control mental illness has long presented a "Catch 22" dilemma for physicians in the mental-health field. Today's drugs, such as Haldol or Thorazine, are important for controlling severe psychiatric illnesses such as schizophrenia. Many people who otherwise would need care in psychiatric institutions are able to live in the community with the use of these medications.

Heston

continued from page 104

profound influence on my life."

So where does he go from here? Are there any more roles for Charlton Heston to conquer?

"Acting, like painting or writing novels or designing bridges," he said, "is an undertaking you never get right. It is imperfectible. You fail at it every time. I have played MacBeth in five different productions in my life and haven't come close to it yet."

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. *Massachusetts*
2. *Detroit, Michigan*
3. *Macon, Georgia*
4. *Arkansas*
5. *St. Louis, Missouri*
6. *Pennsylvania*
7. *Washington*
8. *Texas*
9. *Utah*

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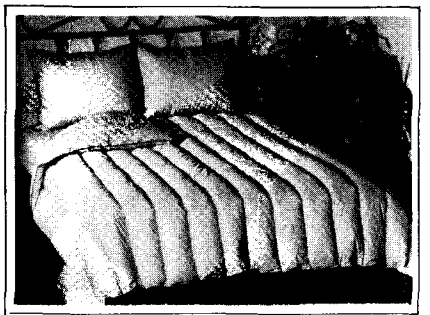

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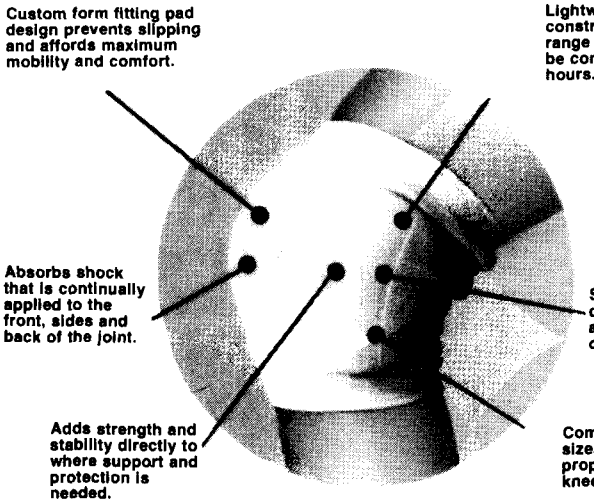
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Woman

continued from page 63

"Oh, sure," said the lad, grinning widely, "sure, I know Runty. Two blocks down, brown house onna corner. His old man got hisself killed in the war. His ma takes in washin'. Can't miss it, mister; you'll see alla clothes onna line."

Tossing the lad a quarter, Morgan drove on. He stopped at a house more run-down than the rest. The yard was crisscrossed by lines sagging under the weight of damp garments.

"You'd better wait," he said, opening the car door.

"I'm coming with you," said Ethel, reaching for the handle on her side. "If that boy stole Rags, I mean to give him a piece of my mind."

"Wait," he repeated flatly, and she sank back.

Morgan went up a chipped walk. His knock was answered by a woman drying her hands on her apron. She was determinedly respectable, but careworn and overworked.

She listened to him apprehensively and broke in before he finished speaking. "Yes, sir, the little dog showed up this morning. He had a bit of chewed rope tied to his collar. I told Ted to take him right back where he came from."

A little girl in a shabby but spotless frock, with a ribbon in her straight, blonde hair, stuck her head through under her mother's arm.

"He wasn't at school, ma. He played hooky. I bet he went hiking in the woods with the puppy."

"My Ted is crazy for a dog," said the woman apologetically, "but he'll bring it back. He's a good boy."

"I know he is," said Morgan warmly. "Please don't let it worry you."

He went back to the car. Ethel was sitting stiffly erect, staring straight in front of her.

"It's all right," he said, climbing in. "Rags came looking for company and the boy took him for a walk. They'll be back when they're tired."

He reached for the key but hesitated before turning it. "Decent, hard-working woman," he said. "Worth helping out. We could do a lot for people like that. I guess the kids need just about everything."

Through tight lips, Ethel said, "Drive to the police station."

He stared at her. "Why?"

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"That boy stole Timothy's dog. He's got to be reported."

"Ethel, that's crazy talk."

"I intend to report him. If you won't come, let me out of this car."

"We're going home," he said firmly.

Ethel was silent all the way and went into the house without looking at him.

It was not quite dark when they heard a timid rap on the back door. Morgan opened it to find Ted and Rags bunched timorously on the steps. They both looked thoroughly cowed. A strand of dry fern clung to one of the spaniel's floppy ears.

"He—he wanted to go after rabbits," stammered the skinny little boy. "He wanted to go after rabbits awful bad."

"I guess he did," said John Morgan. "Looks like he's had quite a day. My wife was worried—she isn't well—but I guess everything's all right now."

"You ain't sore?"

"No, I'm not sore. When my wife gets over her fright, she'll understand."

The boy's eyes flickered in sudden panic over the man's shoulder. Morgan sensed the ominous presence of his wife directly behind him.

"You're a little thief!" said Ethel fiercely. "If I had my way, you'd be locked up!"

The boy cringed; the little dog cowered. Morgan picked up Rags and tucked him under his arm.

"Go home, Ted. Run on home."

He shut the door. Ethel turned her face away as he passed. In the morning he would call the doctor and make arrangements about the sanitarium. He could not see that there was anything else to be done.

He tried to read his paper, but was utterly unable to concentrate. He had loved his wife for 20 years. He would have said there could never be a problem too great for them to see through together. Now he felt baffled, beaten.

Ethel, restless too, prowled from room to room, unable to settle.

At about eight the back-door bell rang. Morgan rose immediately, but when he reached the hall Ethel was opening the door. Ted stood there humbly in his blue jeans and ragged sweater. The pinched little face wore an anxious appeal.

"I—I'm awful sorry I worried you, lady," he said. And he held up a large bunch of violets.

Morgan saw his wife's back stiffening and held his breath. Violets. Was there any way to hurt her more?

"Who told you to bring these here?" she cried in a terrible voice.

The little boy started to weep. Between great gulping sobs, he gasped, "Please, lady, I—I only had a dime!"

Ethel knelt and put her arms about the forlorn figure. She was crying, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, but they were not the sort of tears to frighten a child.

Morgan's trembling limbs failed him and he leaned against a wall for support. He felt as if every drop of blood had been drained from his body and every nerve anesthetized.

But he knew—beyond all doubt he knew—that from now on everything was going to be all right.

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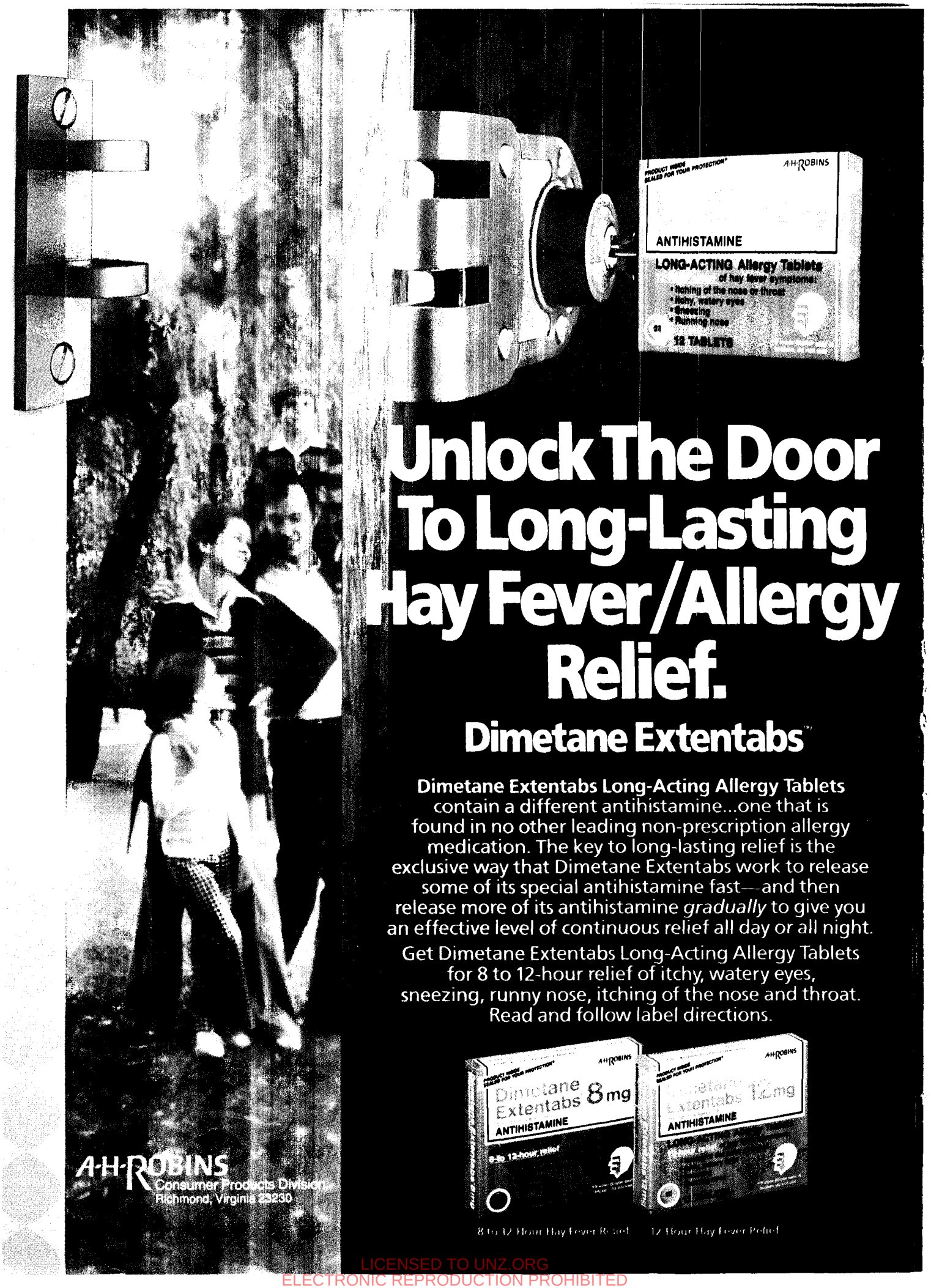
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